

ASSASSIN'S CREED THE CHAIN



UBI WORKSHOP

Cameron
Stewart
Karl
Kersch
Tyson
Hesse

ASSASSIN'S CREED THE CHAIN




UBI WORKSHOP



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UBISOFT™

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ASSASSIN'S CREED THE FALL

NIKOLAI ORELOV

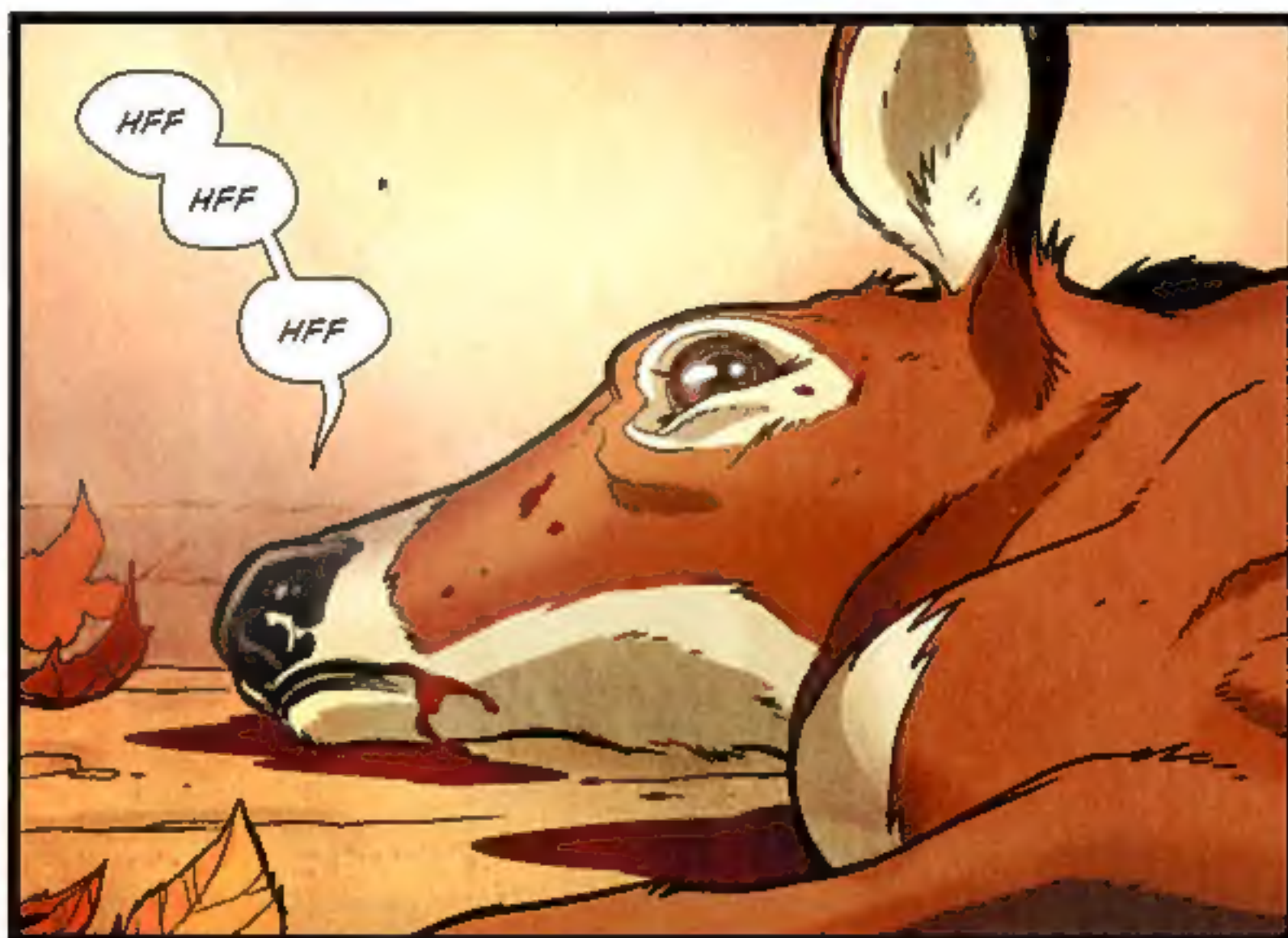
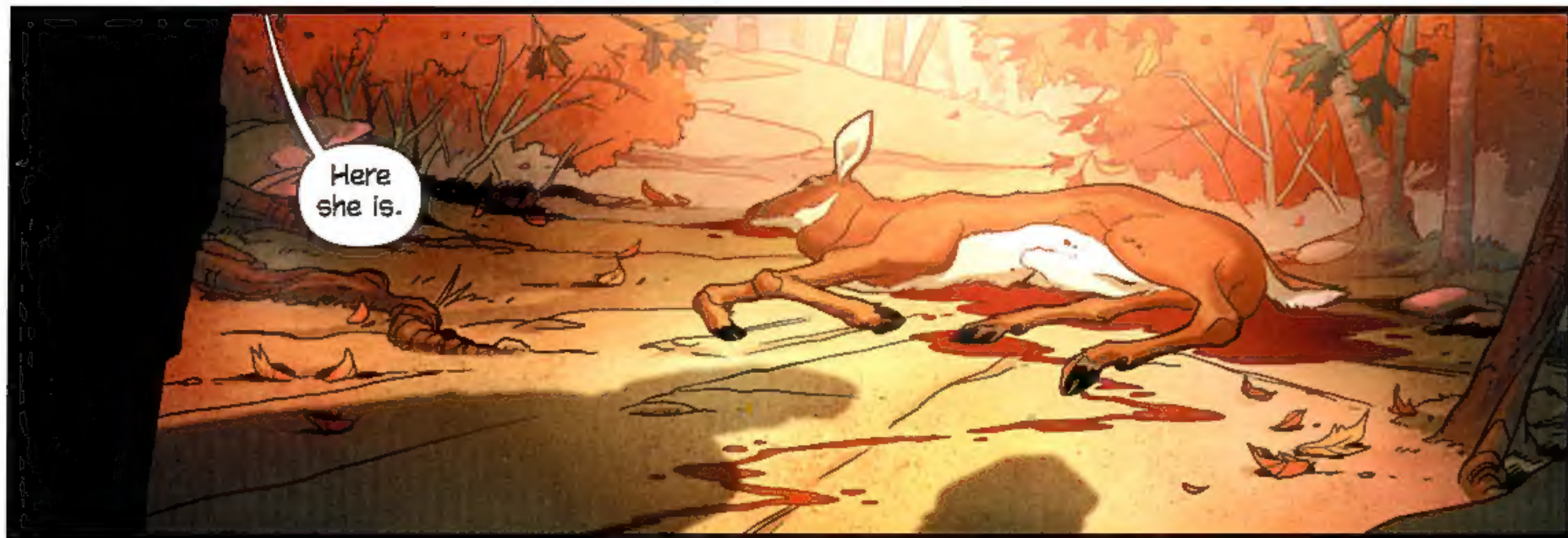
CHARGED BY THE BROTHERHOOD WITH RETRIEVING A POWERFUL FIRST CIVILIZATION STAFF, ASSASSIN **NIKOLAI ORELOV** BOARDS THE IMPERIAL TRAIN WHERE HE IS OVERPOWERED BY TSAR ALEXANDER III IN A BRUTAL FIGHT. HE LATER LEADS A TEAM OF ASSASSINS TO CAPTURE THE ARTIFACT IN TUNGUSKA, BUT THE FACILITY IS DESTROYED BY AN IMMENSE ENERGY BLAST, AMPLIFYING THE STAFF'S POWER AND PROJECTING A COMPLEX, OVERWHELMING VISION OF THE SIMULTANEITY OF TIME AND SPACE INTO ORELOV'S MIND. YEAR'S LATER, AS THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION OF 1917 FILLS THE STREETS OF PETROGRAD, ORELOV IS SURPRISED TO SEE A PHOTOGRAPH OF TSAR NICHOLAS II HOLDING THE STAFF. HE INFILTRATES THE PALACE AND CONFRONTS THE TSAR, DETERMINING THAT THIS STAFF IS A COUNTERFEIT AND THAT THE ORIGINAL WAS INDEED DESTROYED - ALTHOUGH A SPLINTER OF IT CAME INTO THE POSSESSION OF GRIGORI RASPUTIN, WHO USED IT TO INFLUENCE THE MINDS OF THOSE AROUND HIM. TIRED OF BEING A PAWN IN THE AGES-OLD STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE ORDER OF ASSASSINS AND THE TEMPLARS, ORELOV EXHUMES RASPUTIN'S CORPSE, FINDS THE SPLINTER, AND USES IT TO ESCAPE RUSSIA AND SAIL TO AMERICA, WHERE HE HOPES TO AT LAST LIVE A LIFE OF PEACE.

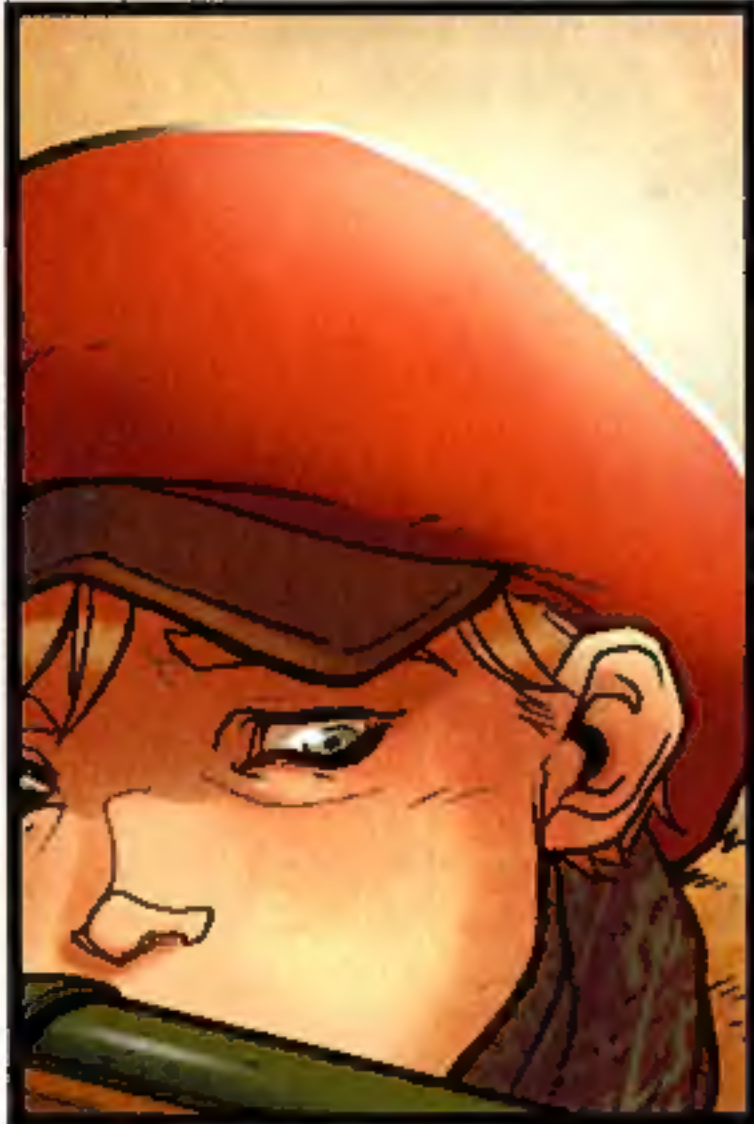


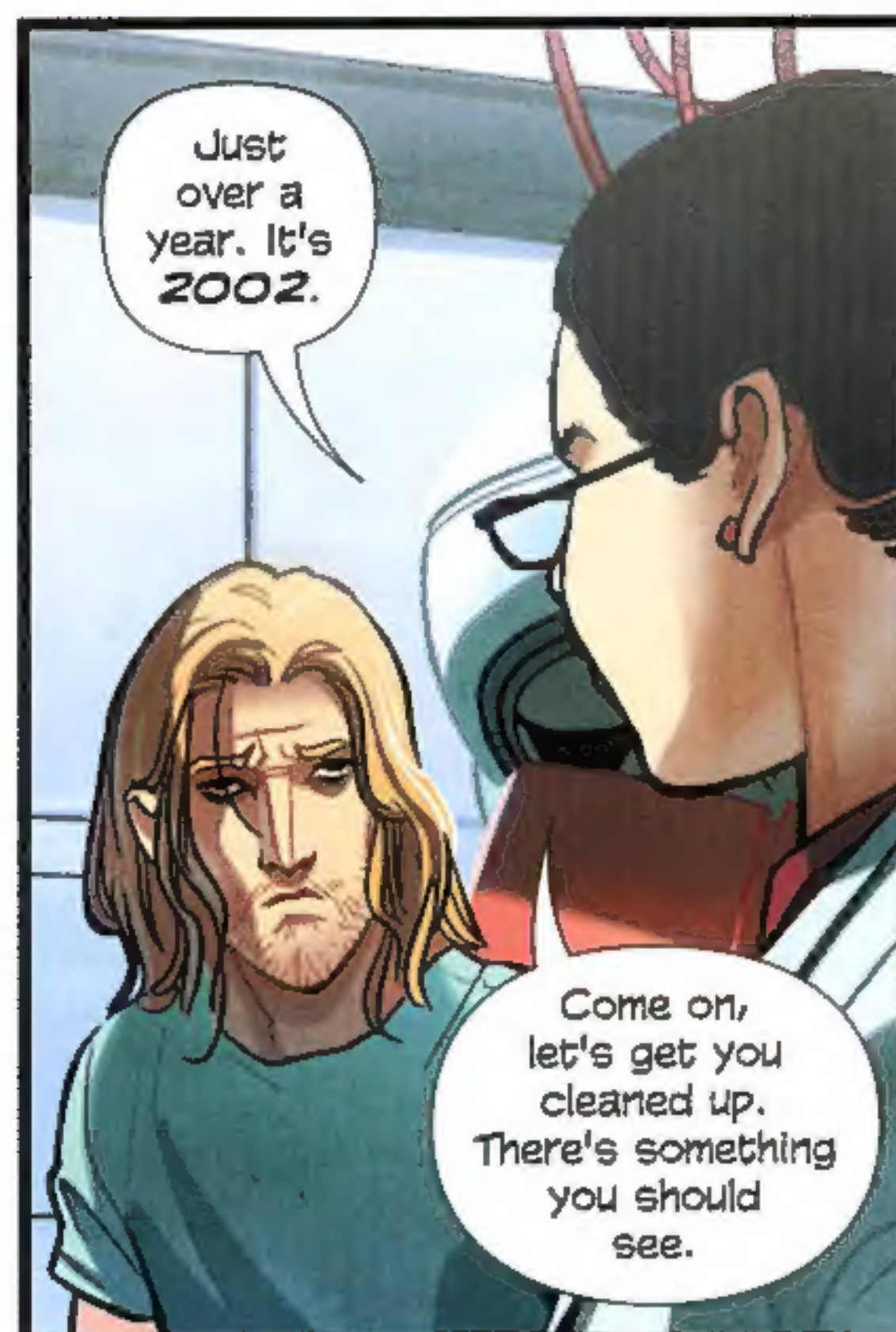
DANIEL CROSS

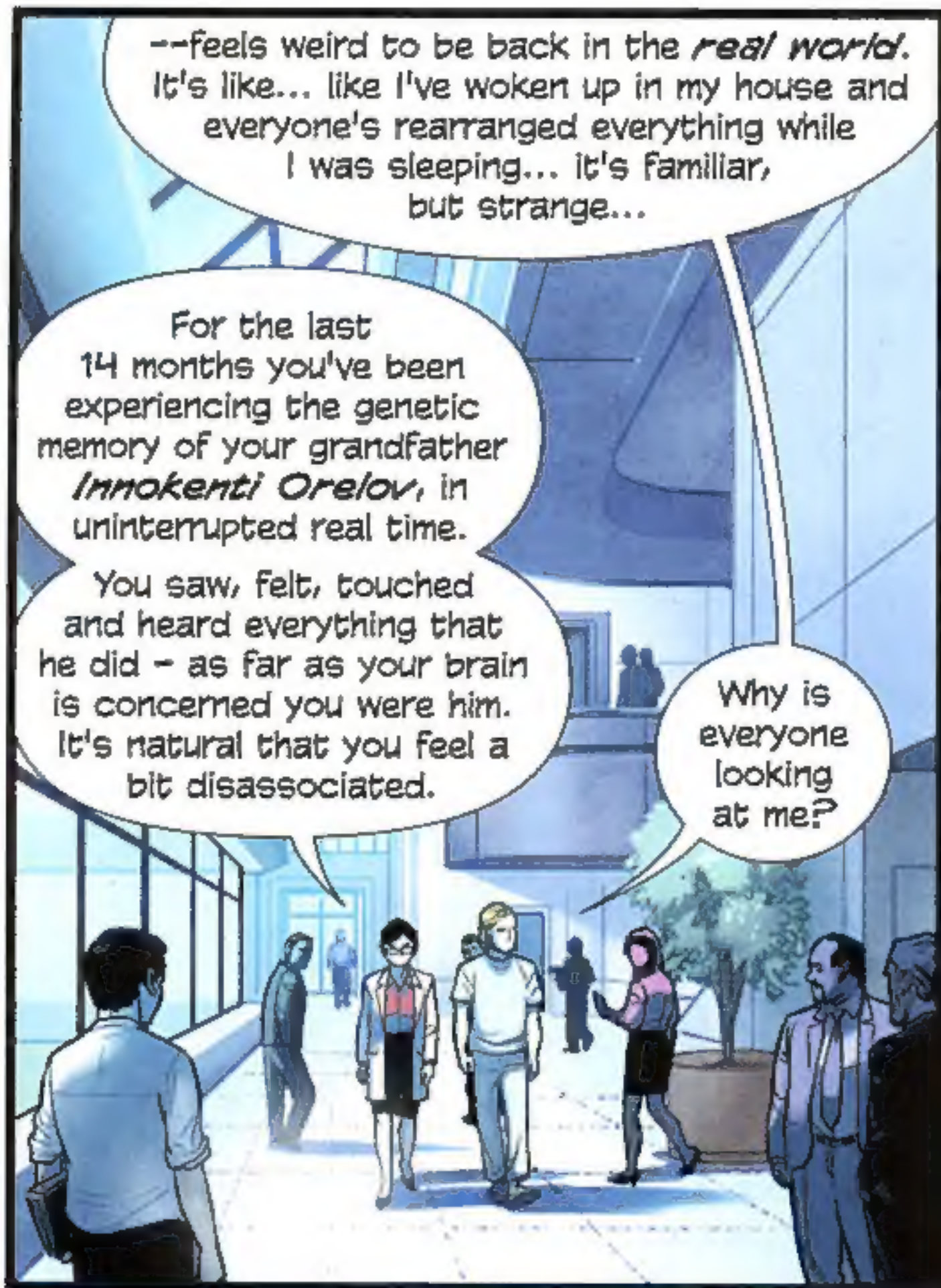
IN THE YEAR 2000, A TROUBLED, RECOVERING DRUG ADDICT, **DANIEL CROSS**, IS OVERCOME BY HALLUCINATIONS OF A POSSIBLE PAST LIFE. HE IS STOPPED FROM KILLING AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER BY HANNAH MUELLER, AN ASSASSIN. DANIEL HAS INEXPLICABLE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ASSASSINS AND TEMPLARS, BUT HAS NO MEMORY OF BEING IN THE BROTHERHOOD. PAUL BELLAMY, ANOTHER ASSASSIN, MANAGES TO INDUCE ONE OF DANIEL'S VISIONS AND DETERMINES THAT HE IS EXPERIENCING THE MEMORIES OF HIS ANCESTOR, THE RUSSIAN ASSASSIN NIKOLAI ORELOV. AFTER ONE VIVIDLY STRONG VISION, DANIEL REVEALS THAT HE FINALLY UNDERSTANDS HIS PURPOSE - TO FIND THE LEADER OF THE ASSASSINS, THE MYSTERIOUS AND ELUSIVE MENTOR. AS WORD OF THE ENIGMATIC DANIEL TRAVELS THROUGH THE ASSASSIN ORGANIZATION, HE VOYAGES THE GLOBE, SPEAKING TO ASSASSINS ALL OVER THE WORLD AND RISING TO A POSITION OF PROMINENCE AND DYNAMIC INFLUENCE. AS DANIEL FINALLY MEETS THE MENTOR, HE IS SUDDENLY OVERCOME BY PREVIOUSLY-BURIED MEMORIES RUSHING TO THE SURFACE. UNABLE TO CONTROL HIMSELF, HIS SUBCONSCIOUS ABSTERGO PROGRAMMING FORCES HIM TO STRIKE OUT AND MURDER THE MENTOR. SHAKEN, DANIEL FLEES AND DECIDES THAT HIS ONLY RECOURSE IS TO RETURN TO THE ABSTERGO LAB THAT CREATED HIM WHERE HIS LAST REQUEST IS TO BE INSERTED INTO THE ANIMUS.









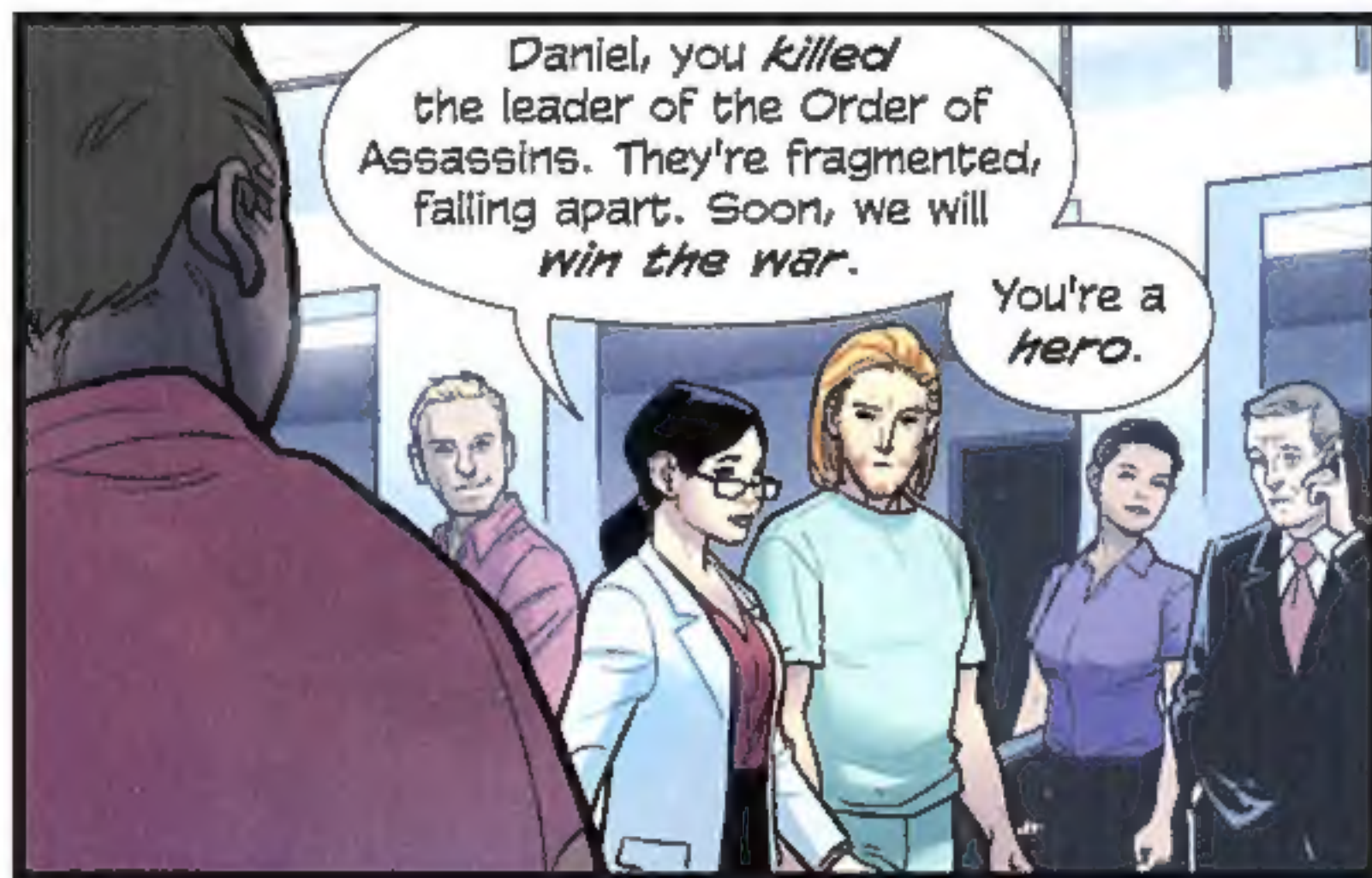


--feels weird to be back in the *real world*. It's like... like I've woken up in my house and everyone's rearranged everything while I was sleeping... it's familiar, but strange...

For the last 14 months you've been experiencing the genetic memory of your grandfather *Innokenti Orelor*, in uninterrupted real time.

You saw, felt, touched and heard everything that he did - as far as your brain is concerned you were him. It's natural that you feel a bit disassociated.

Why is everyone looking at me?



Daniel, you *killed* the leader of the Order of Assassins. They're fragmented, falling apart. Soon, we will *win the war*.

You're a *hero*.



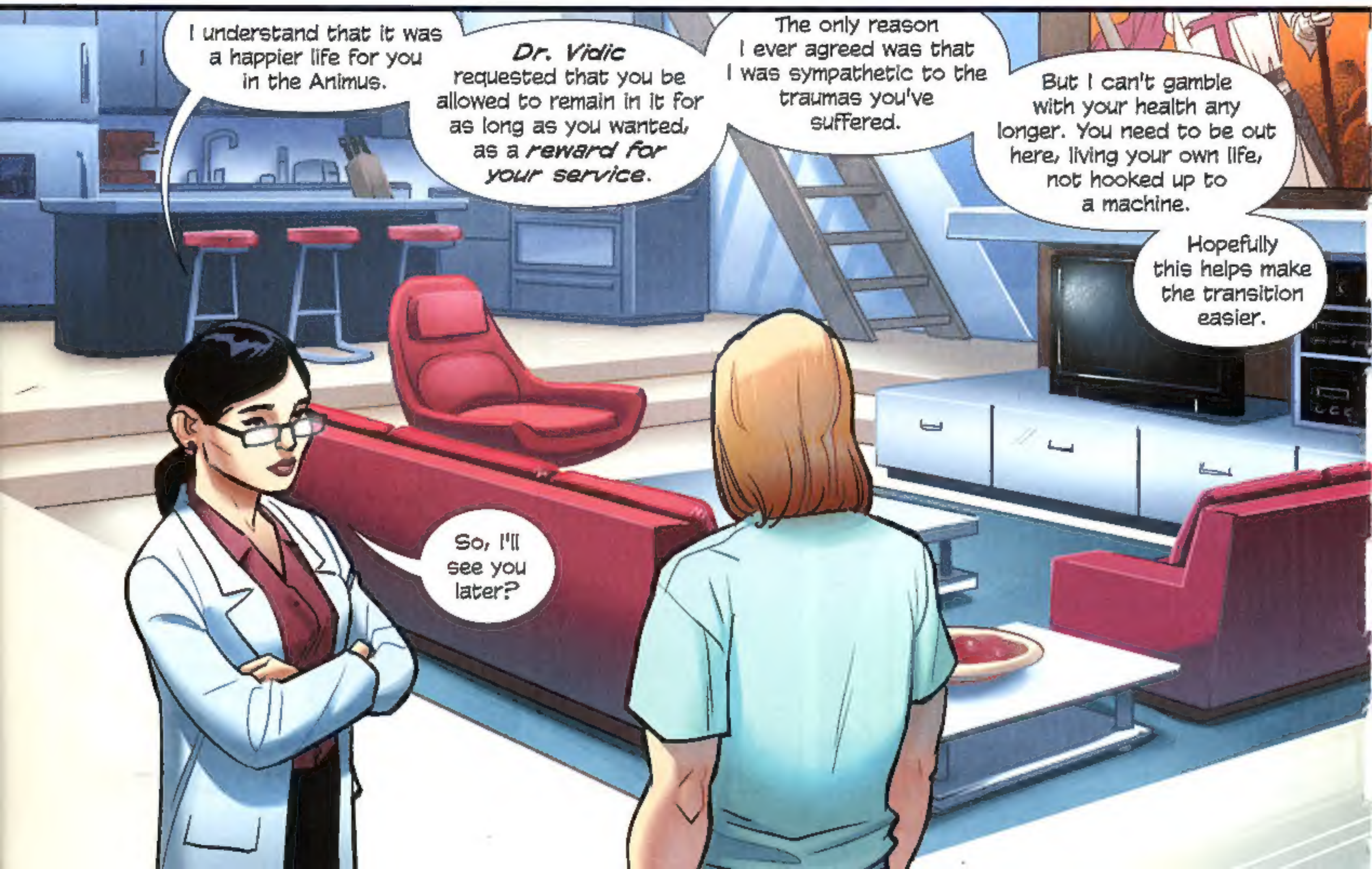
...A hero...



Ah, here we are.



Daniel Cross, welcome to your new home.



I understand that it was a happier life for you in the Animus.

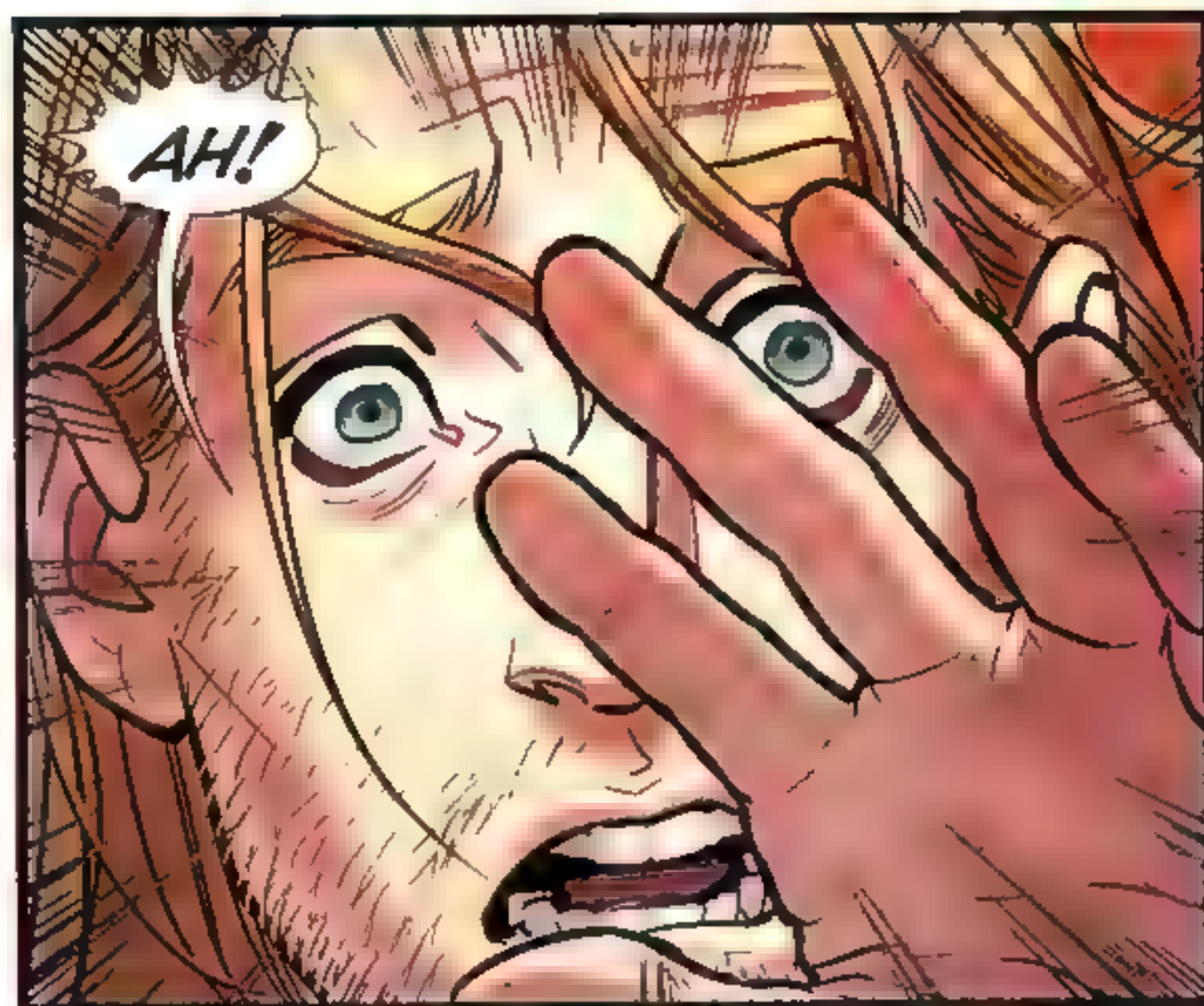
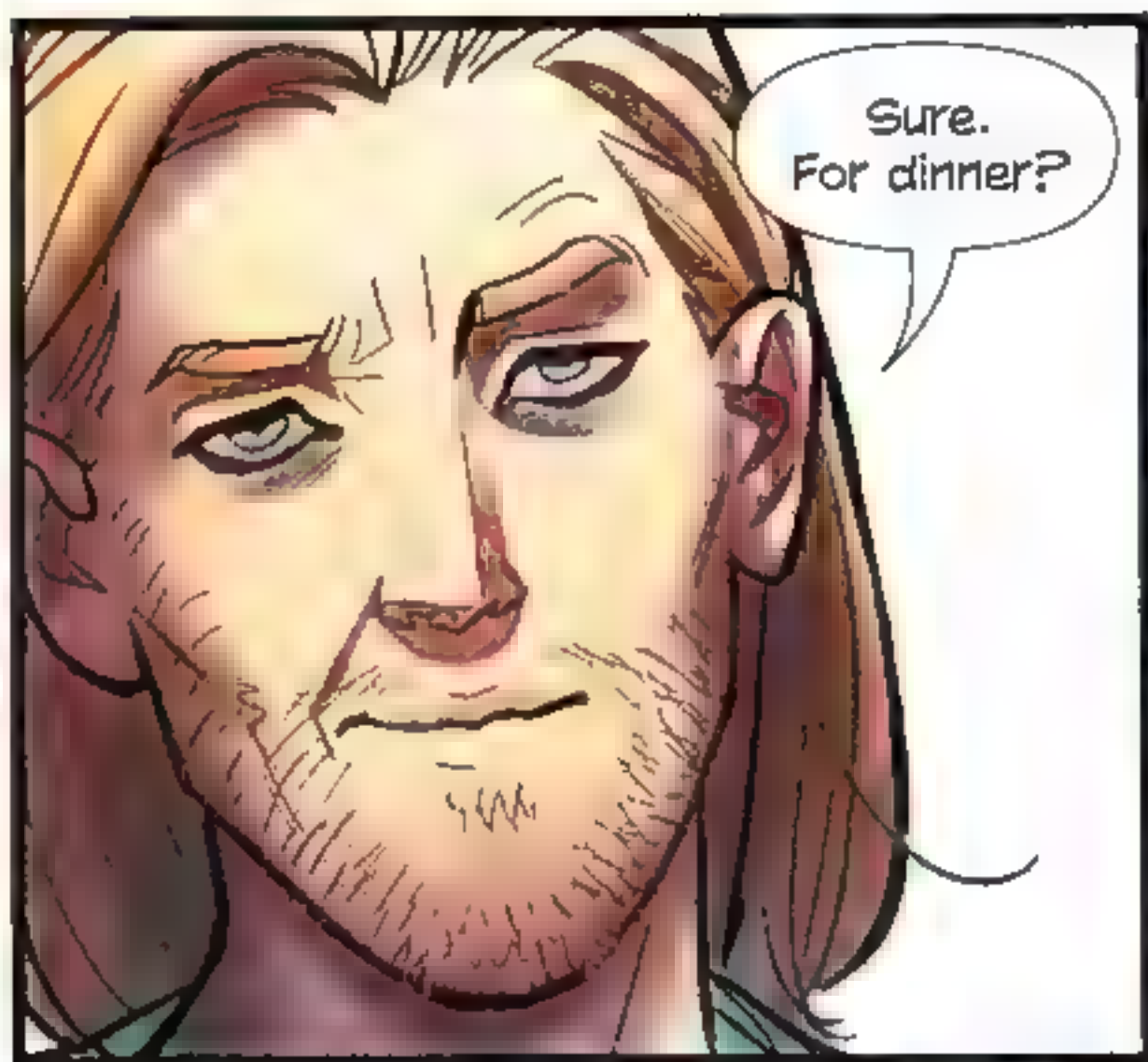
Dr. Vidic requested that you be allowed to remain in it for as long as you wanted, as a *reward for your service*.

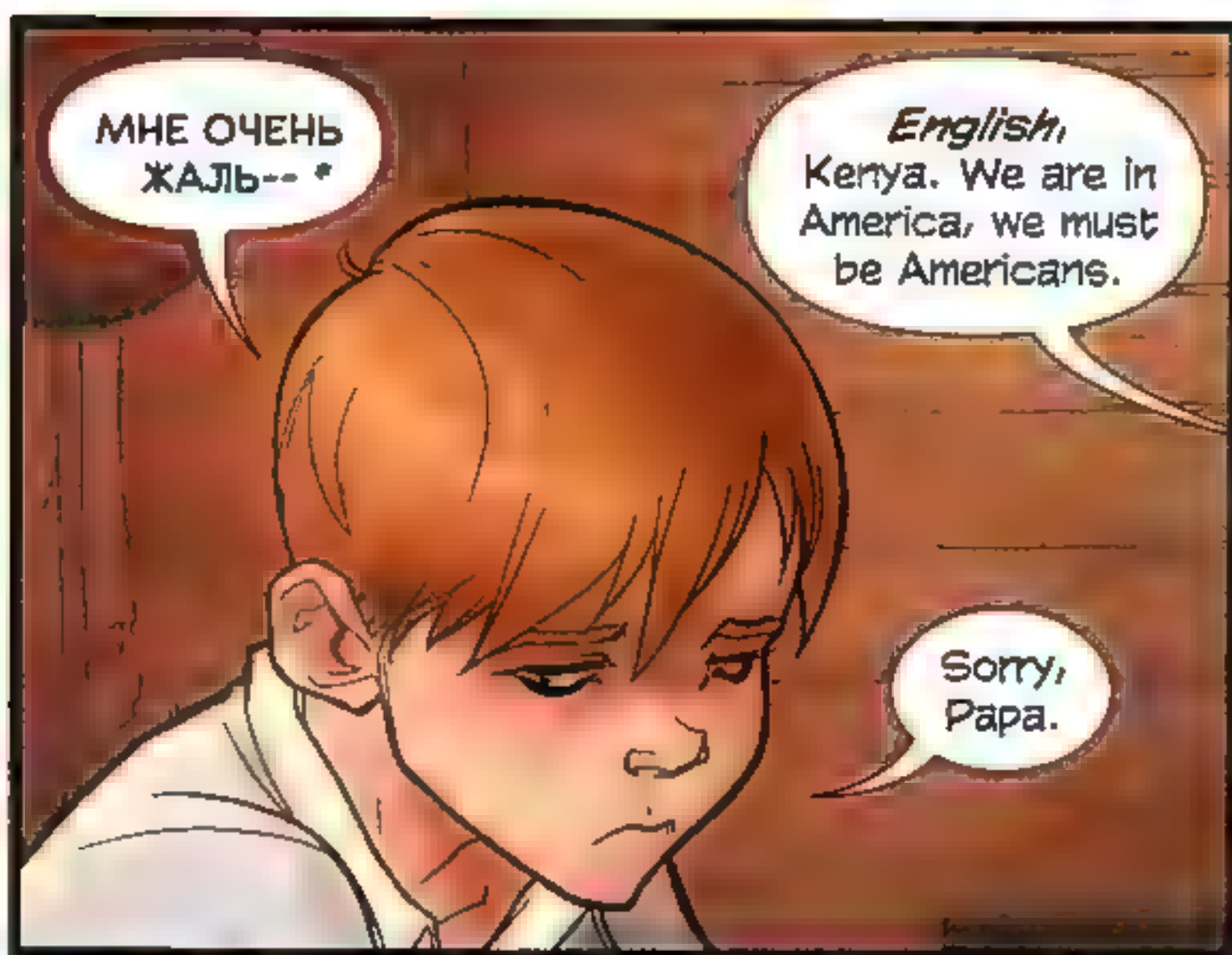
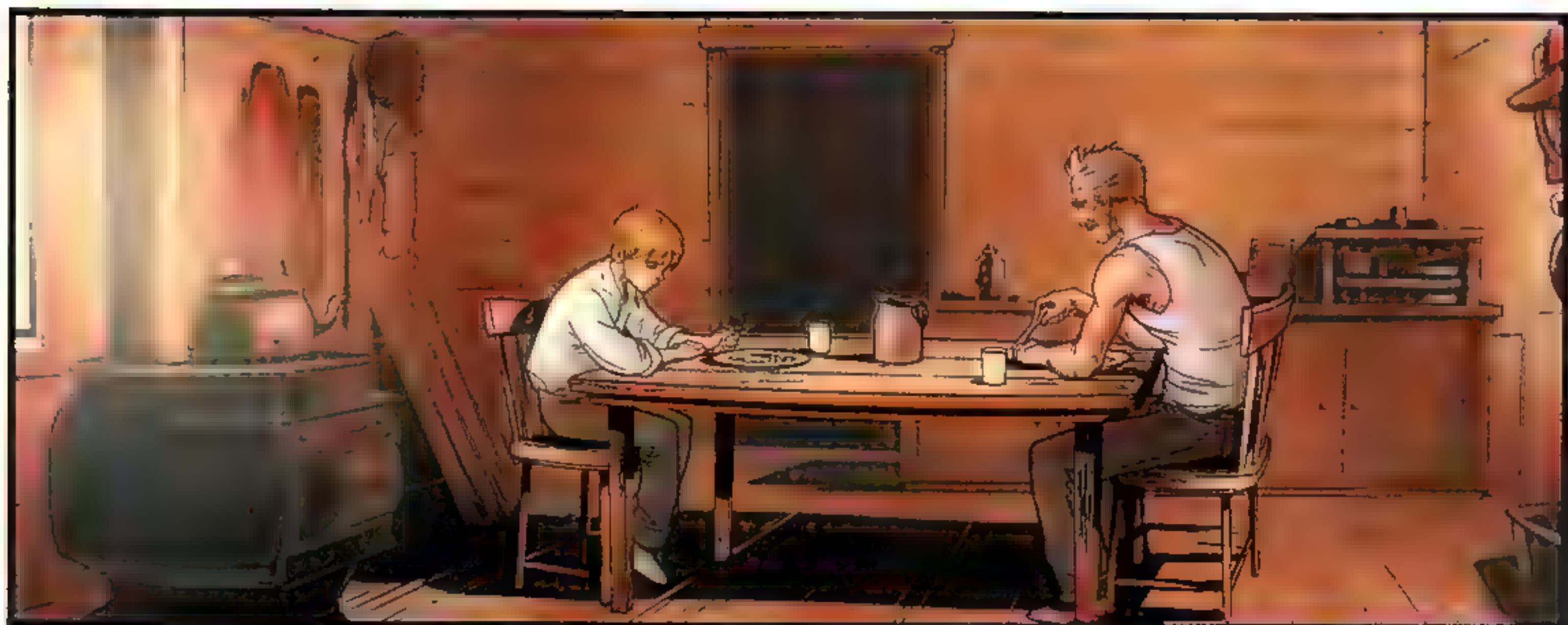
The only reason I ever agreed was that I was sympathetic to the traumas you've suffered.

But I can't gamble with your health any longer. You need to be out here, living your own life, not hooked up to a machine.

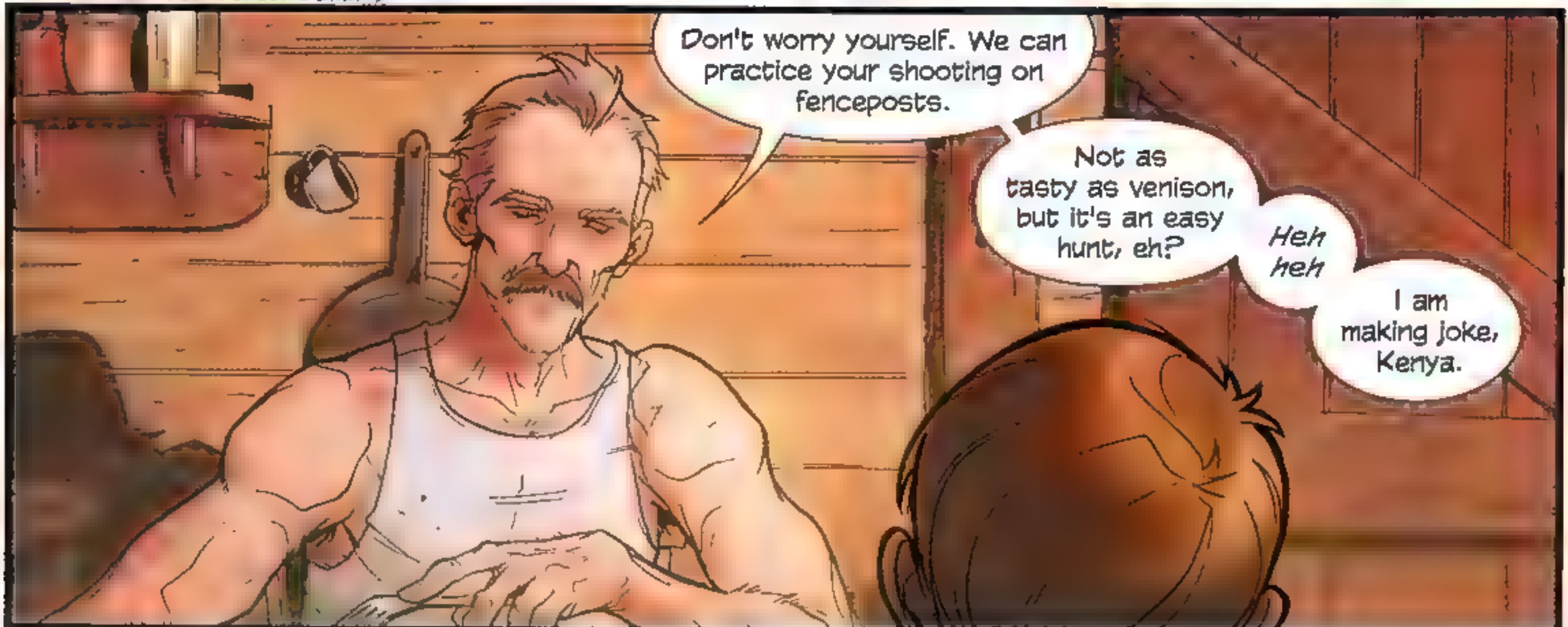
Hopefully this helps make the transition easier.

So, I'll see you later?





* IN RUSSIAN: <"I'M REALLY SORRY">

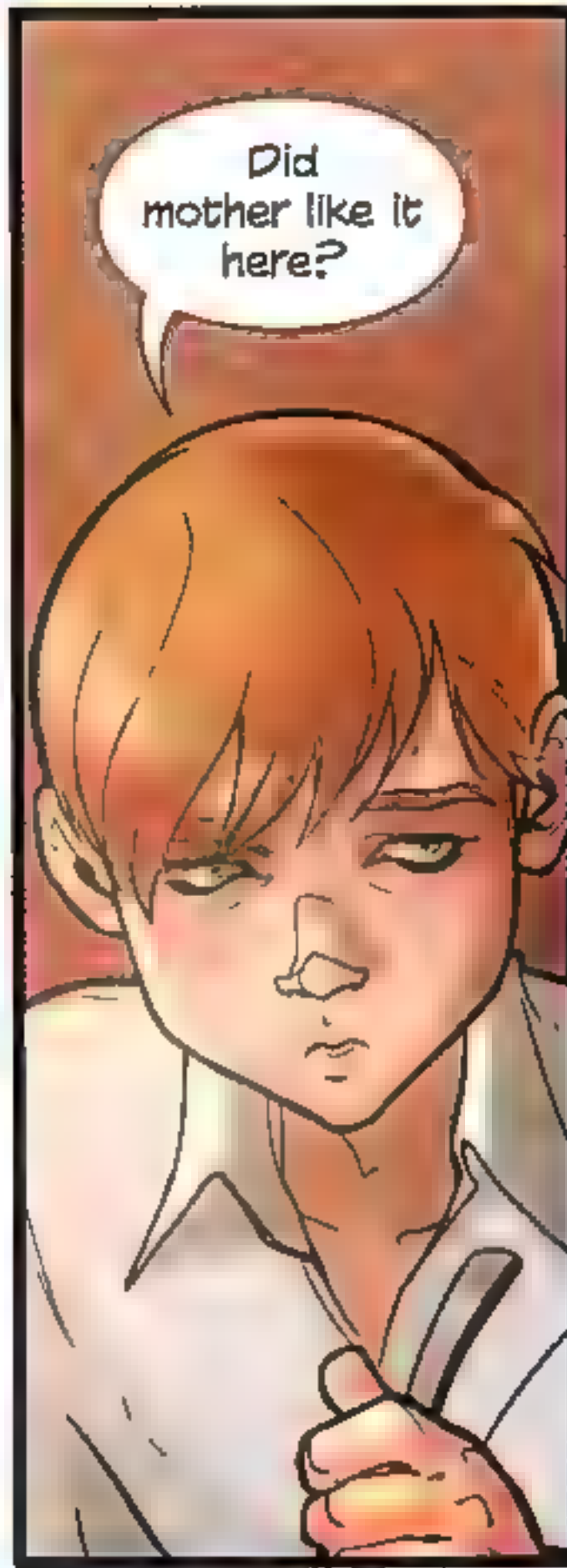




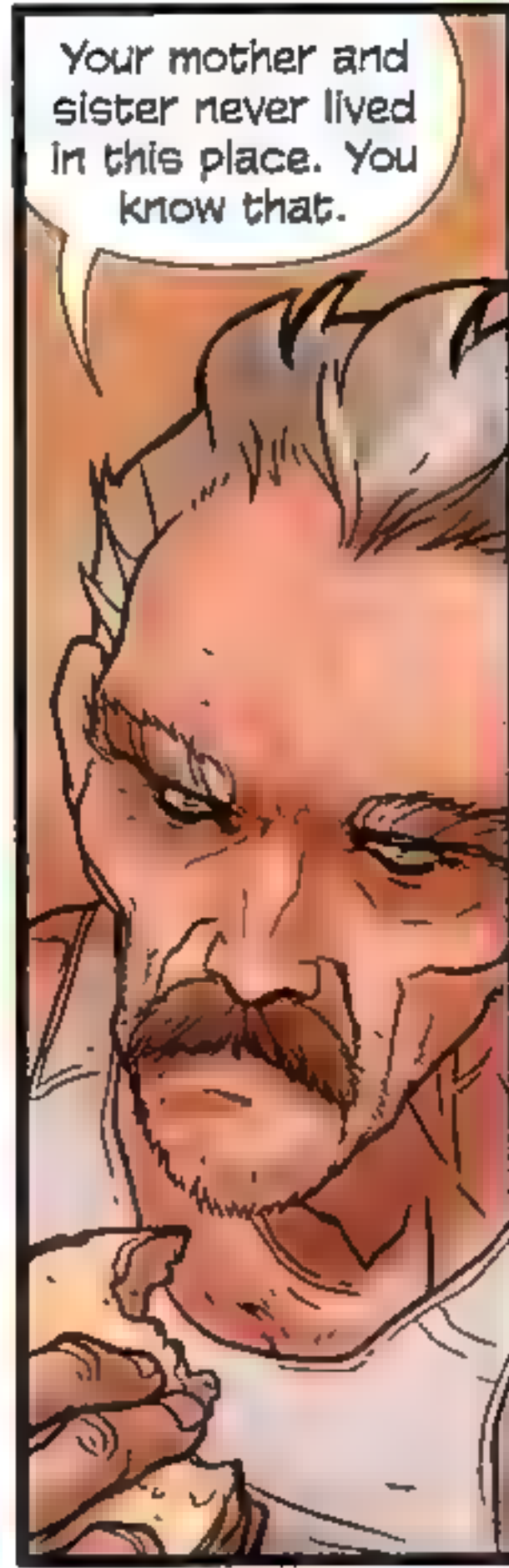
Will we
always live here,
away from
people?



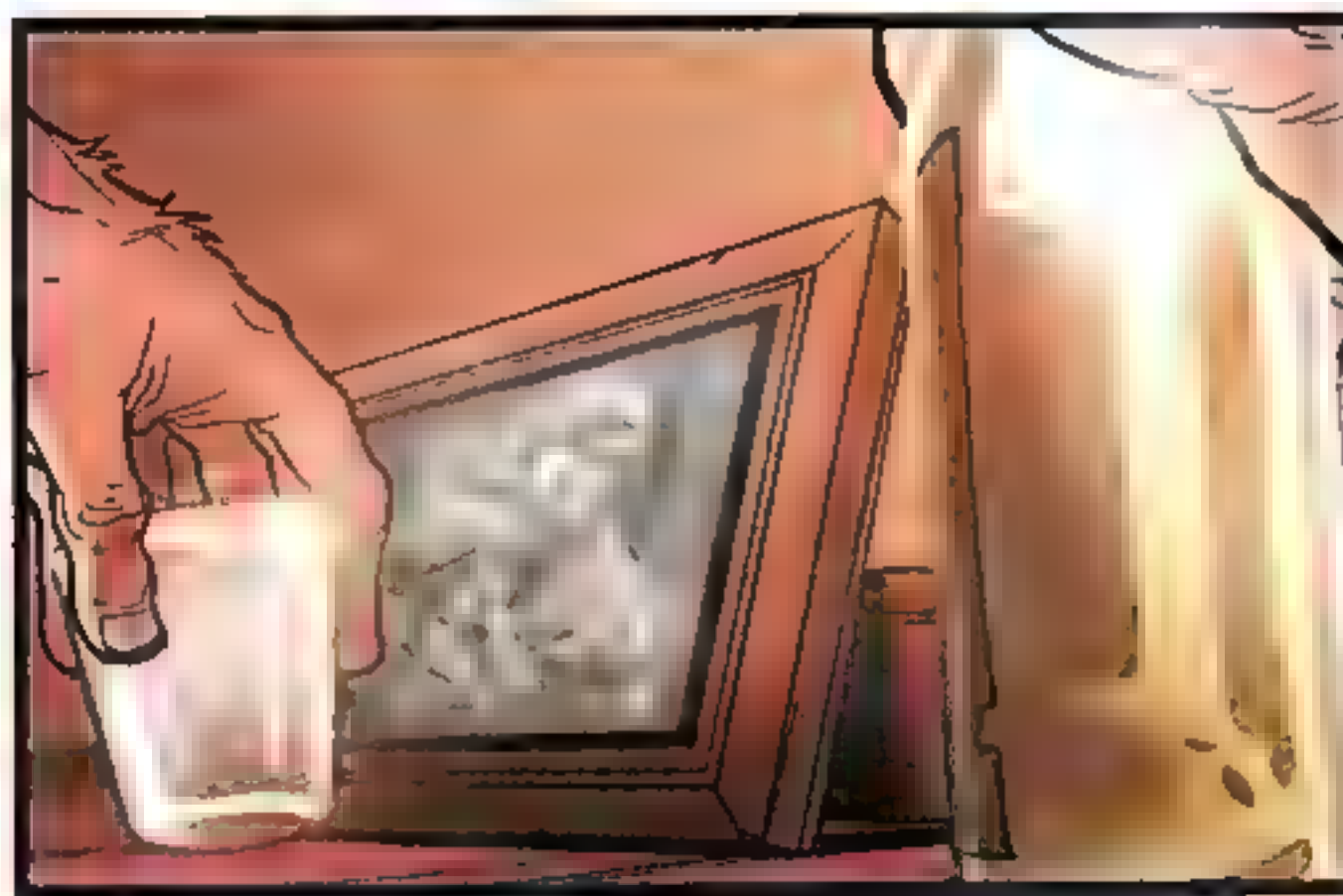
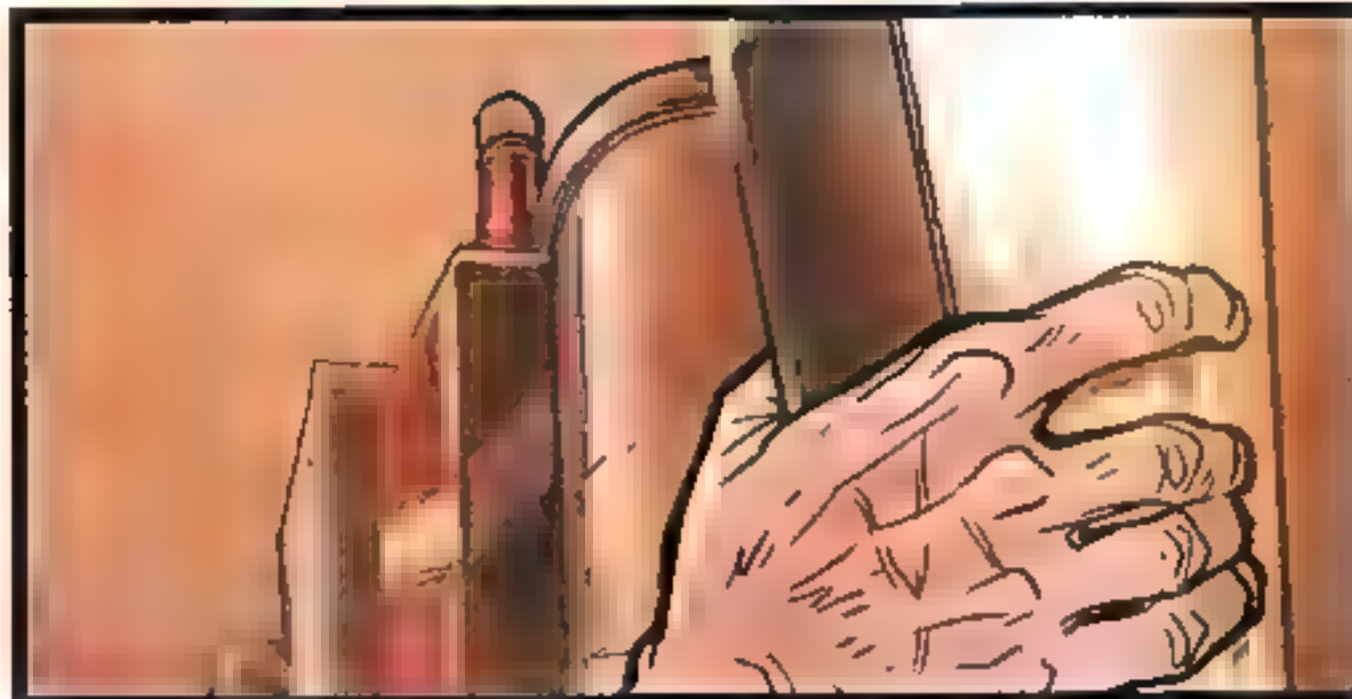
It is safer
for us here, Kenya.
We live by our own
rules and we answer
to no one.



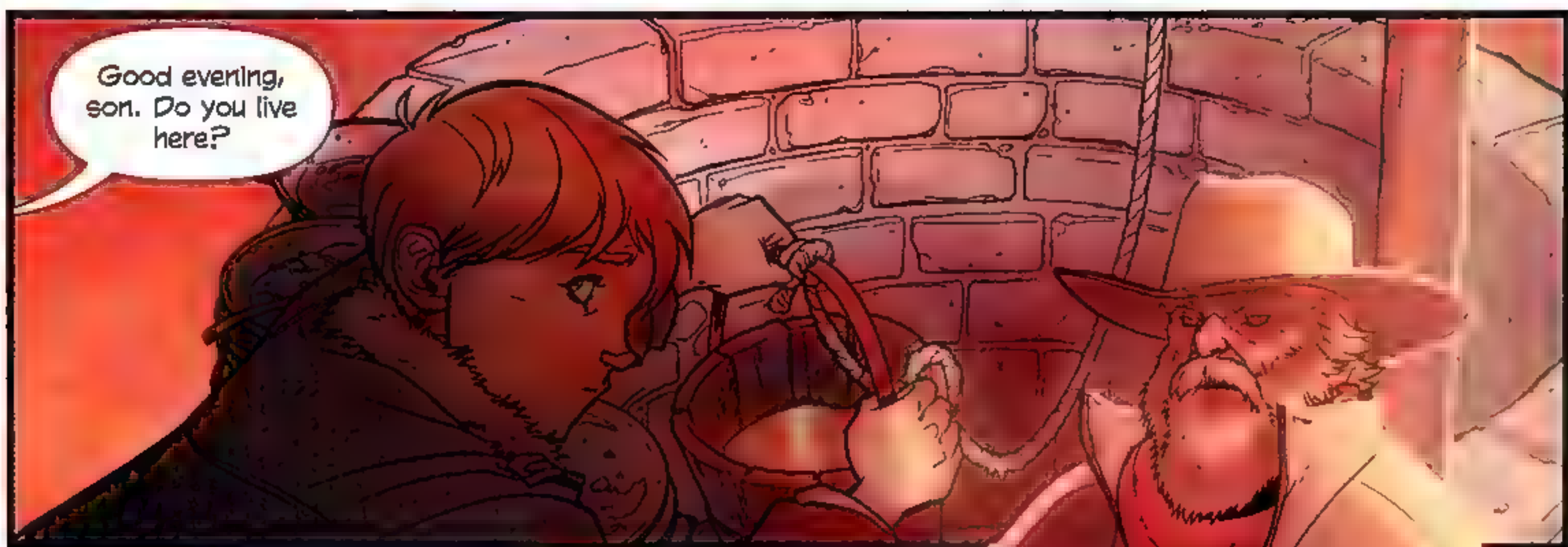
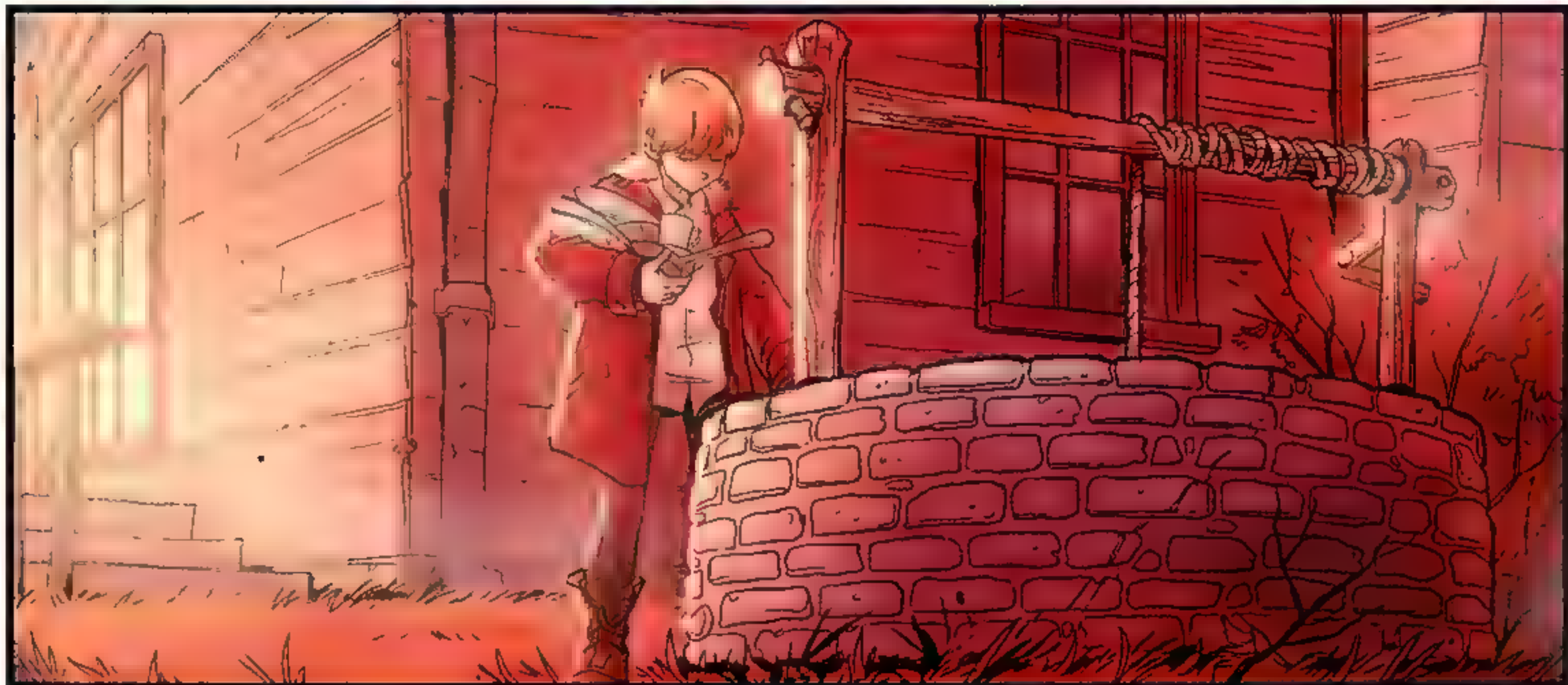
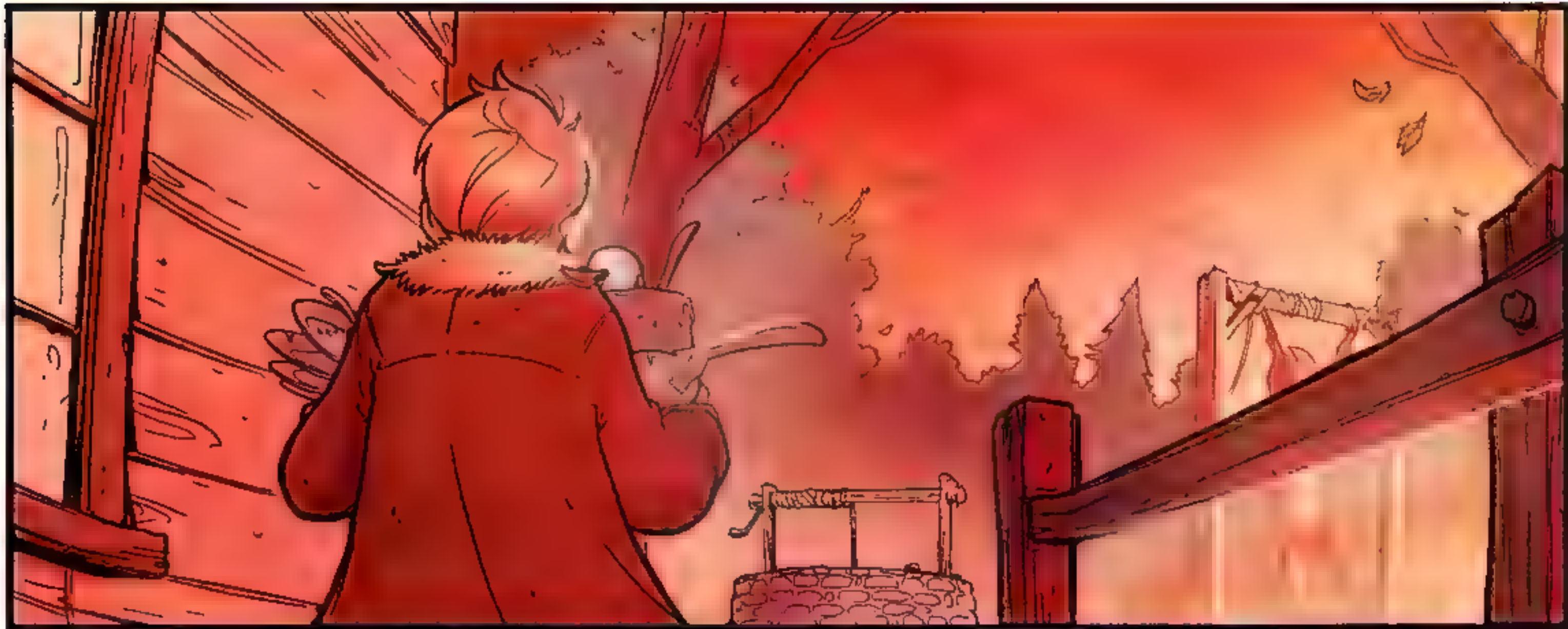
Did
mother like it
here?



Your mother and
sister never lived
in this place. You
know that.



If you are
finished, take the
dishes outside to
be washed.



Good evening,
son. Do you live
here?

Maybe you
can help me.
I'm looking for
your father.

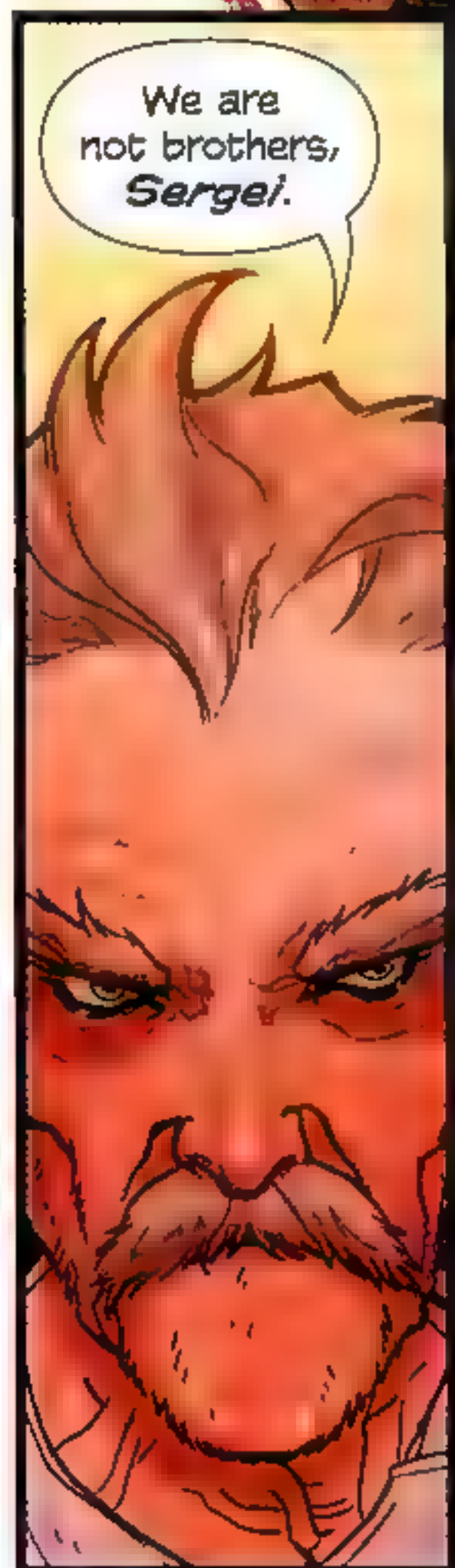


Kenya?
Who are you
talking to?

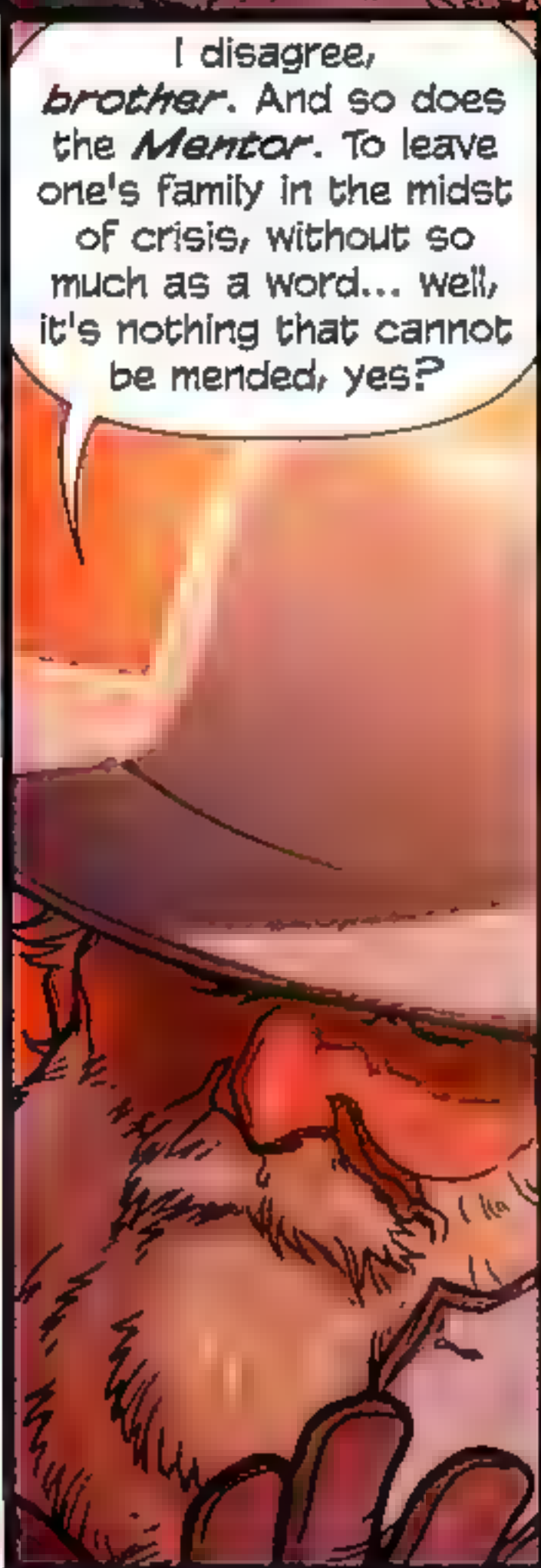


Nikolai!
It's been such
a long time, brother.
However did you end
up in a place
like this?

Did you
miss home so
much?



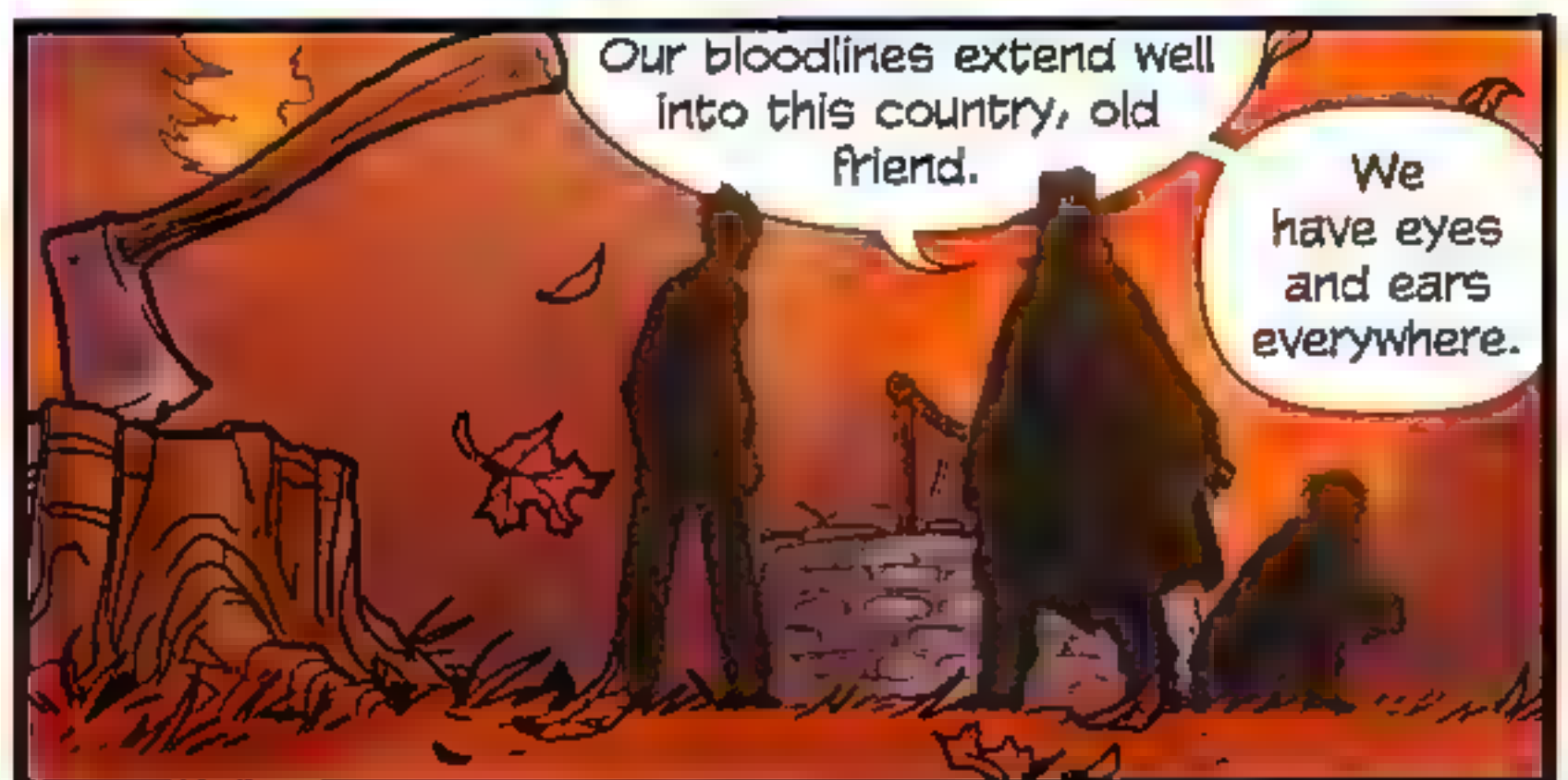
We are
not brothers,
Sergei.



I disagree,
brother. And so does
the *Mentor*. To leave
one's family in the midst
of crisis, without so
much as a word... well,
it's nothing that cannot
be mended, yes?

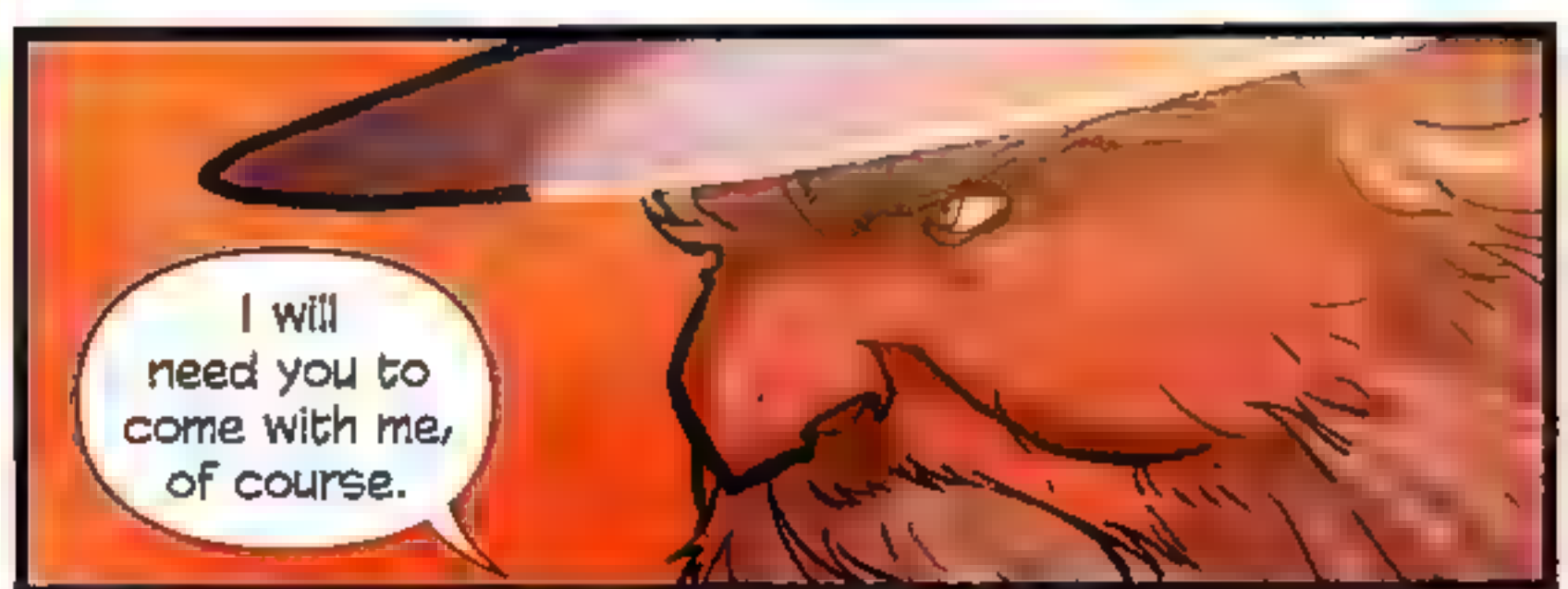


How did
you find this
place?

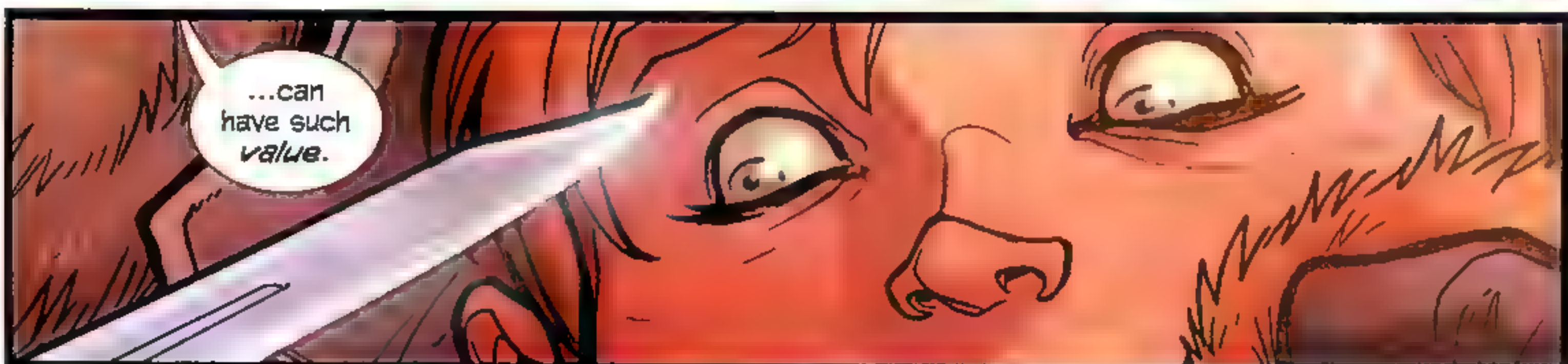
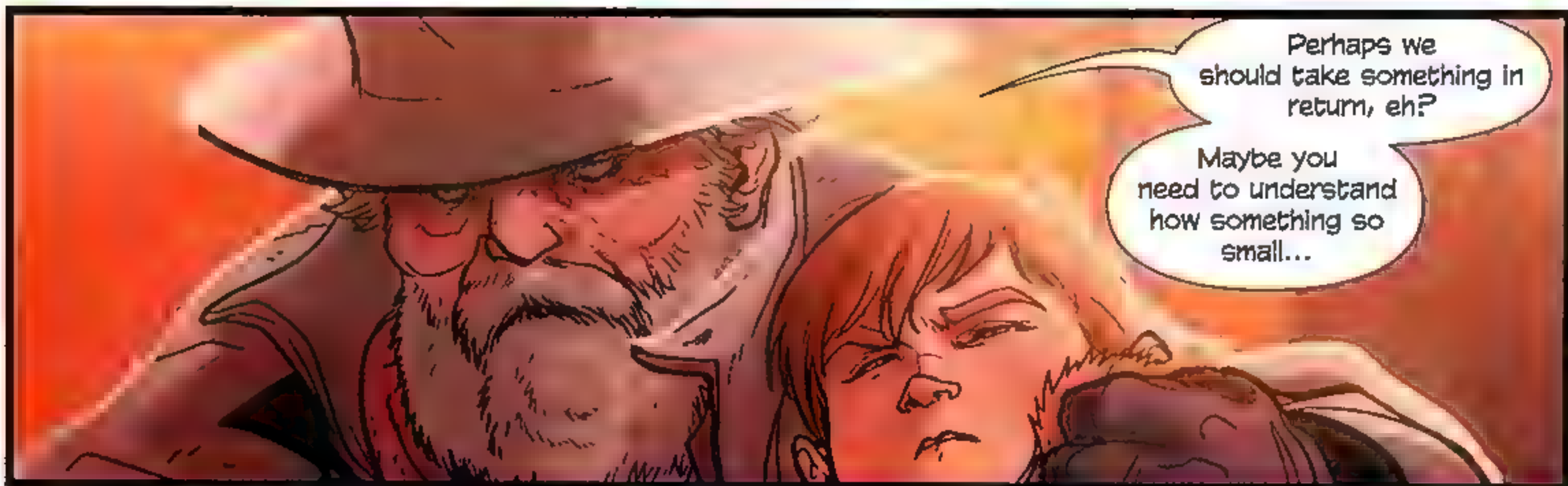
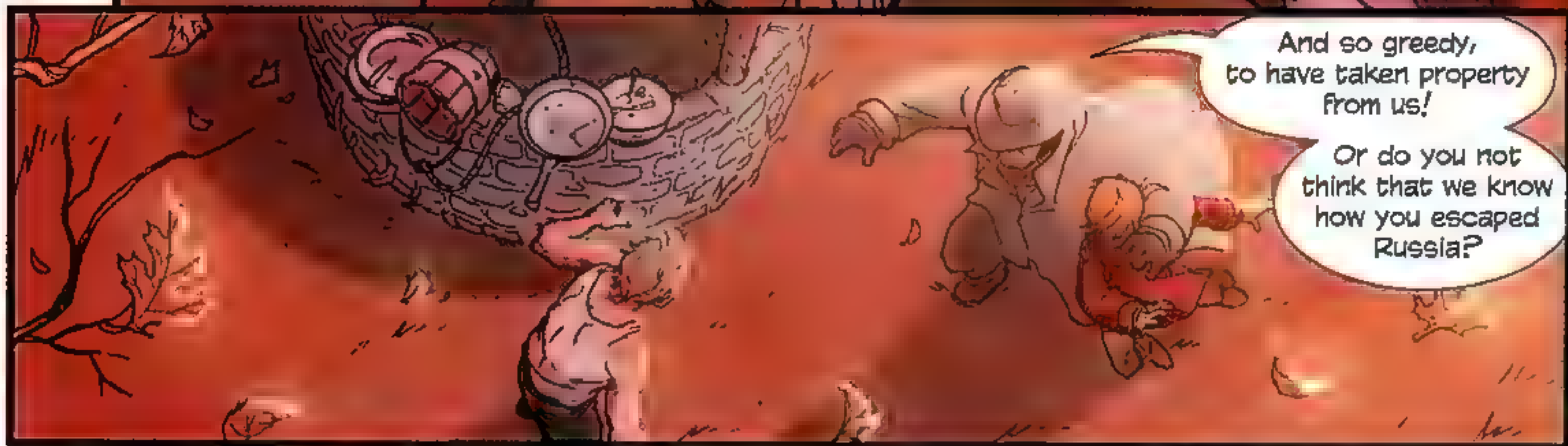
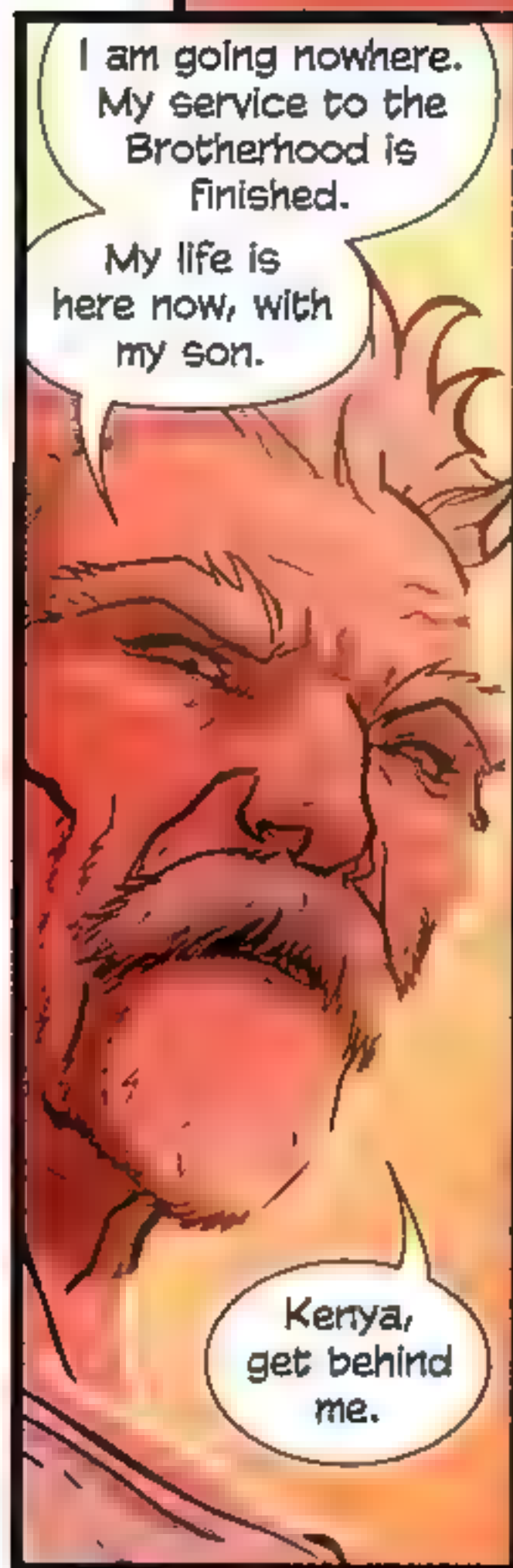


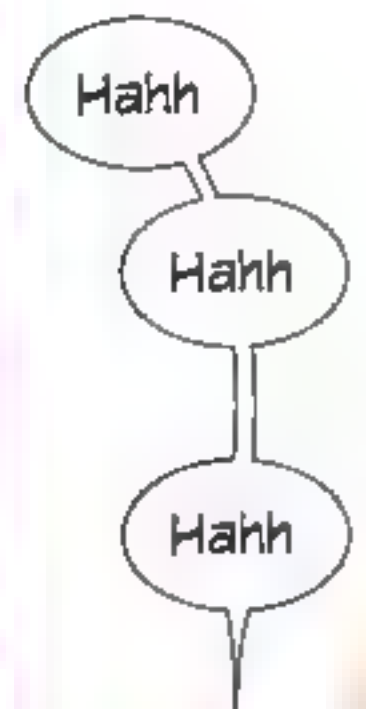
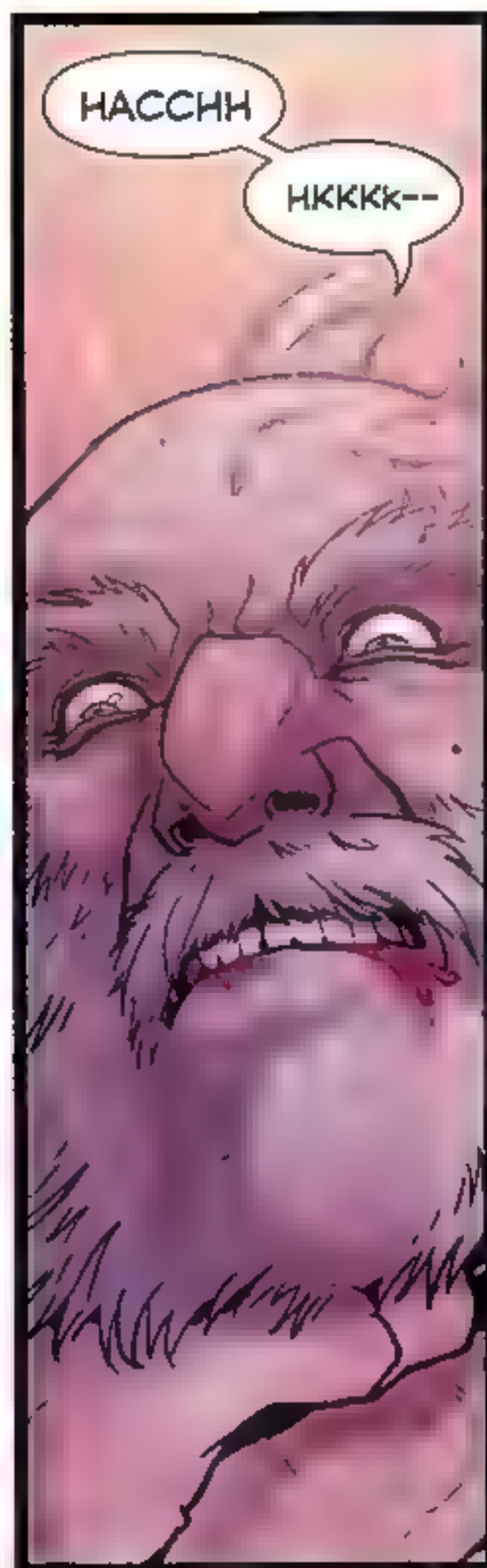
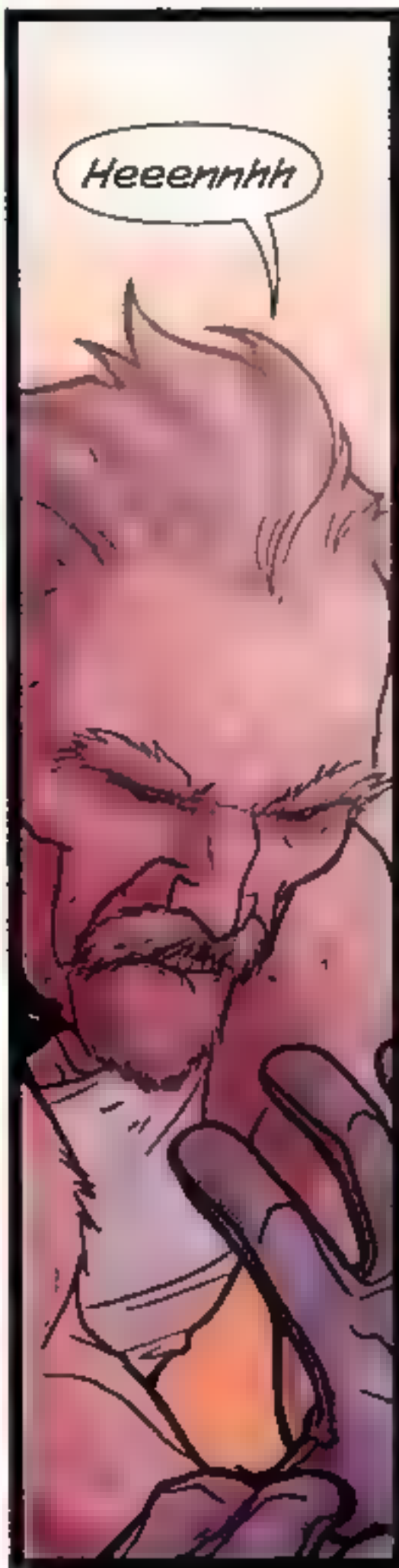
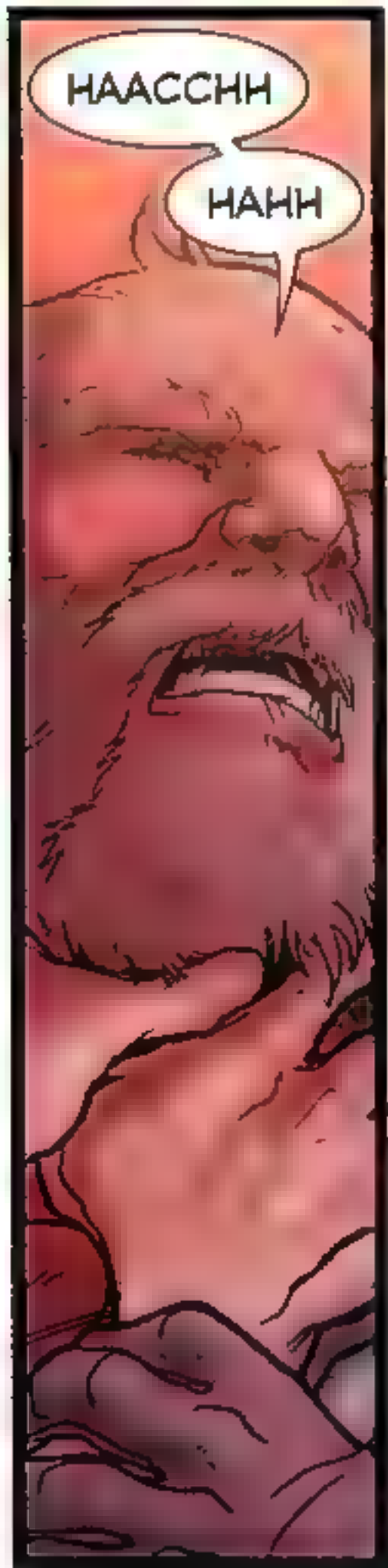
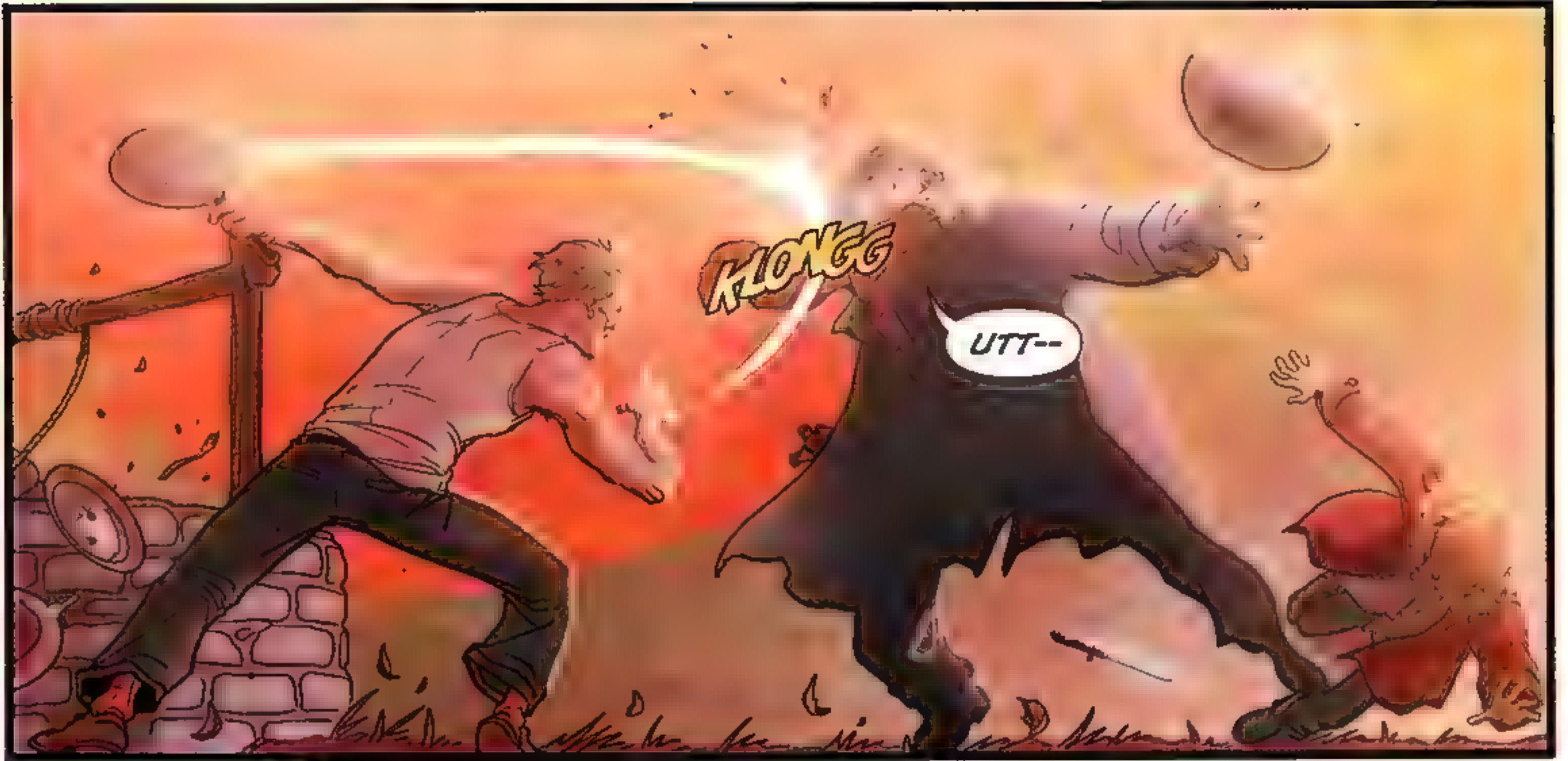
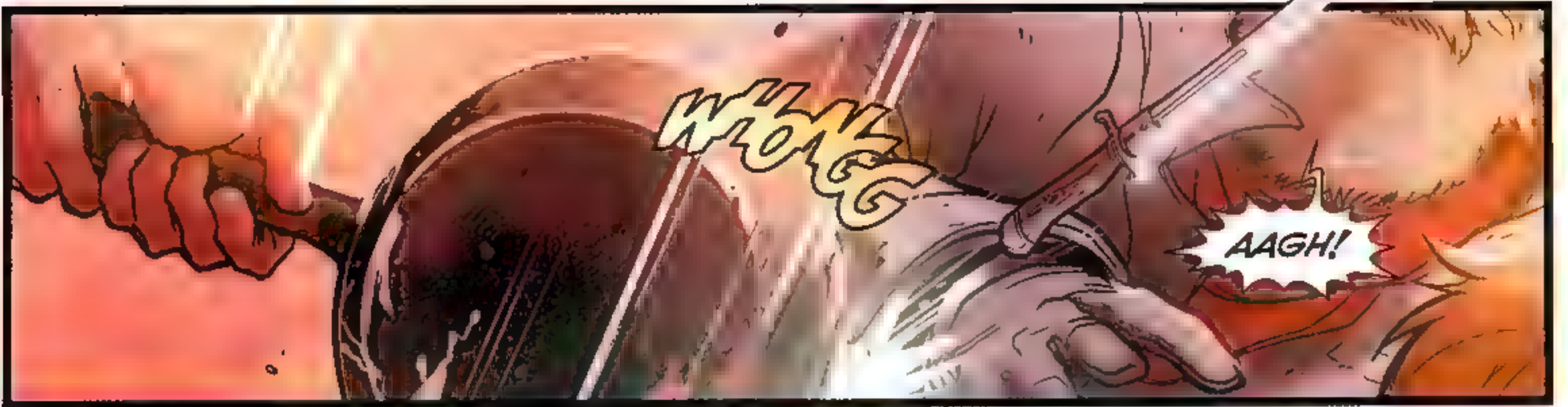
Our bloodlines extend well
into this country, old
friend.

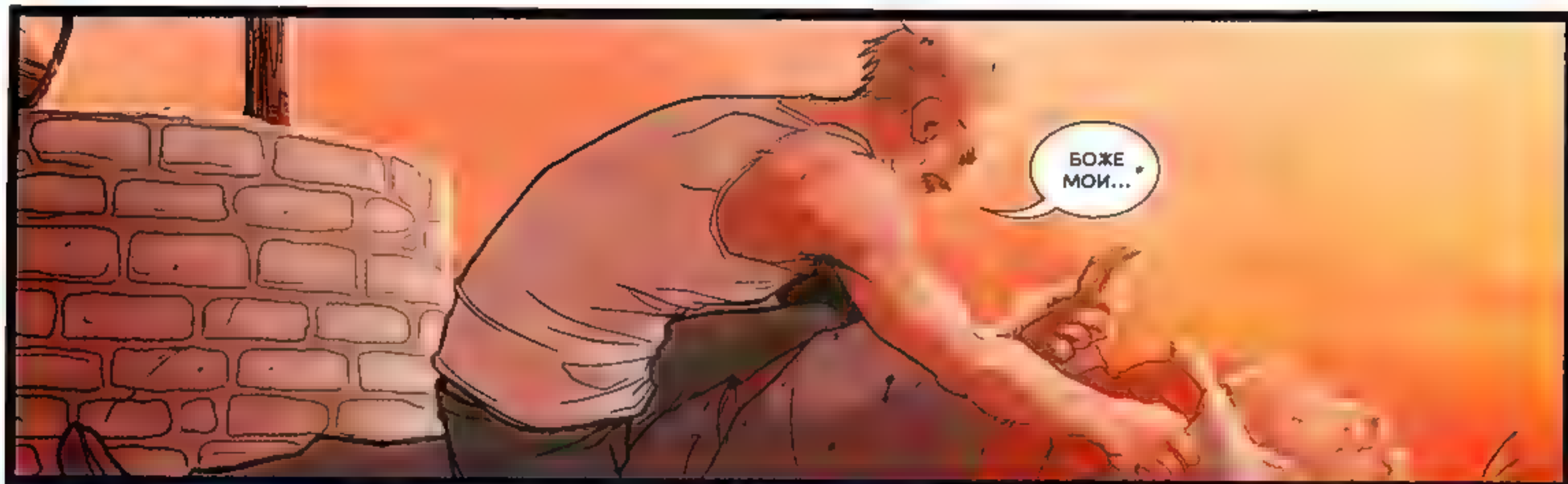
We
have eyes
and ears
everywhere.



I will
need you to
come with me,
of course.







БОЖЕ
МОИ...

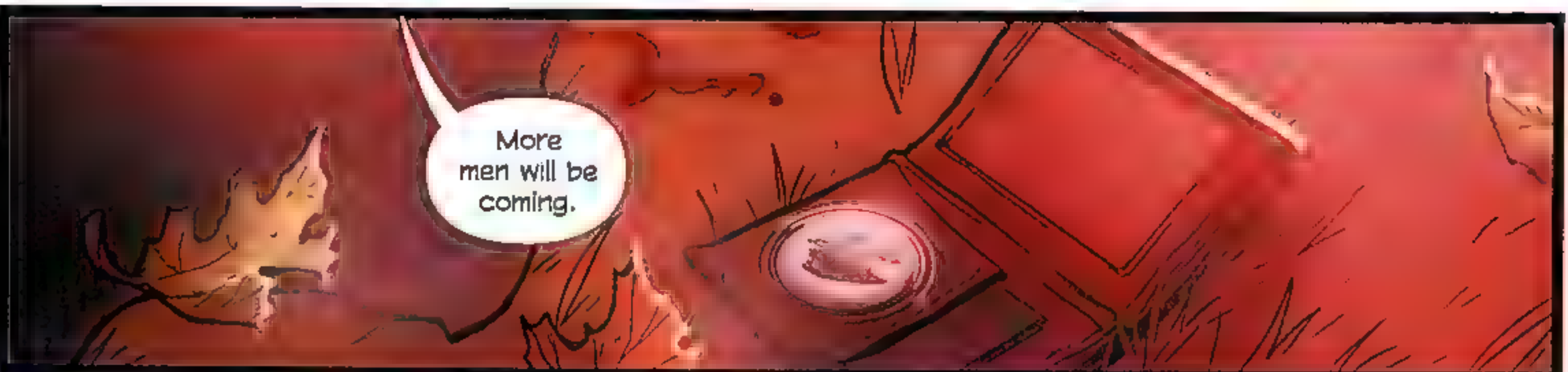
* <"MY GOD...">



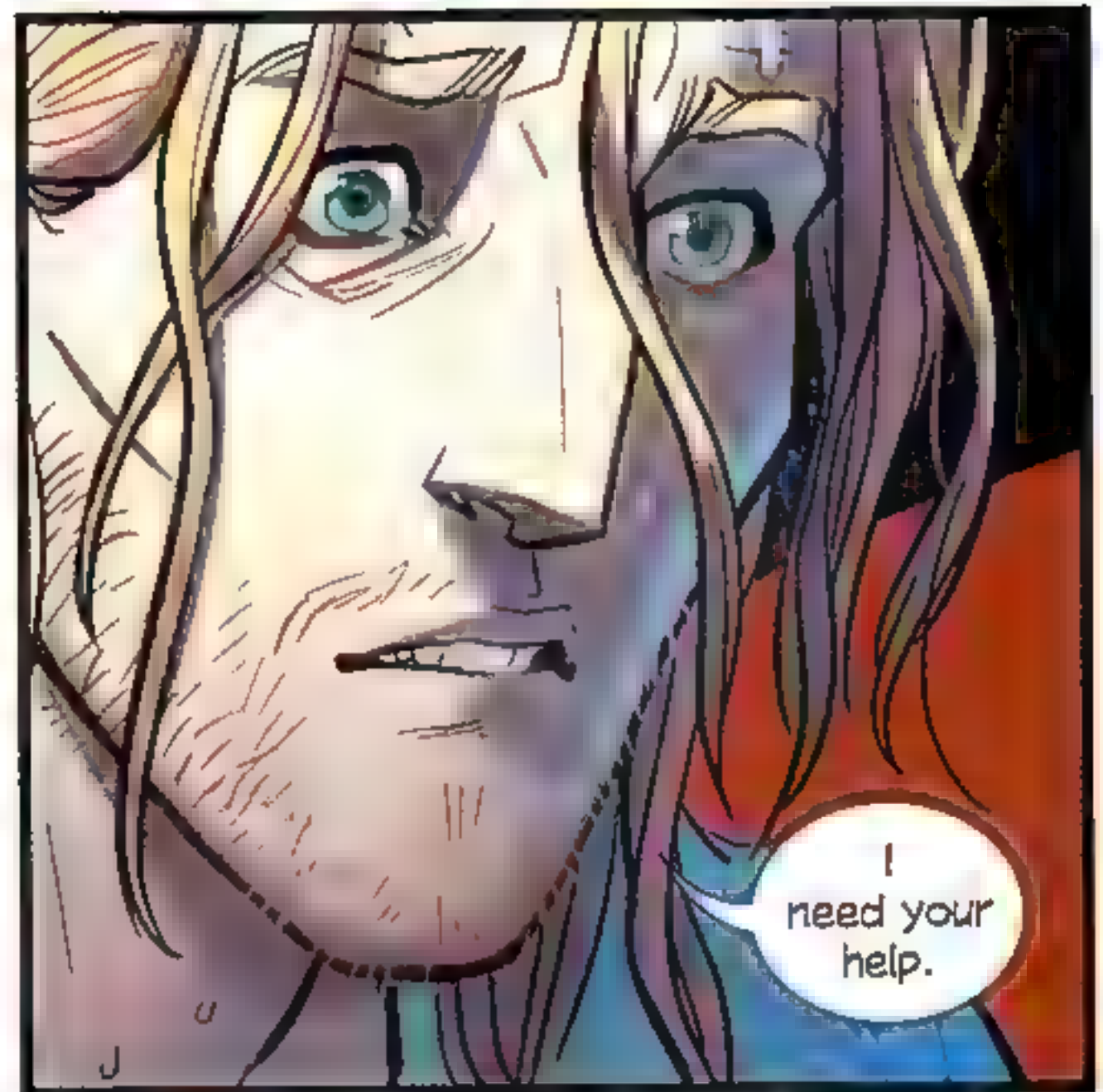
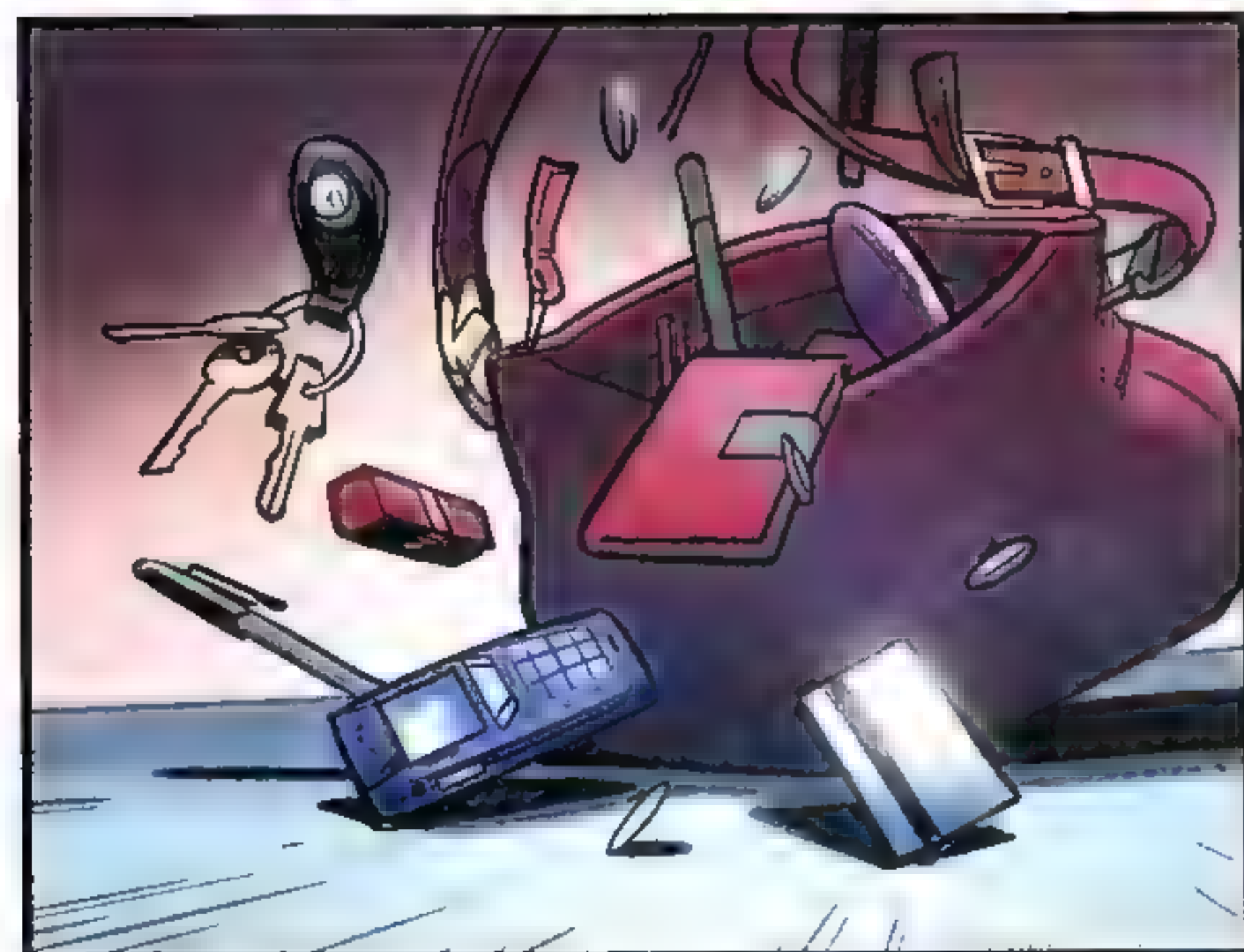
I had
hoped to
never see
this day...



We must
prepare ourselves,
Kenya.

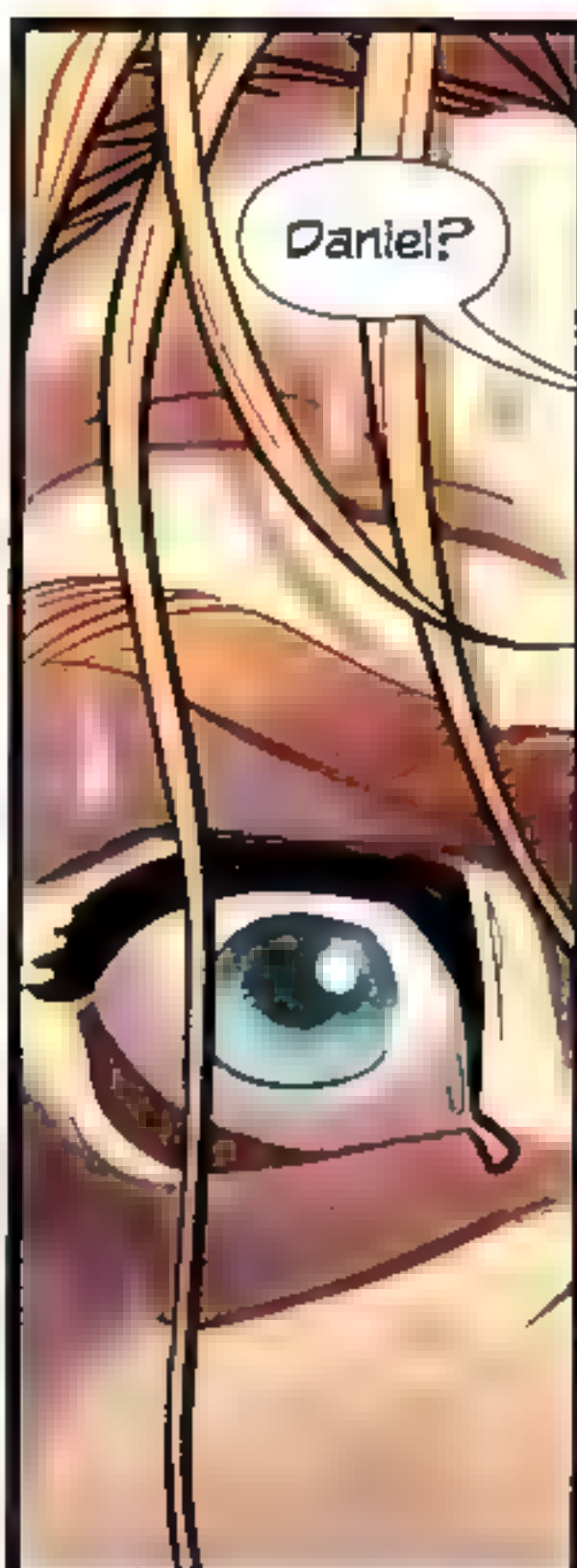


More
men will be
coming.





Oh my god,
you gave me
a scare.



Daniel?

What's
wrong? What
is it?



I need
back in the
Animus. I'm going
crazy out
here--

You're going through
a form of *withdrawal*.
It's going to take time
to adjust to--



Please, doctor,
I can't take this,
I need *help*!

You can't
treat me like
this!

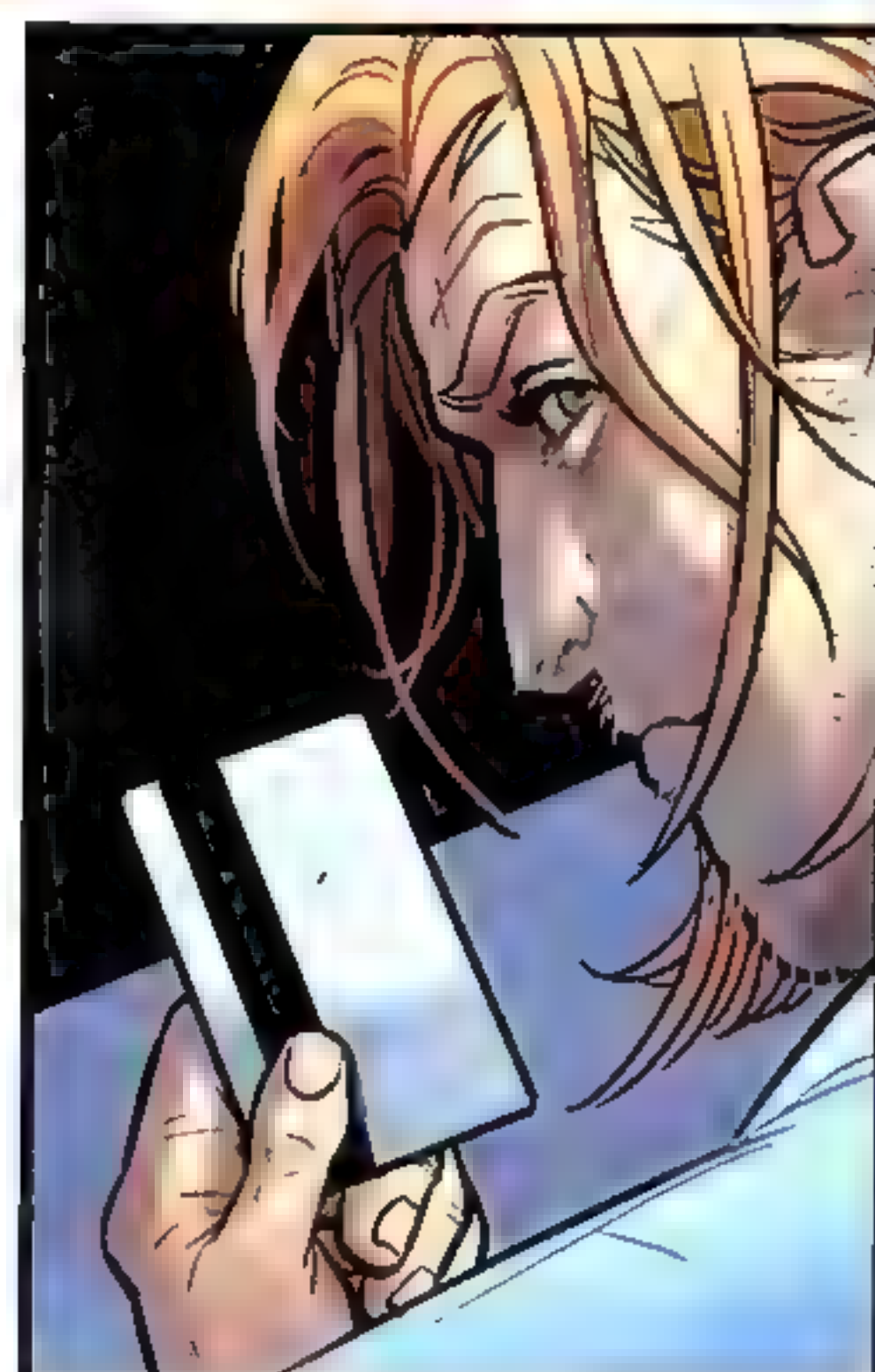


Even if there were
no neurological risks
from continued
exposure,
your Animus
has been de-
commissioned
and you haven't
been prepared
for interface
with the new
models.

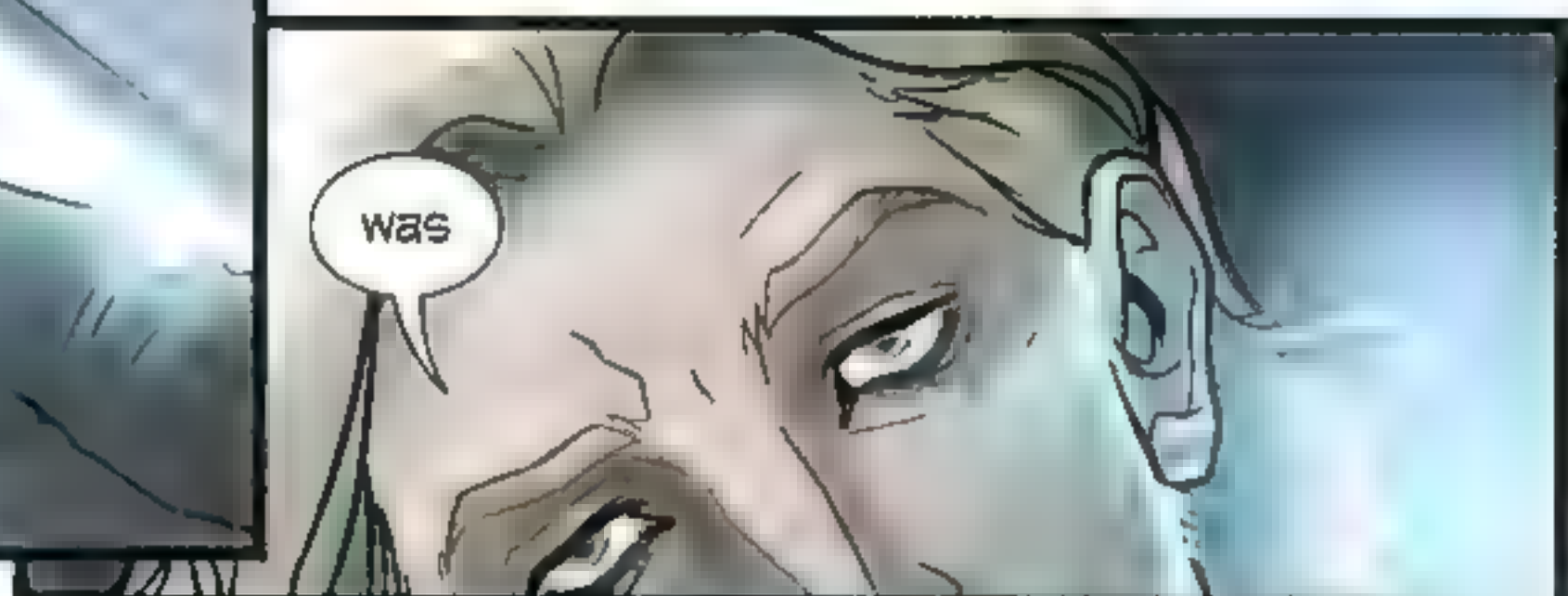
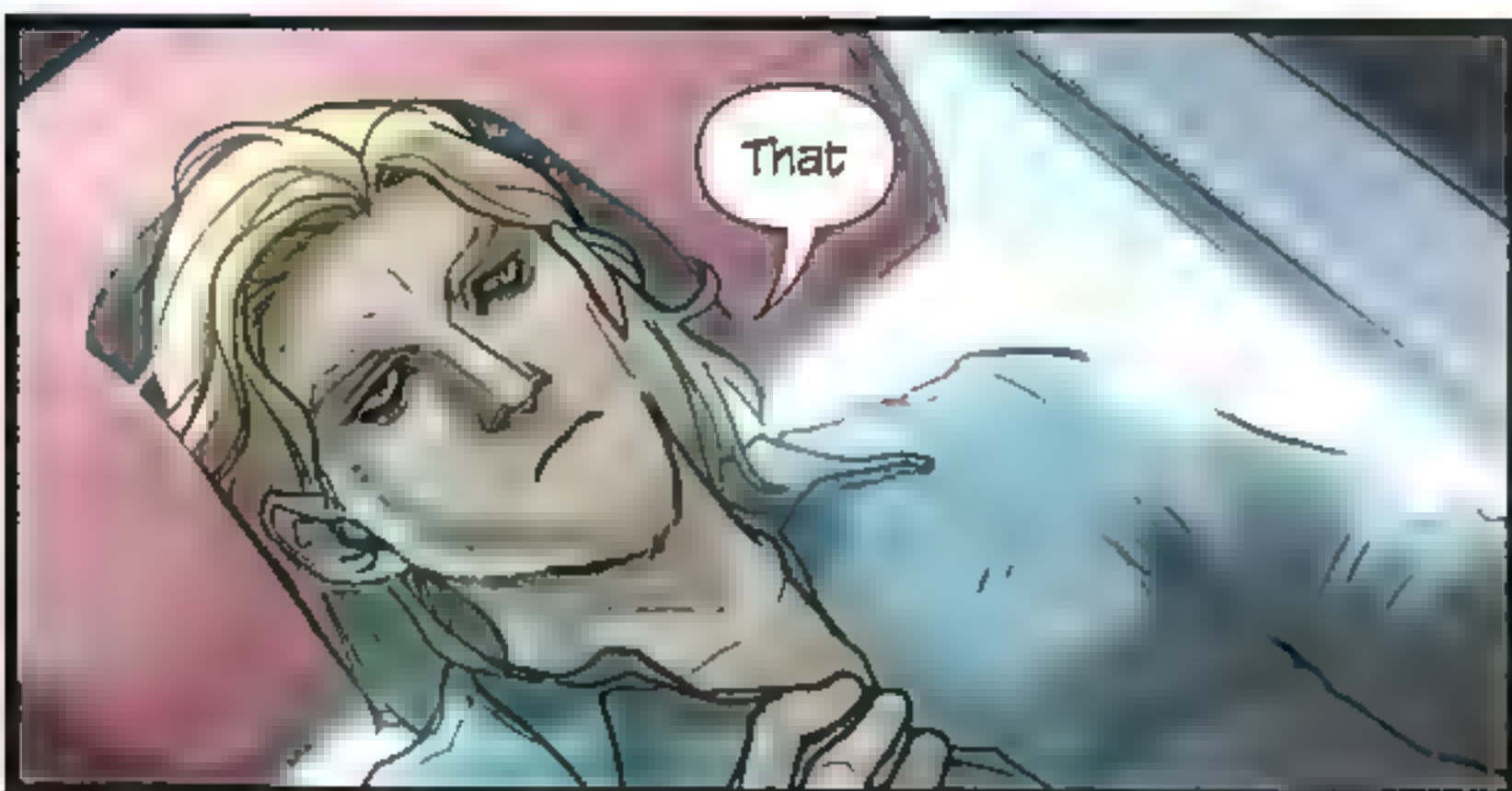
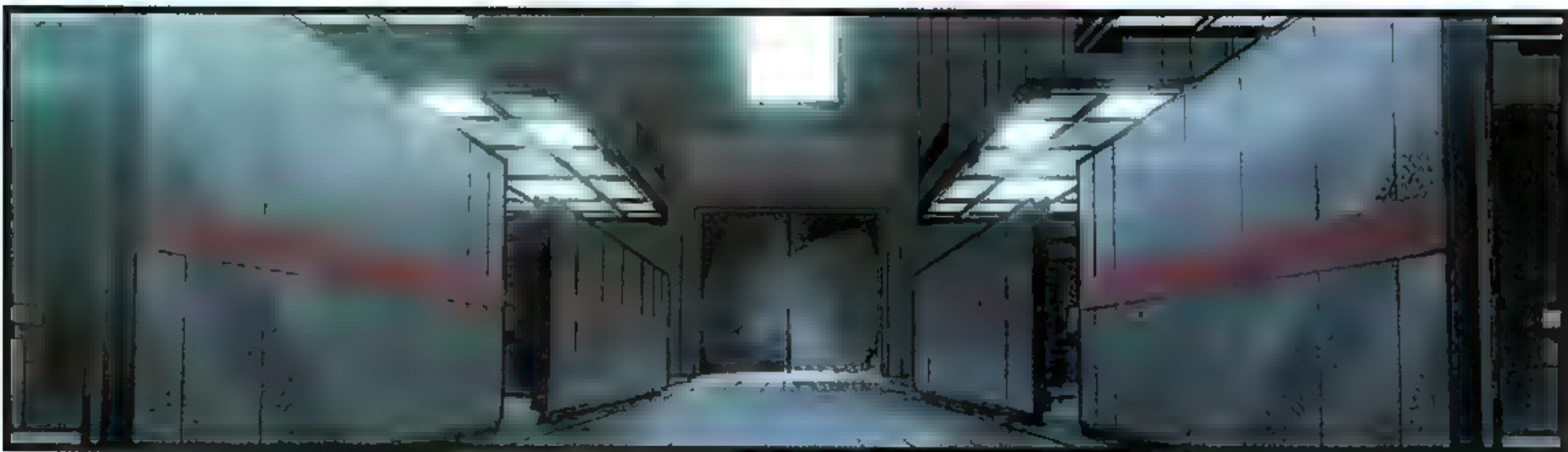
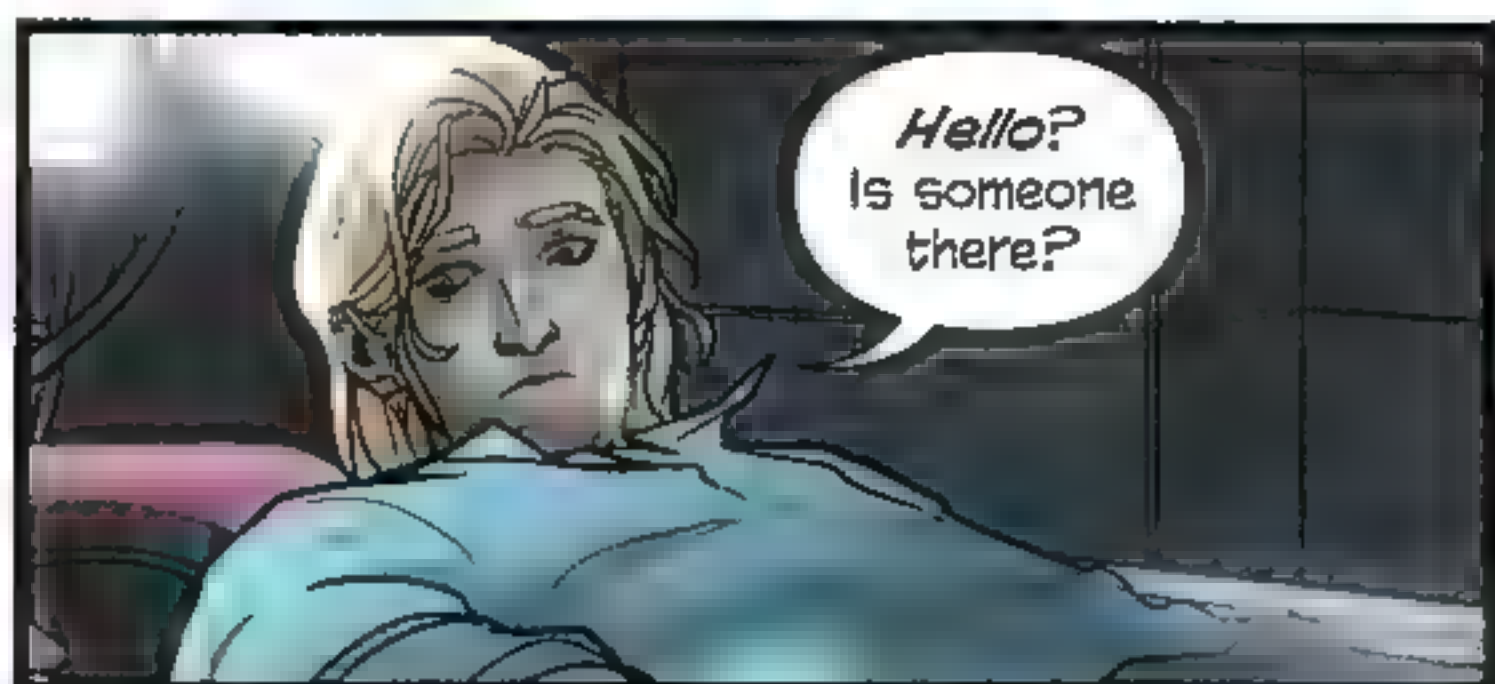
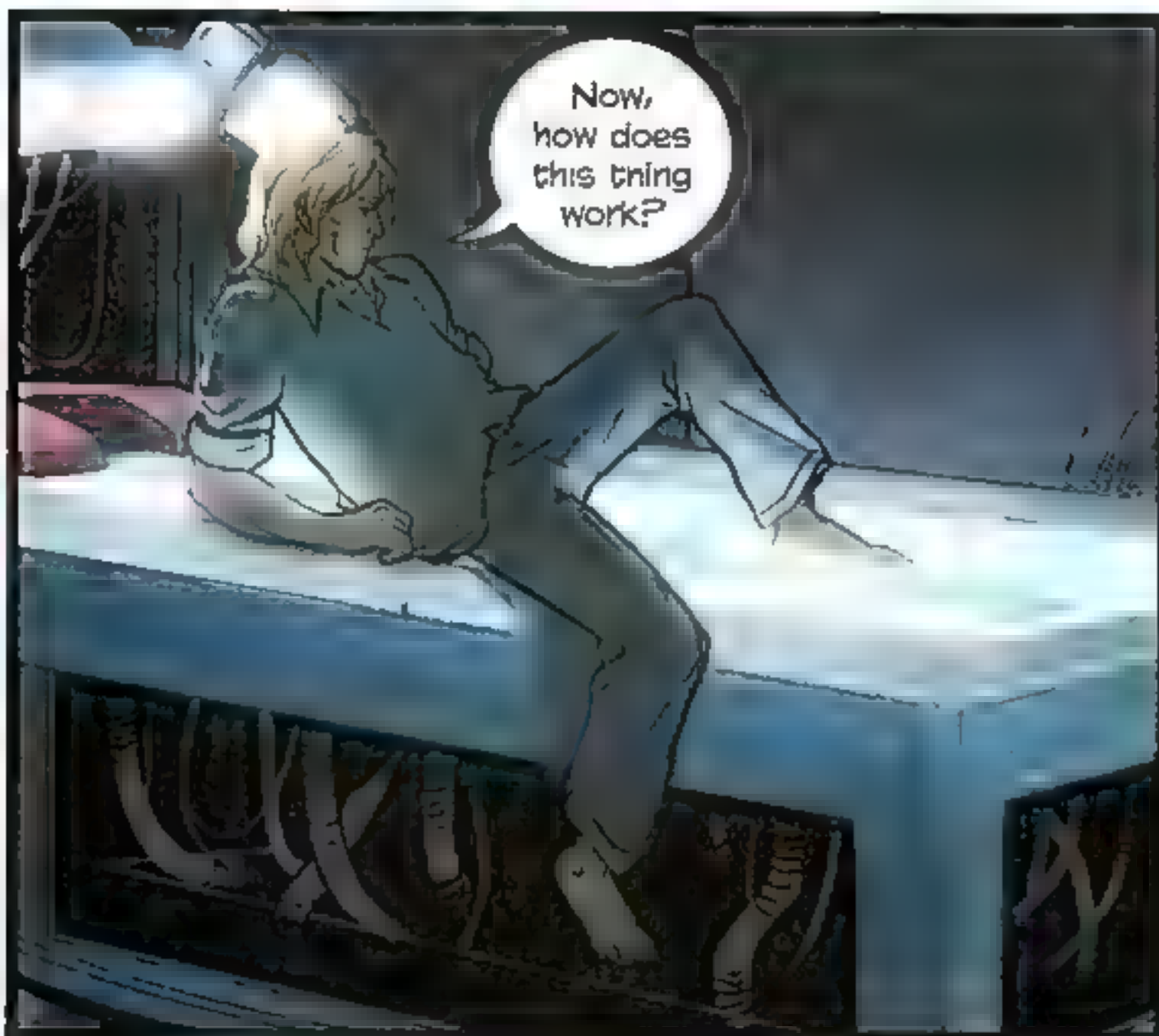


Now please, it's late and I have
to go home. You should do the same.
I promise you, with time
it will get better.

Good night,
see you
tomorrow.









БУДЕМ
ЗДОРОВЫ!

* < "LET'S GET MINTED!!!!!! CHEERS!!" >



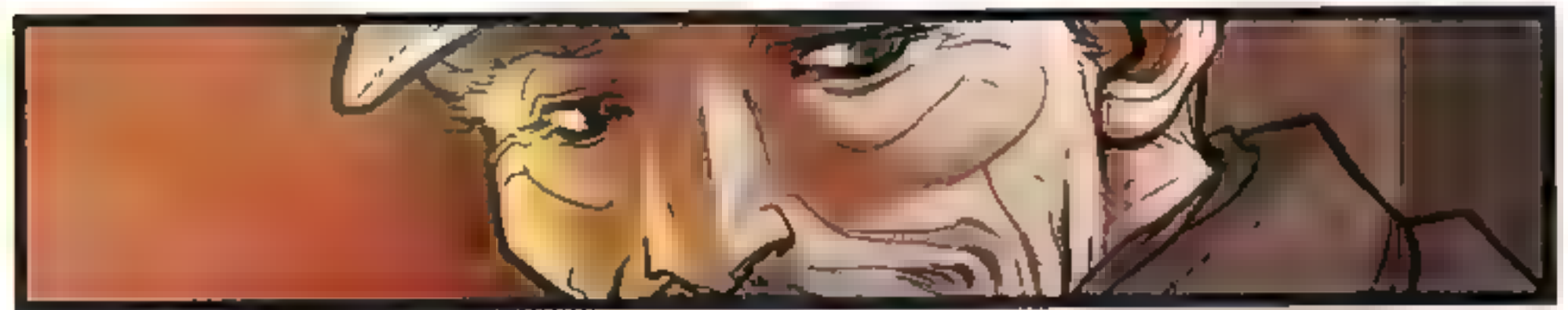
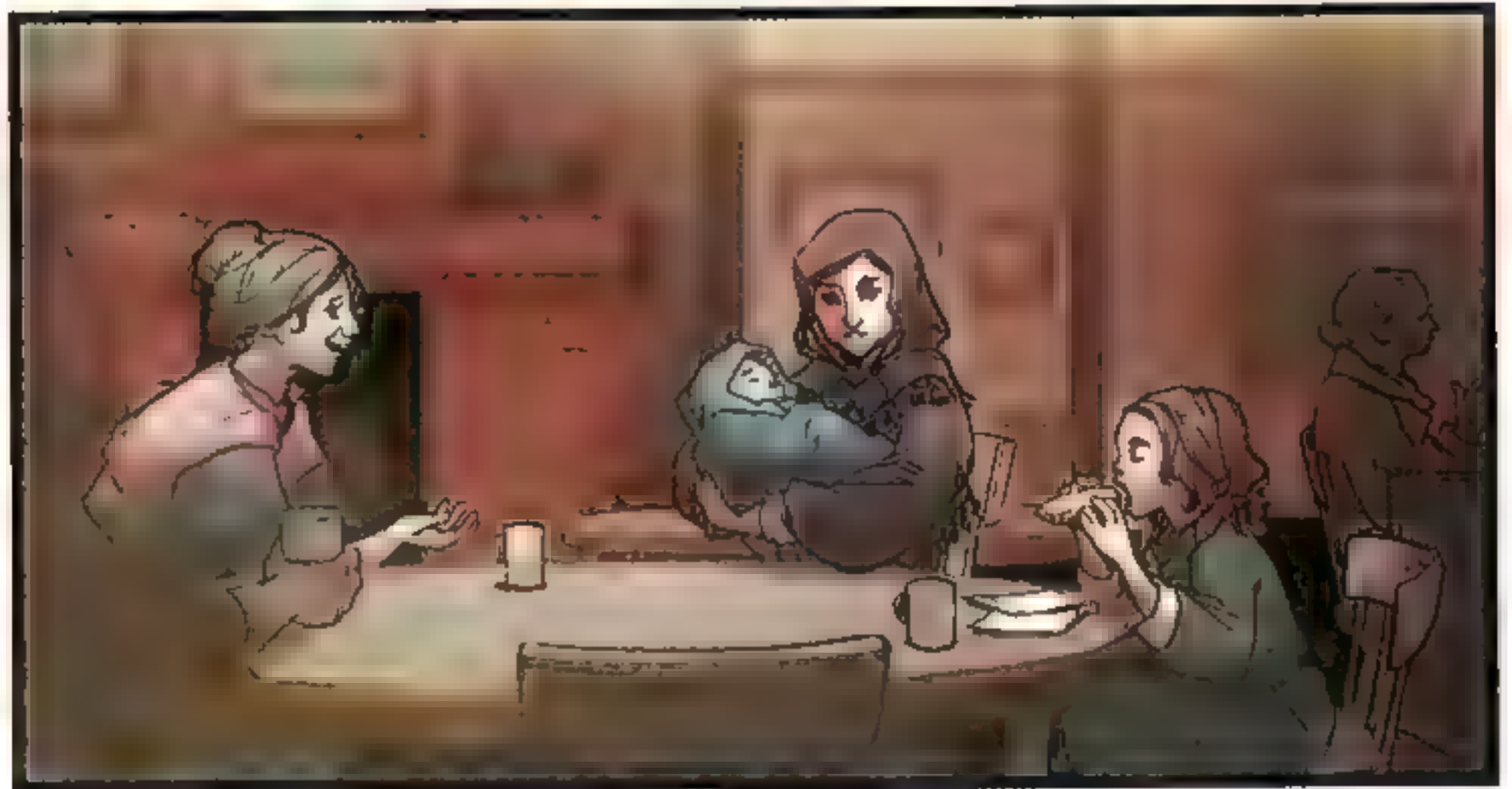
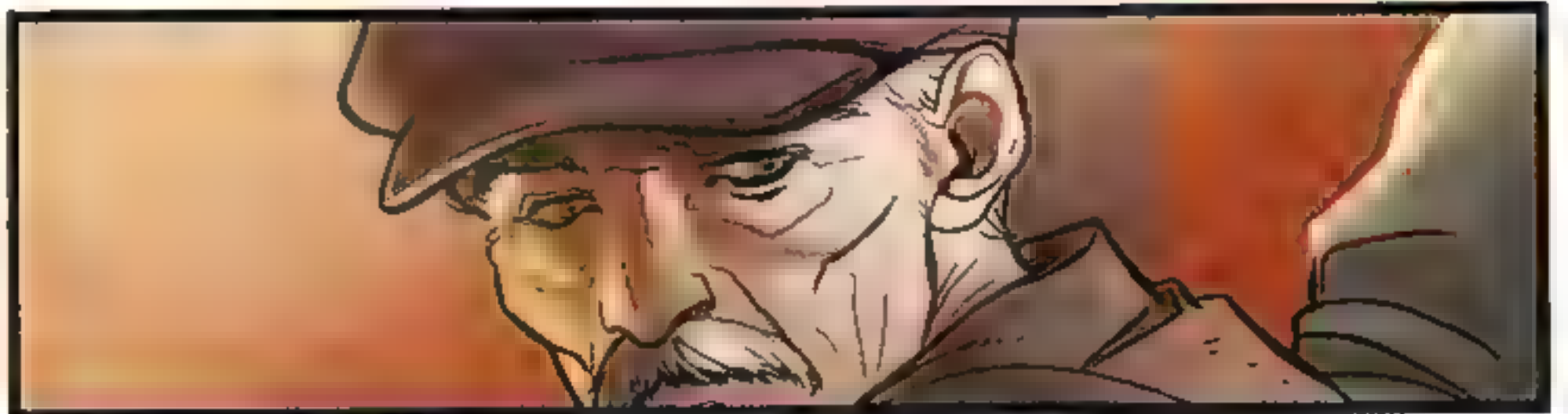
Come come, Nikolai,
don't let good vodka
go to waste!

Drink
up!

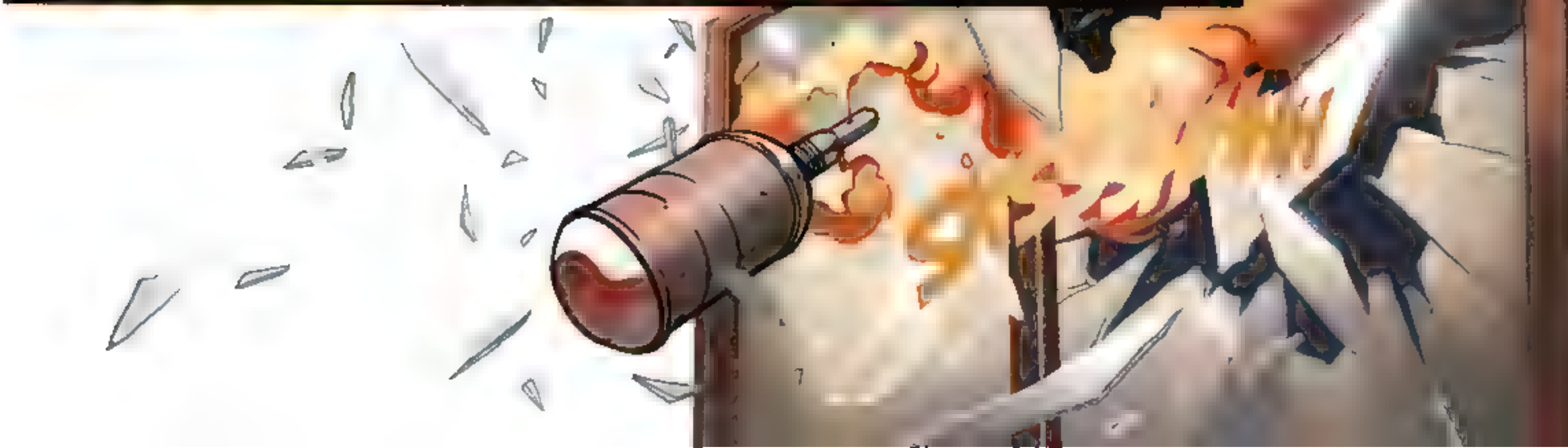
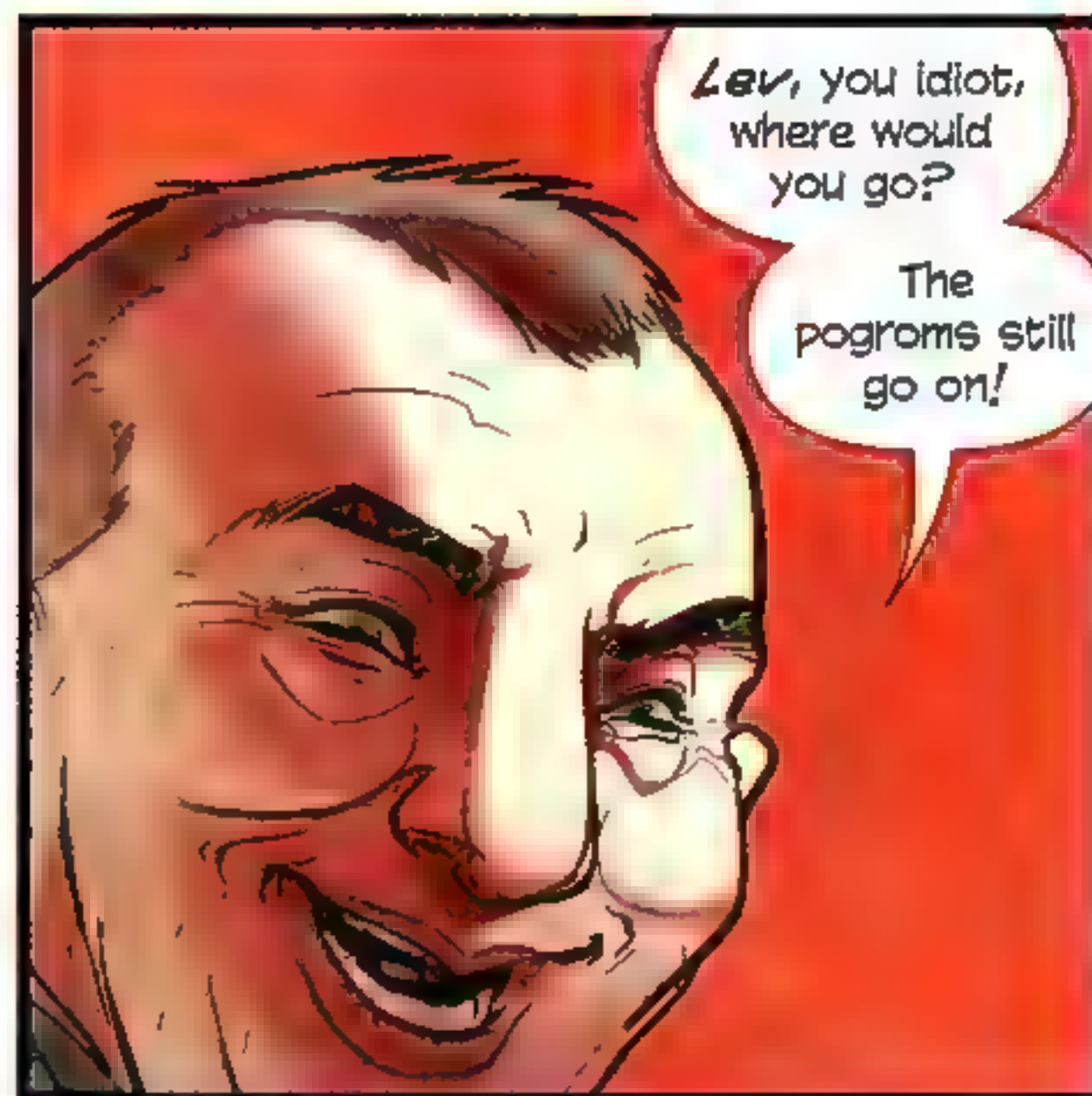
I told you
I did not wish to
get drunk tonight,
Isak.

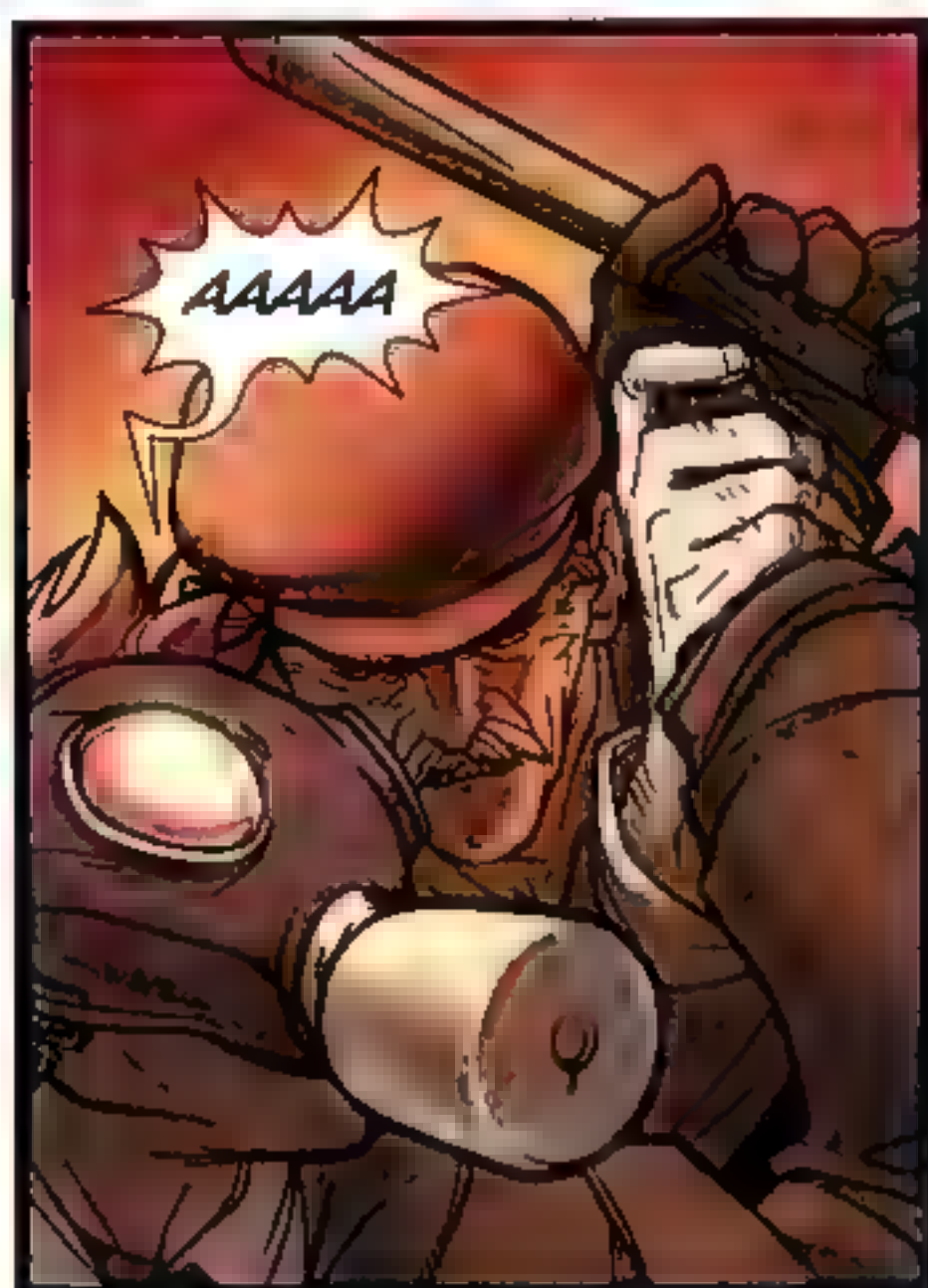
Of course
not, you wouldn't
want to *enjoy*
yourself, would
you?

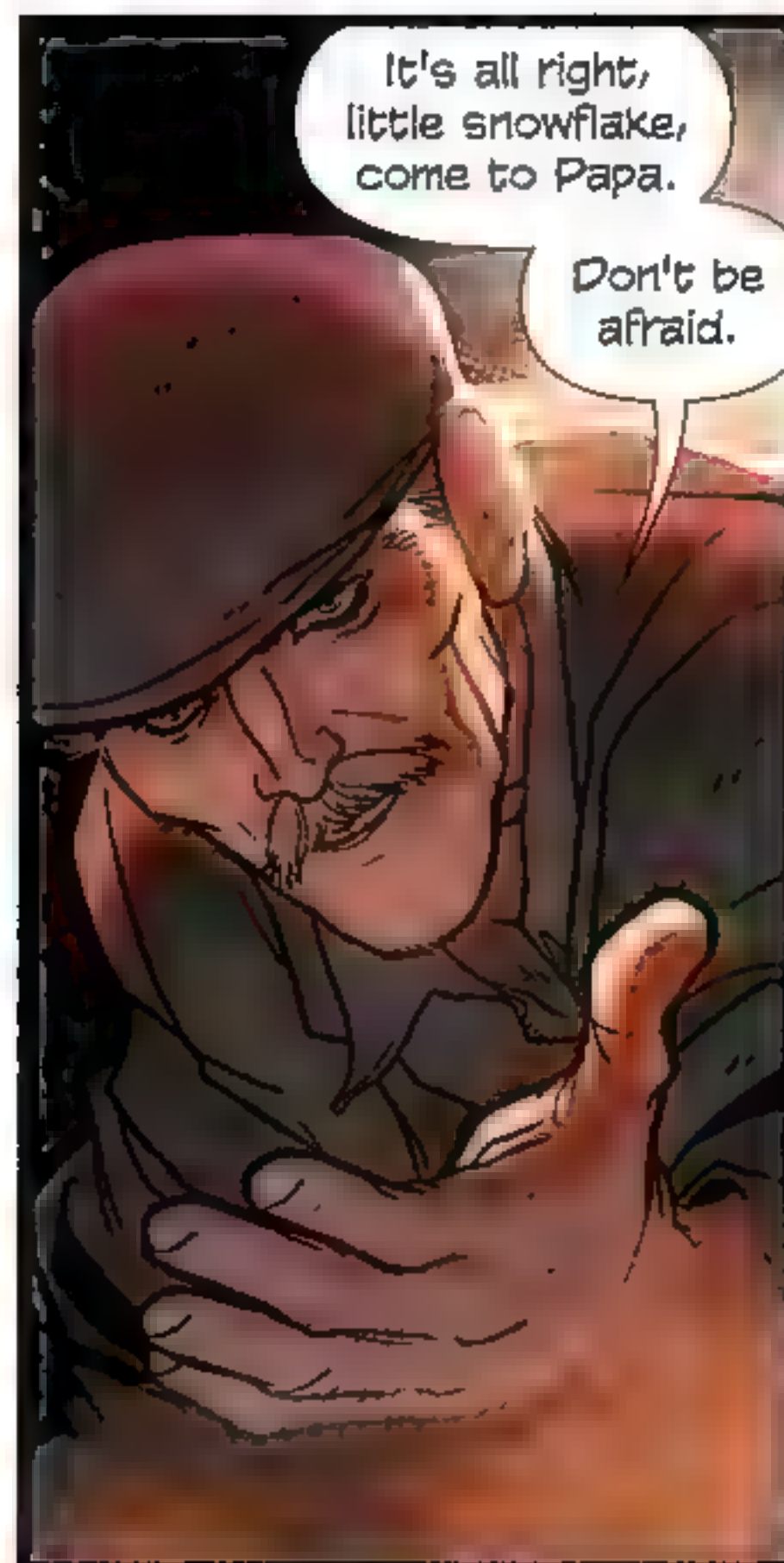
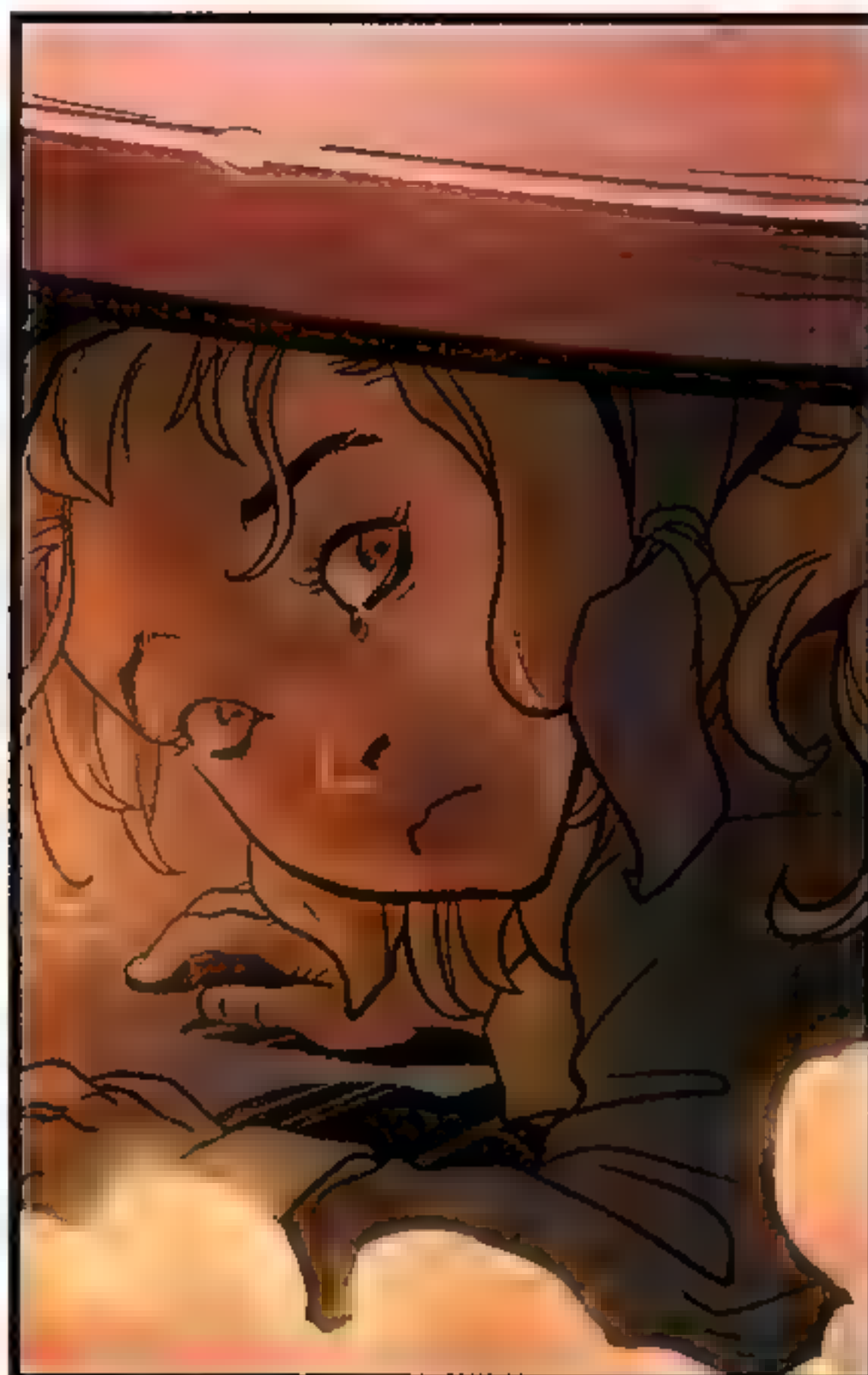
Tell me,
whatever did
your poor wife do
to deserve such
a humourless
man?

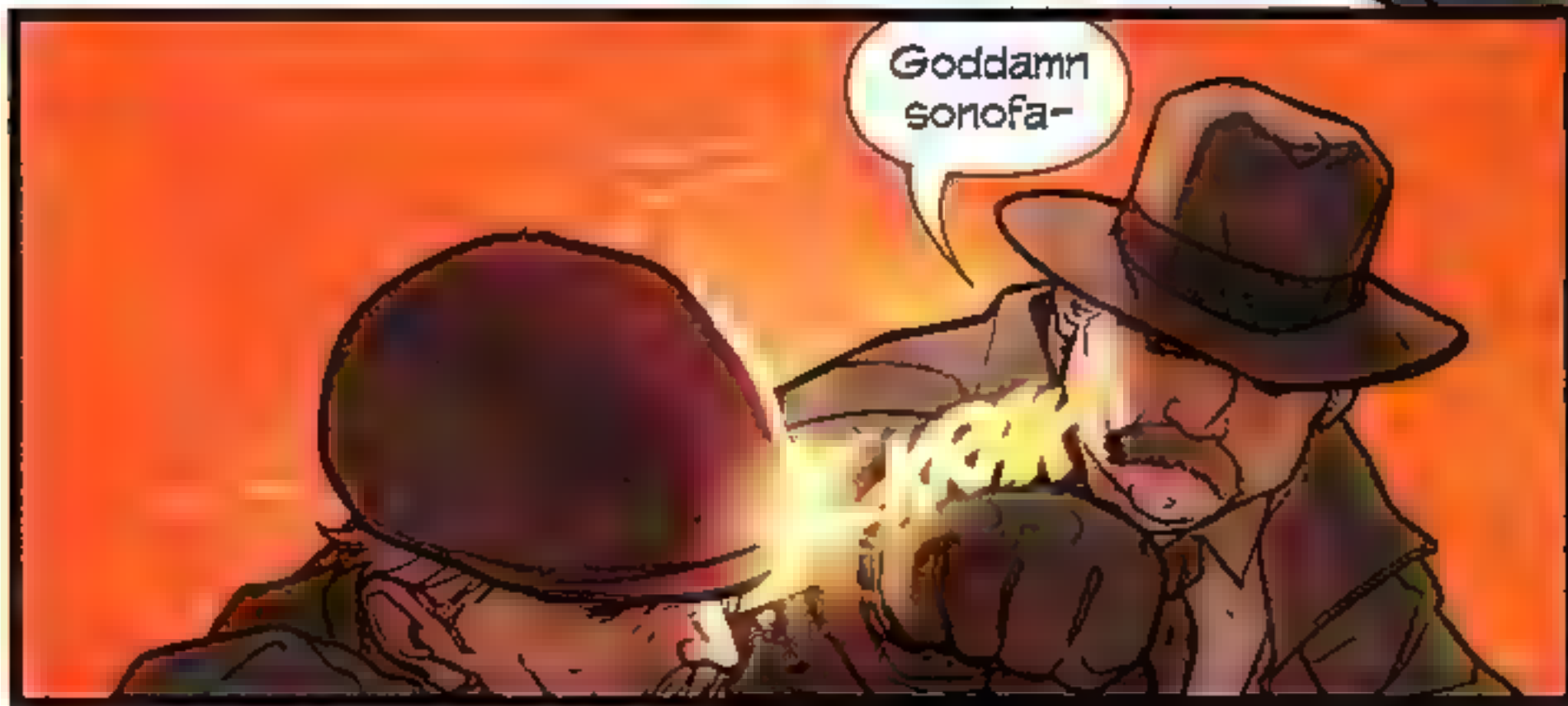


Bravo, Nikolai!
Workers of the
world unite,
eh?



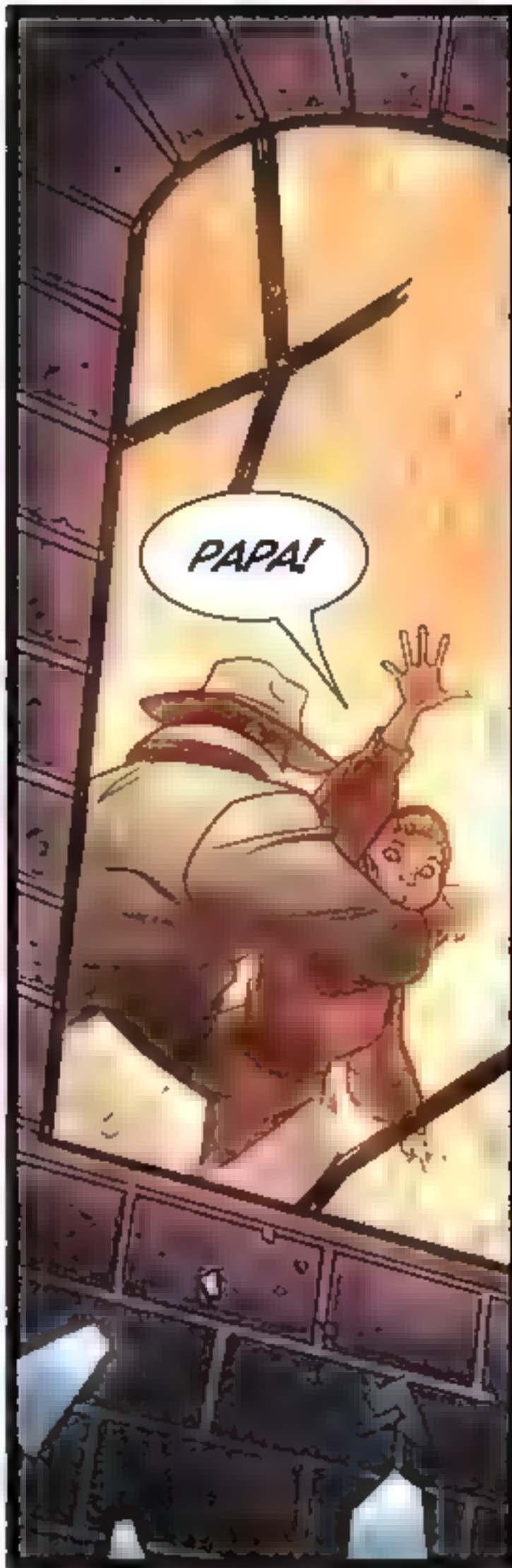








WHUNFF



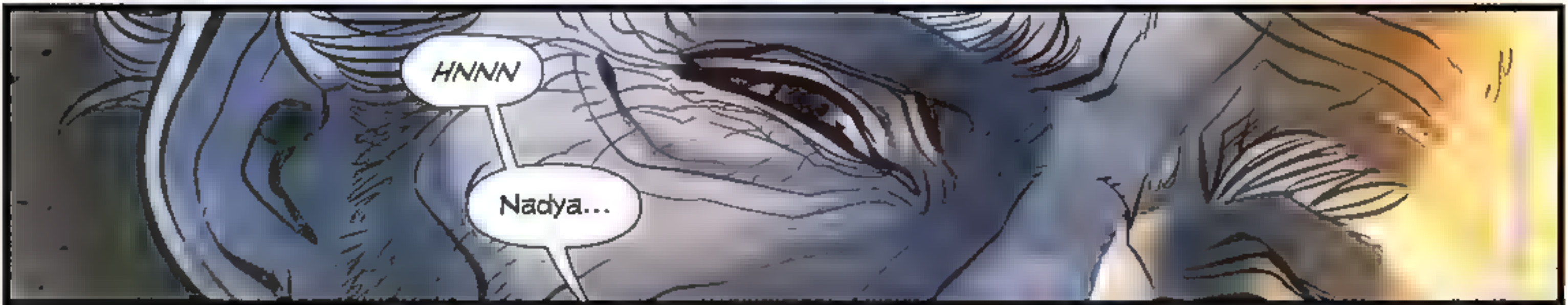
PAPA!



PAPA!
HELP!

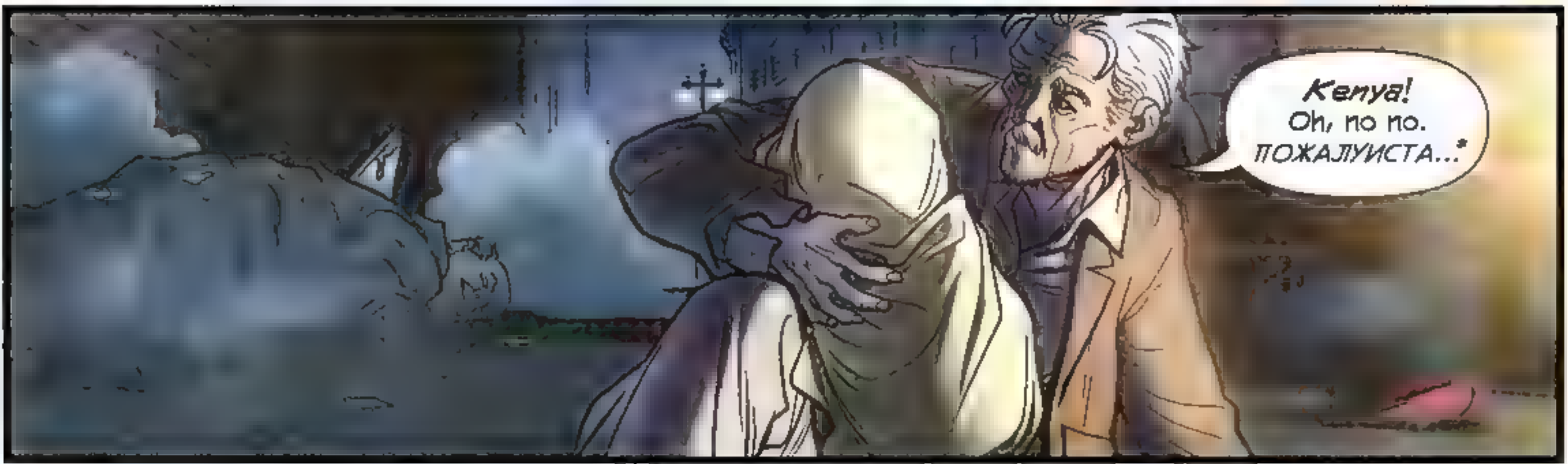


PAPAAA



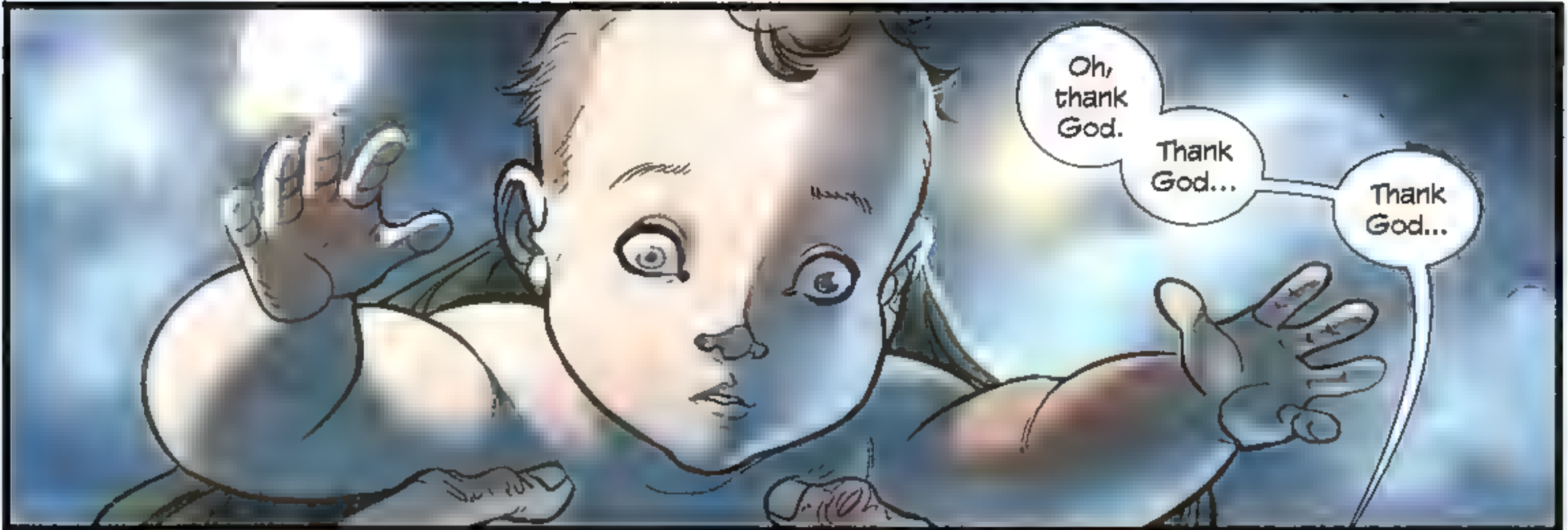
HNNN

Nadya...



Kenya!
Oh, no no.
ПОЖАЛУЙСТА...*

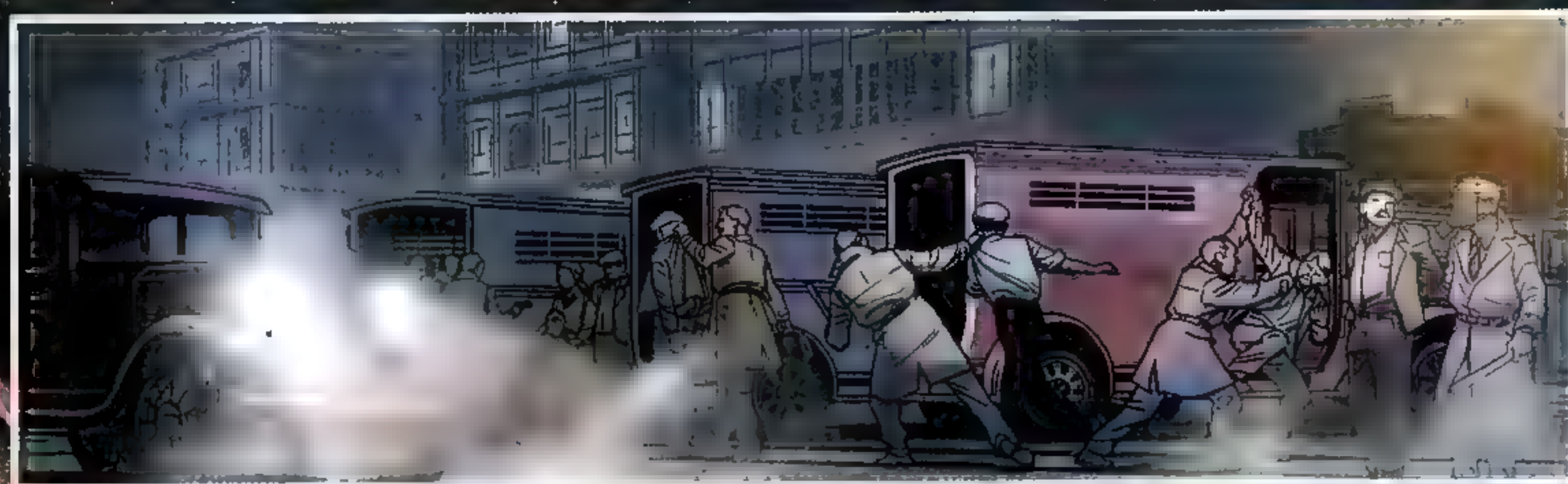
*(<"PLEASE :>)



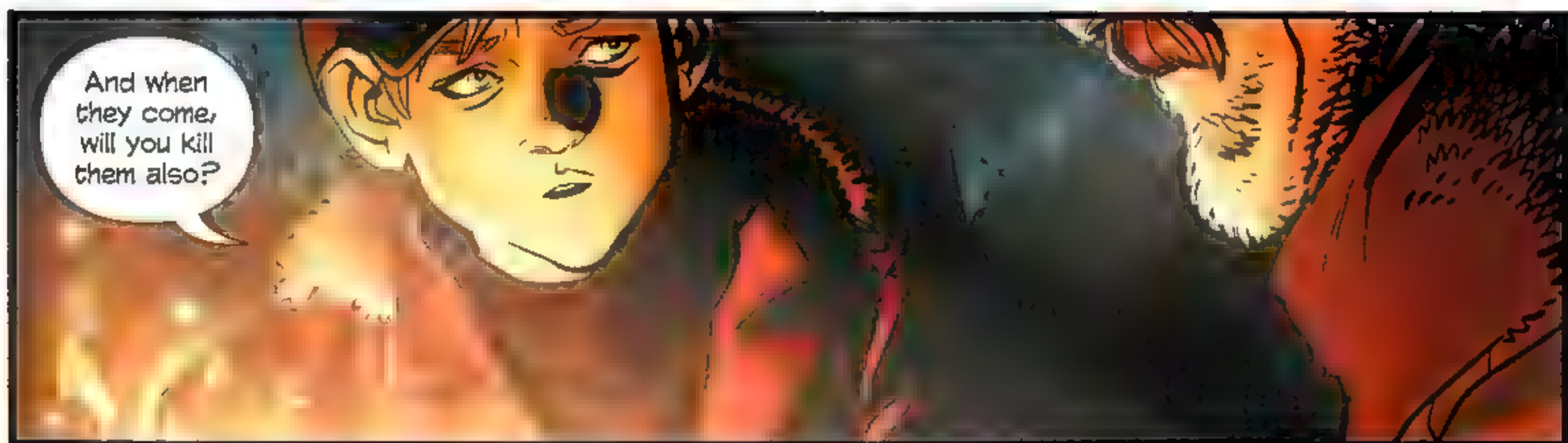
Oh,
thank
God.

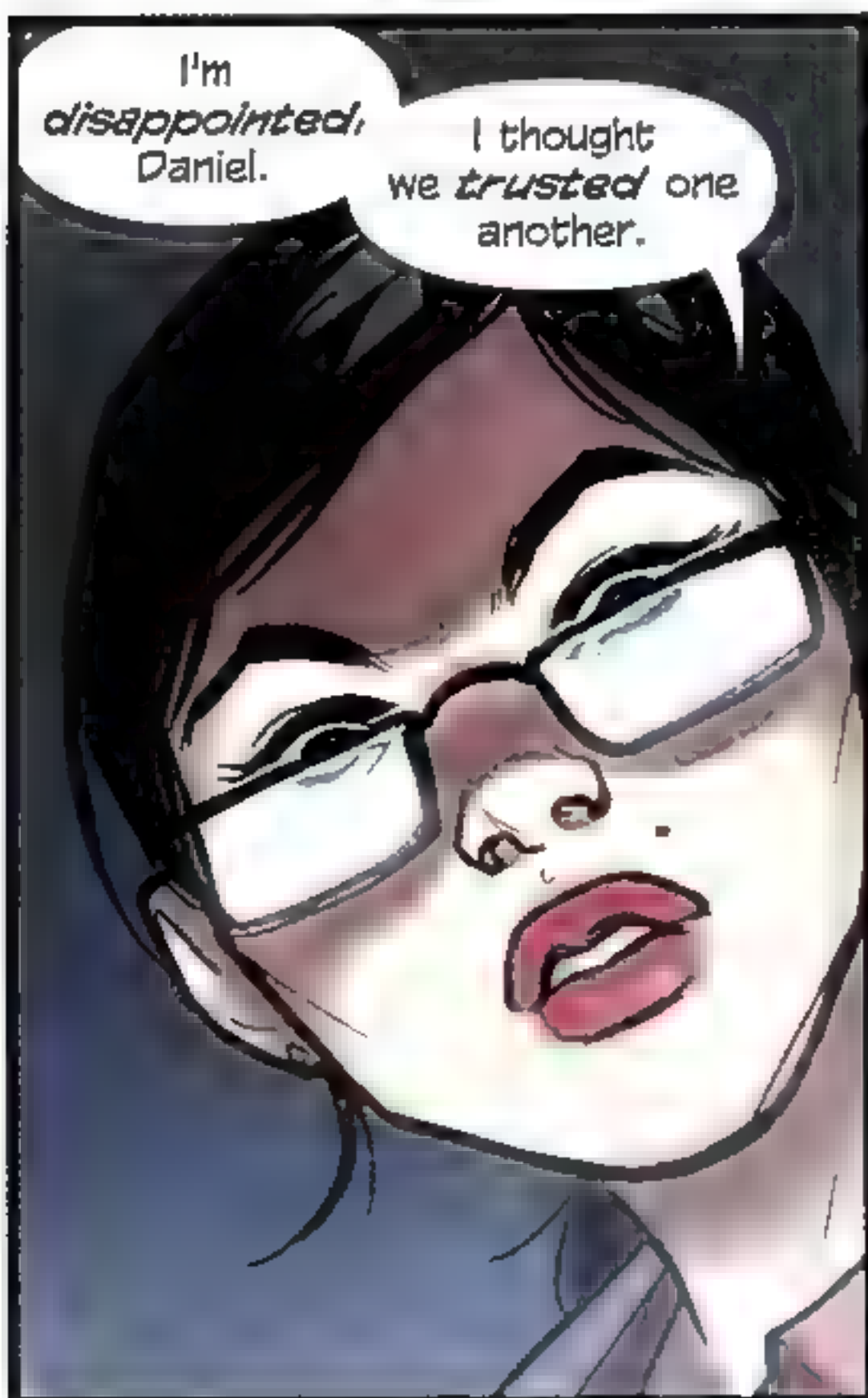
Thank
God...

Thank
God...



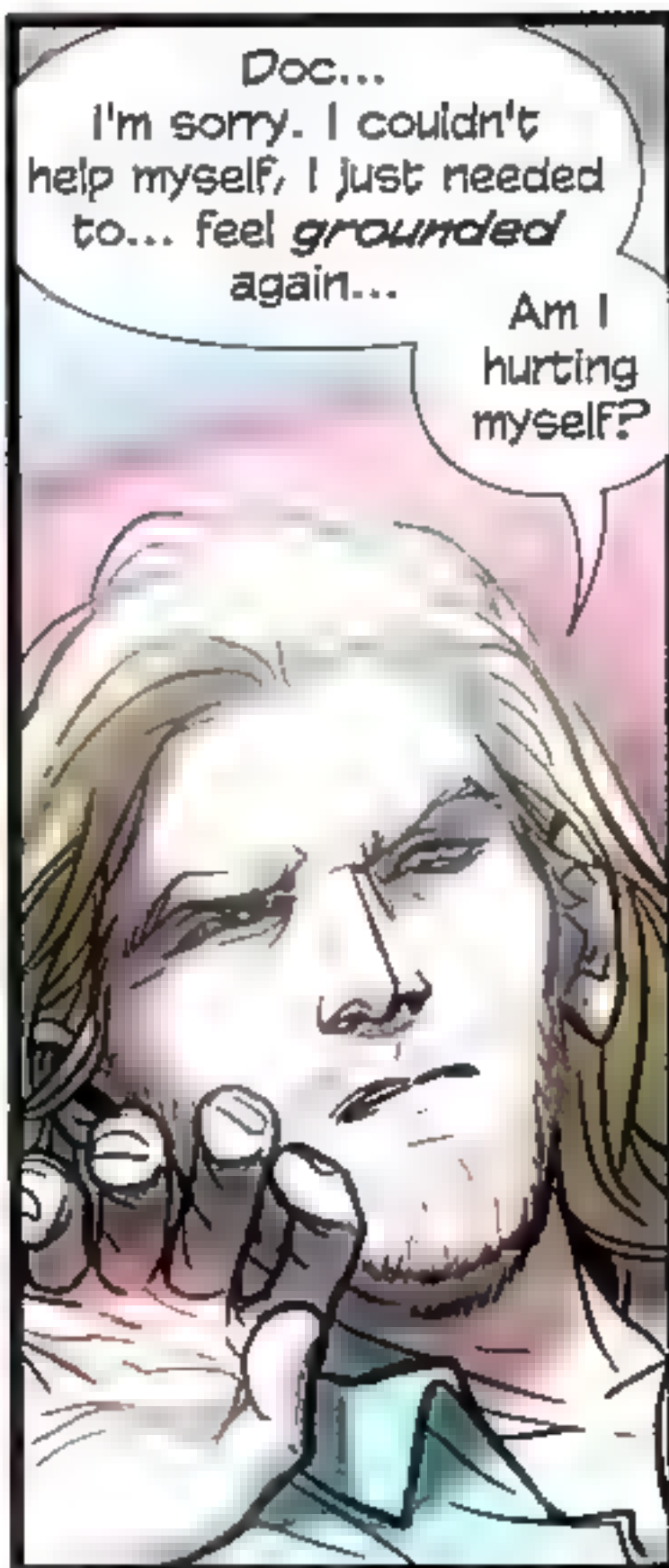
I never found them...





I'm disappointed, Daniel.

I thought we *trusted* one another.



Doc...
I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself, I just needed to... feel *grounded* again...

Am I hurting myself?



Lucky for you, this thing isn't even on.

...It's not?

Whatever you're looking for in there, you don't need it. It's unhealthy to dwell in the past.



Doctor, do you know what happened to Nikolai Orellov's wife and daughter?

I'm not sure I understand the question...

You have a file or something, right? About me and my connection to Orellov.

We do, yes...

Anna-- his wife, and their daughter, they went missing.

I believe they were arrested in the Palmer Raids.

The Red Scare.

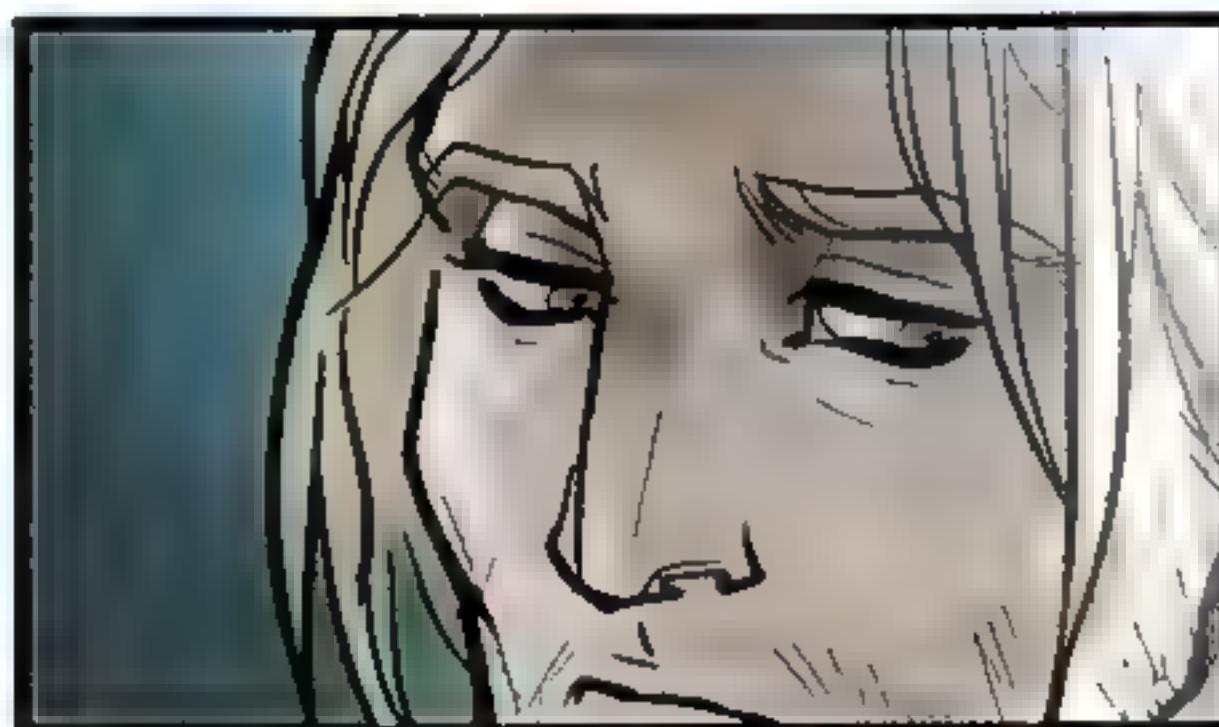
Two Orellovs were listed on the docket, both women.

Were they killed?



They were deported. I don't know any more than that. They weren't considered Assassin threats so we didn't keep tabs on them...

I mean, it's not in my file, anyway.



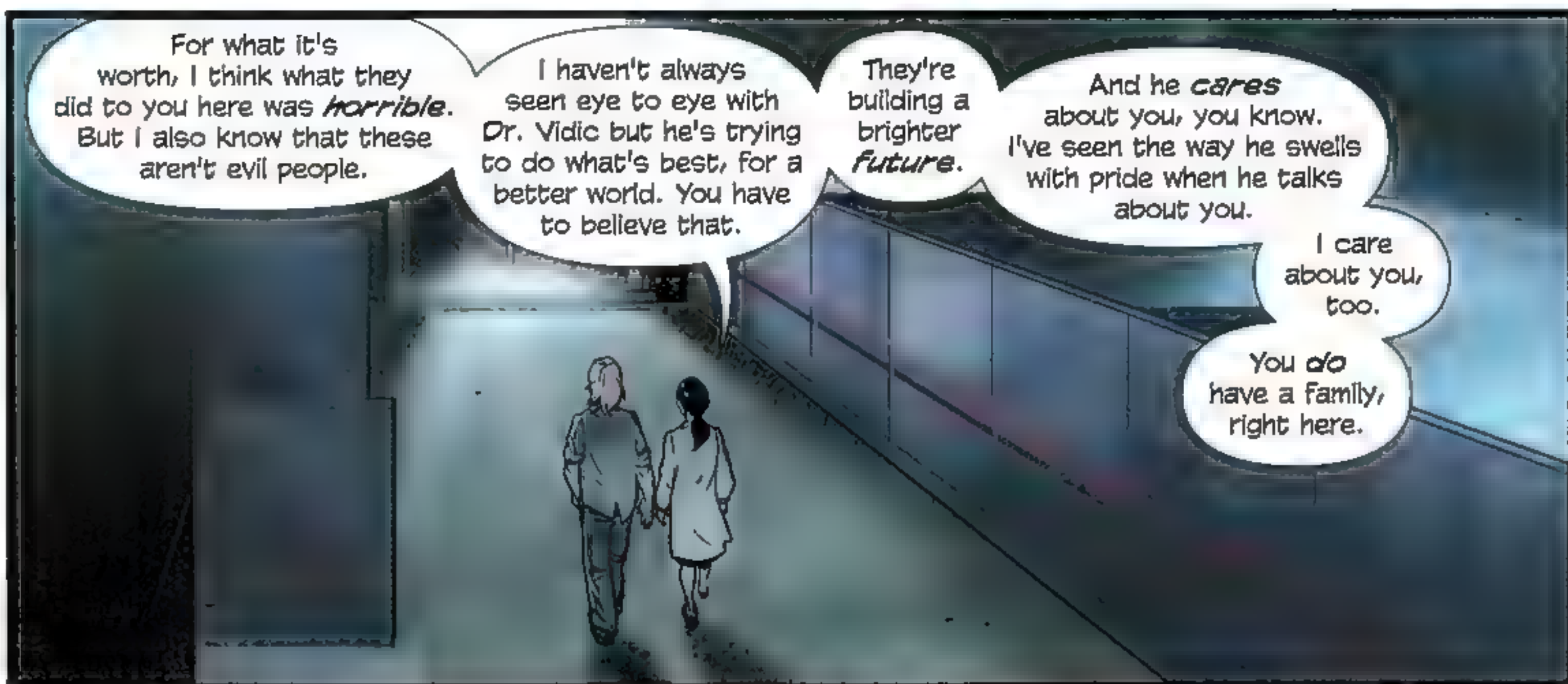


I don't remember my family at all.

I never got to know my parents, never grew up with them. I don't even remember my childhood. I guess I spent most of it *here*...

My memories of the Orelavs are the closest thing I have to a real family. I thought I could go back and be happy in those memories, use them to...replace something missing in myself, but I was wrong.

It's just *history*.



For what it's worth, I think what they did to you here was *horrible*. But I also know that these aren't evil people.

I haven't always seen eye to eye with Dr. Vidic but he's trying to do what's best, for a better world. You have to believe that.

They're building a brighter *future*.

And he *cares* about you, you know. I've seen the way he swells with pride when he talks about you.

I care about you, too.

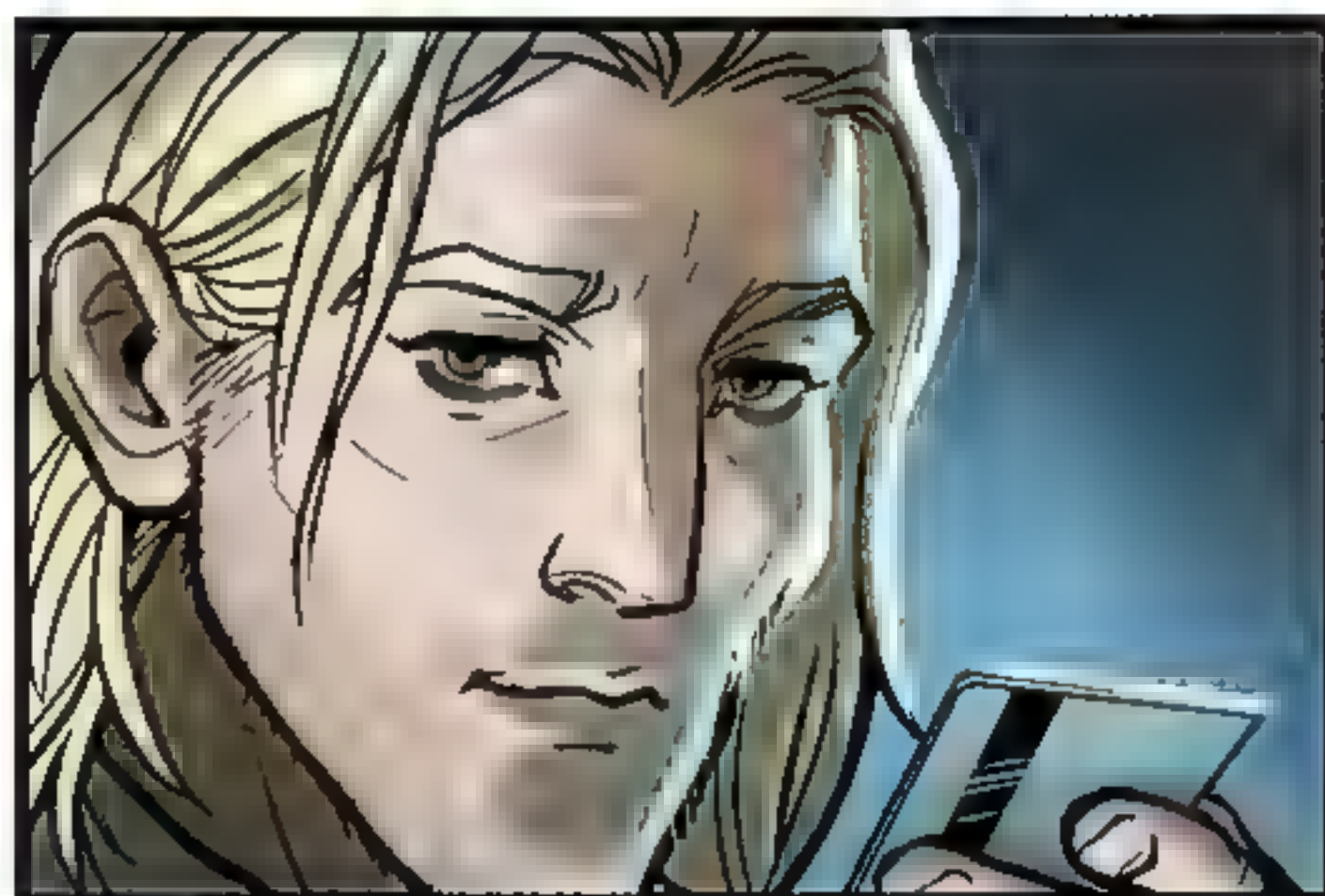
You *do* have a family, right here.

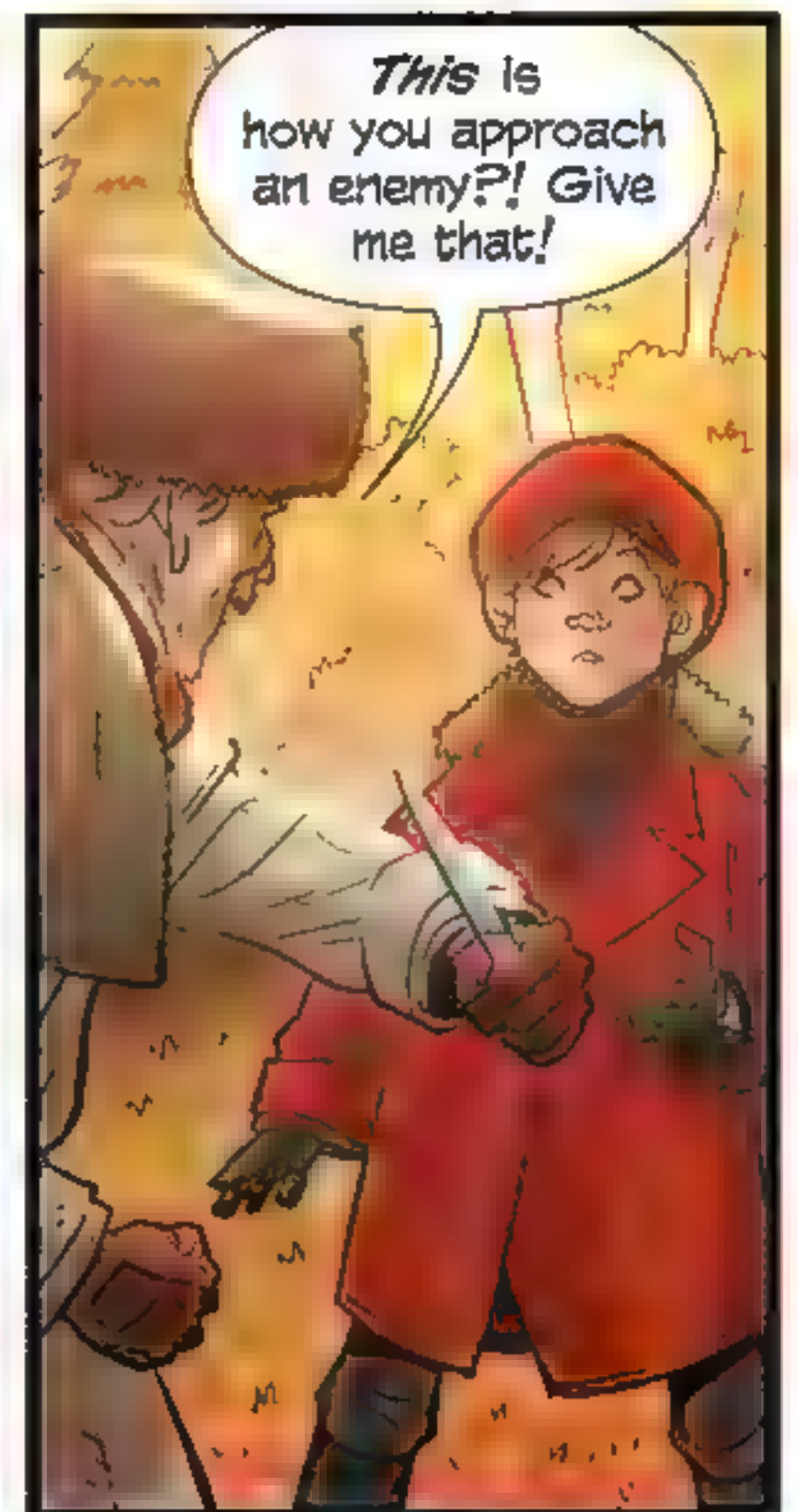
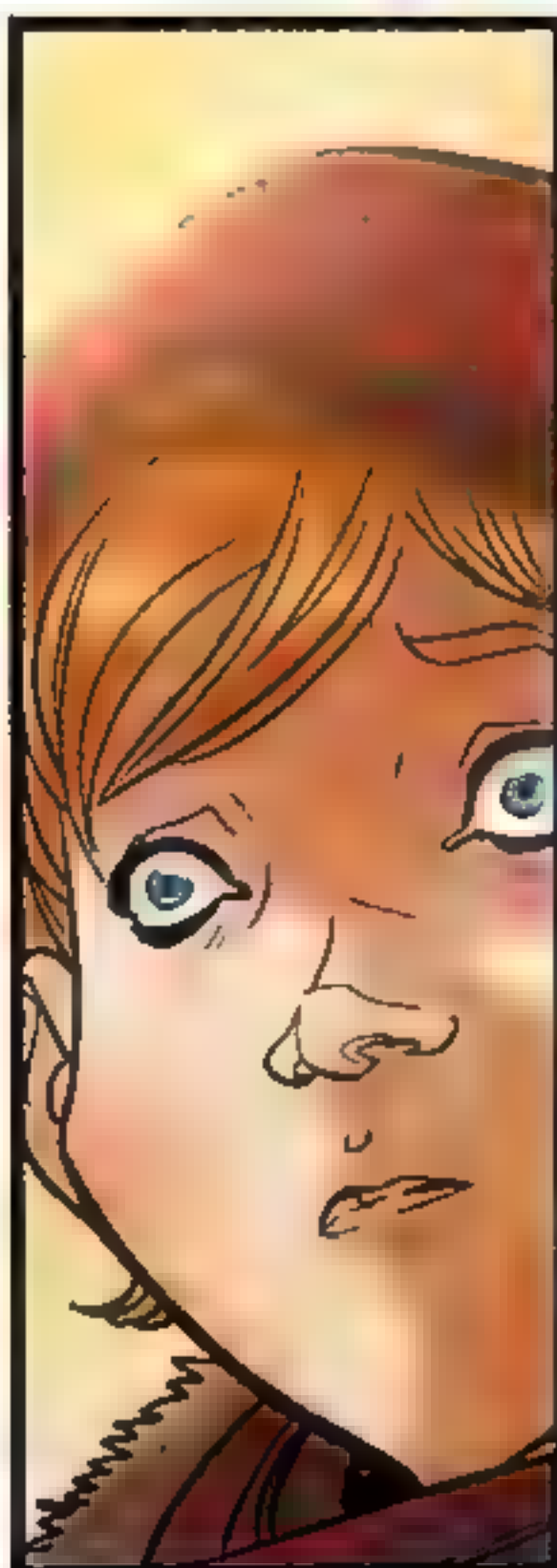
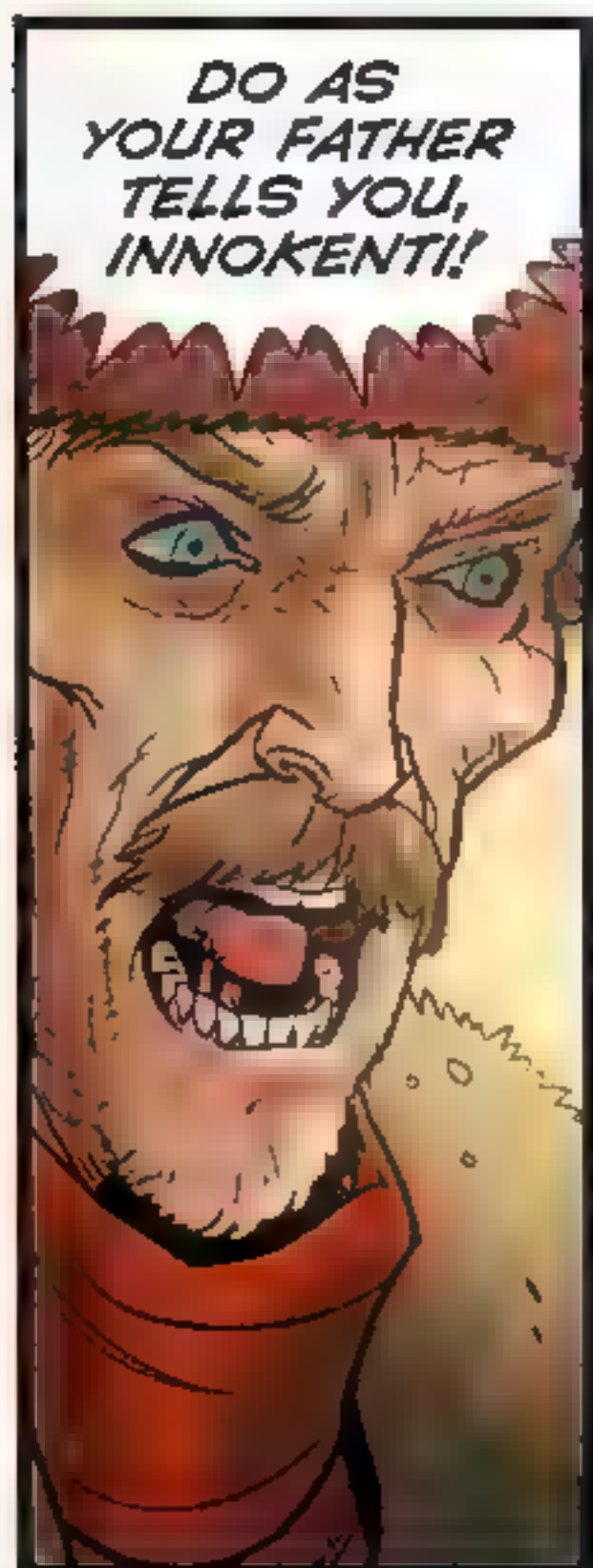
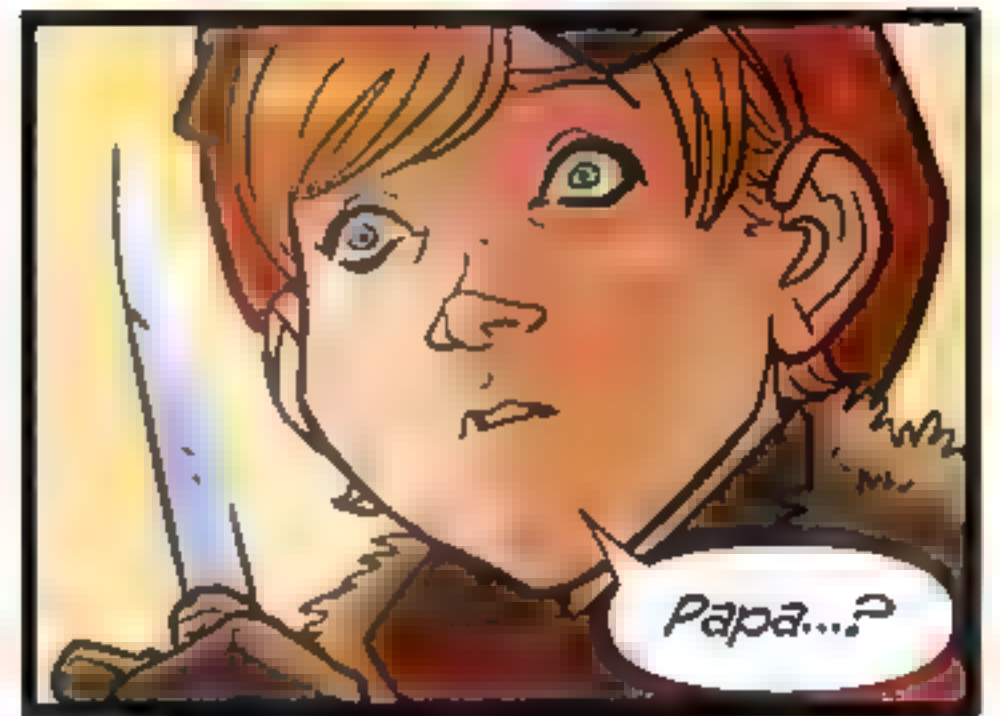
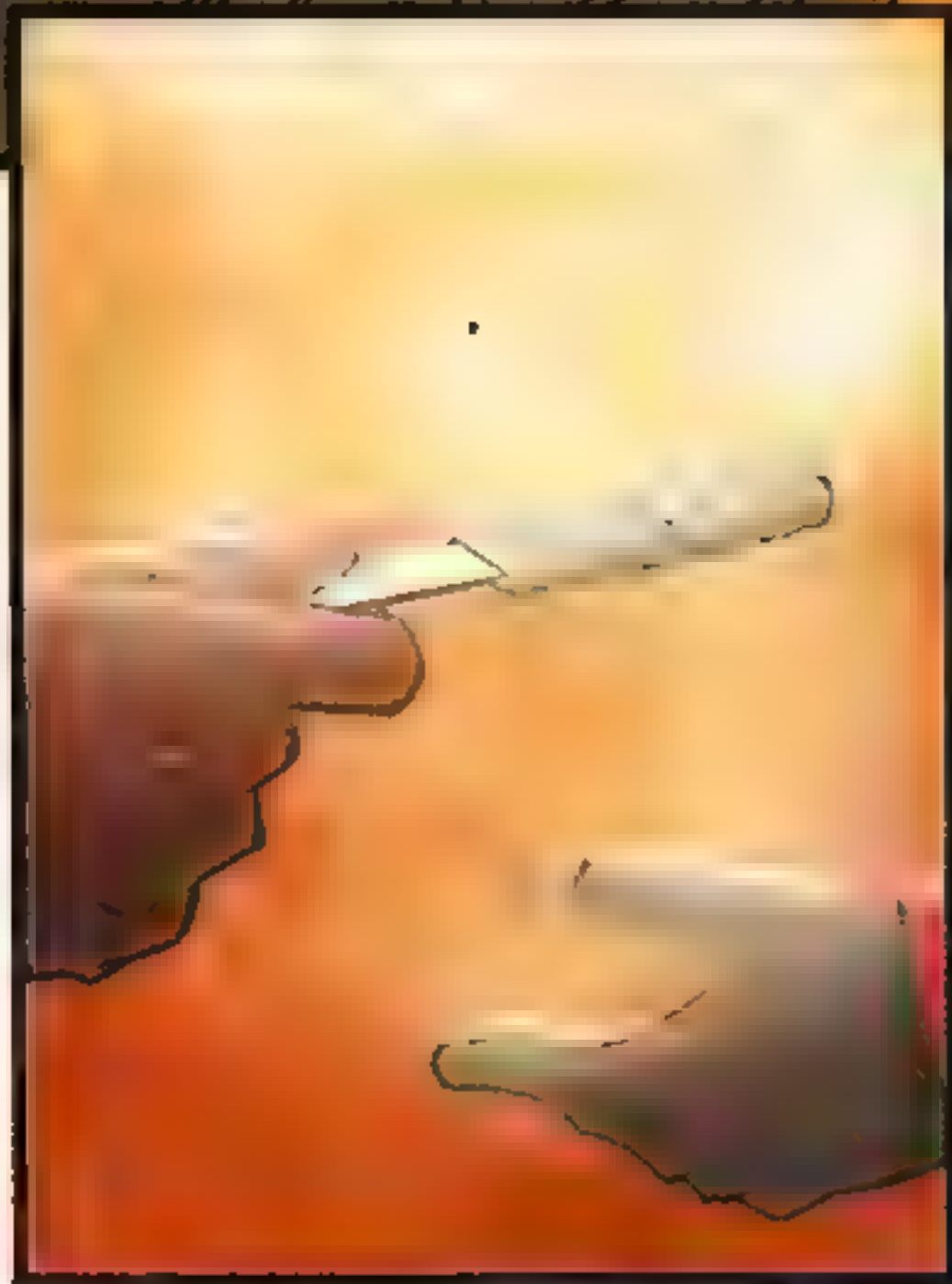
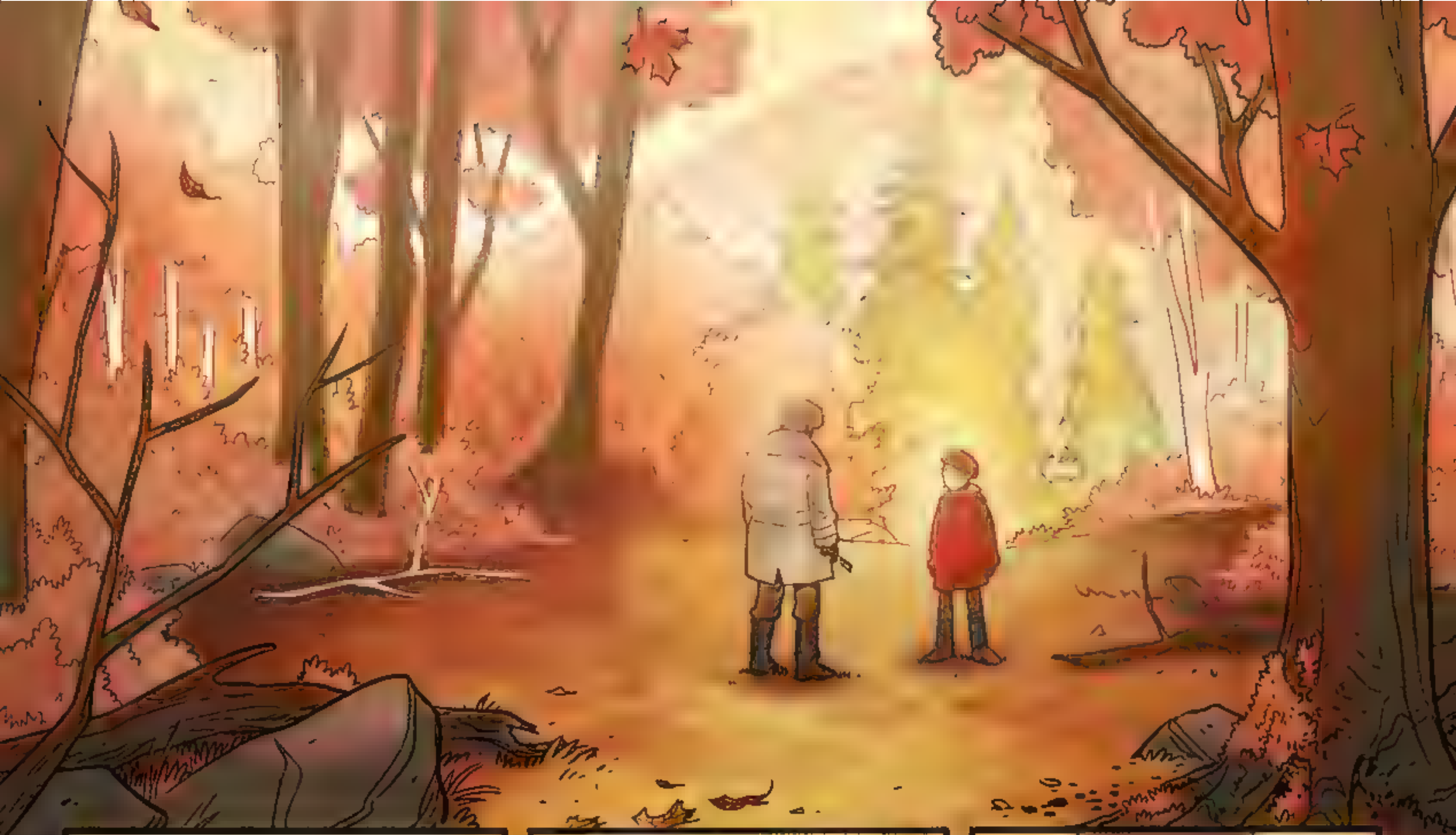


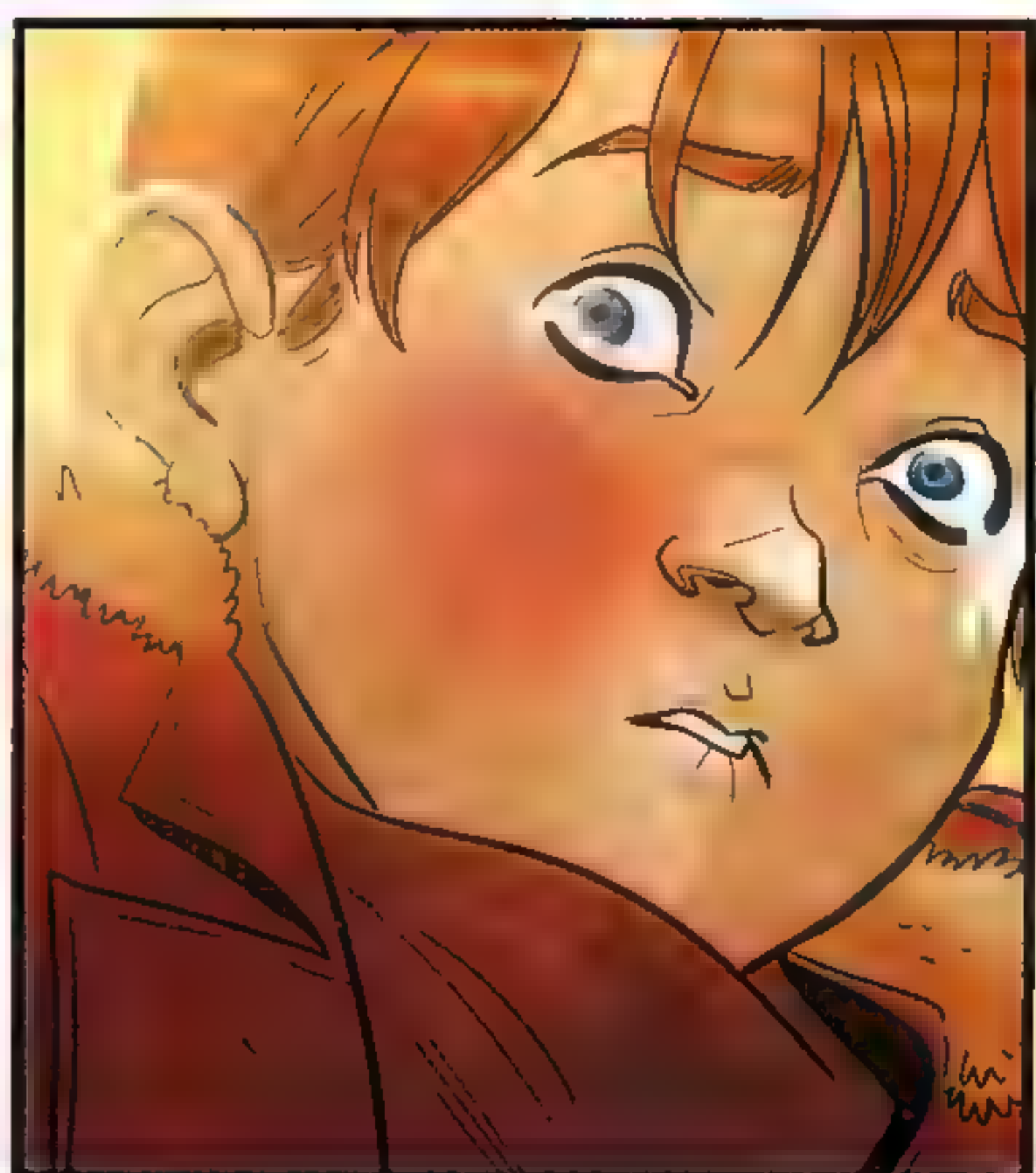
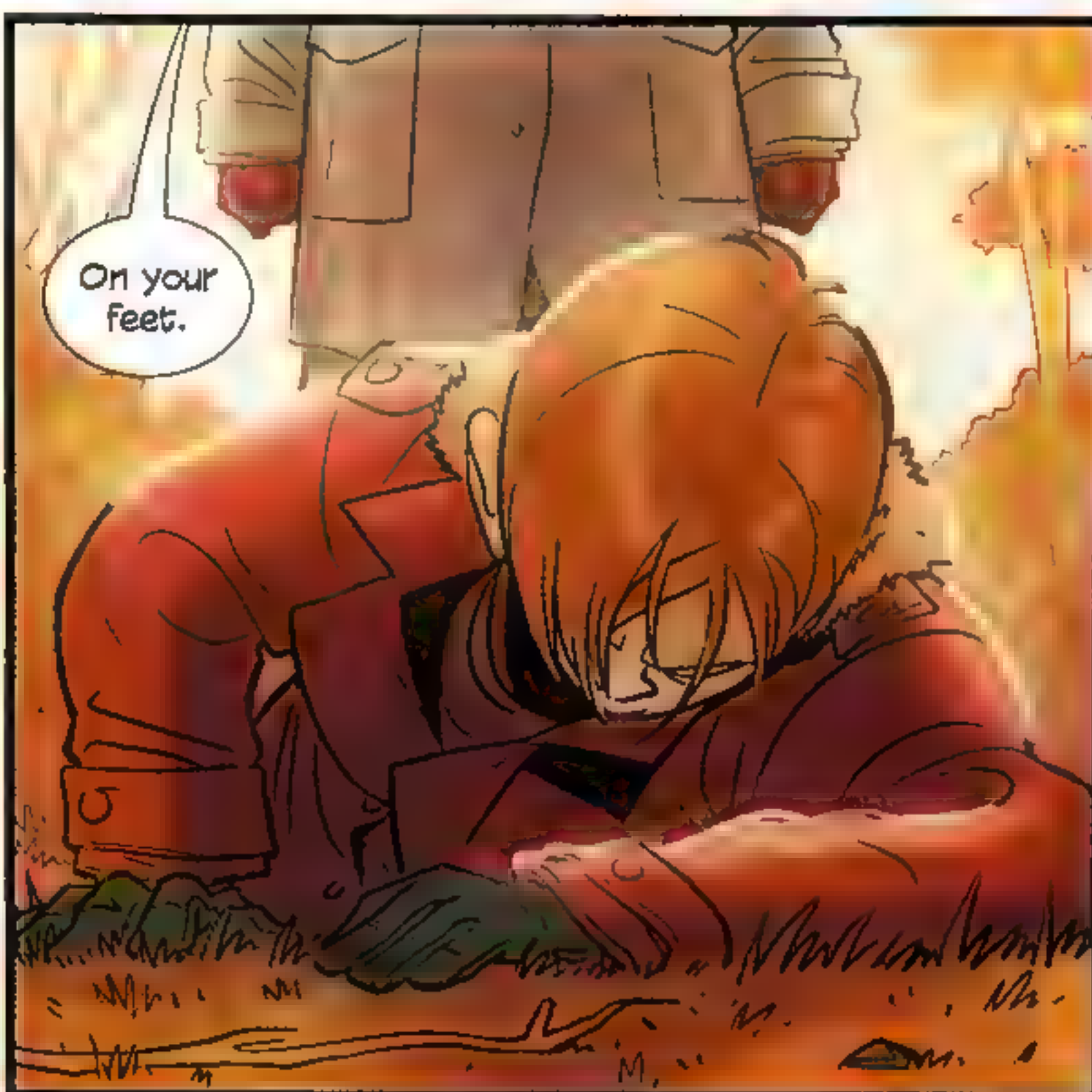
Thanks, Doc. That means a lot.

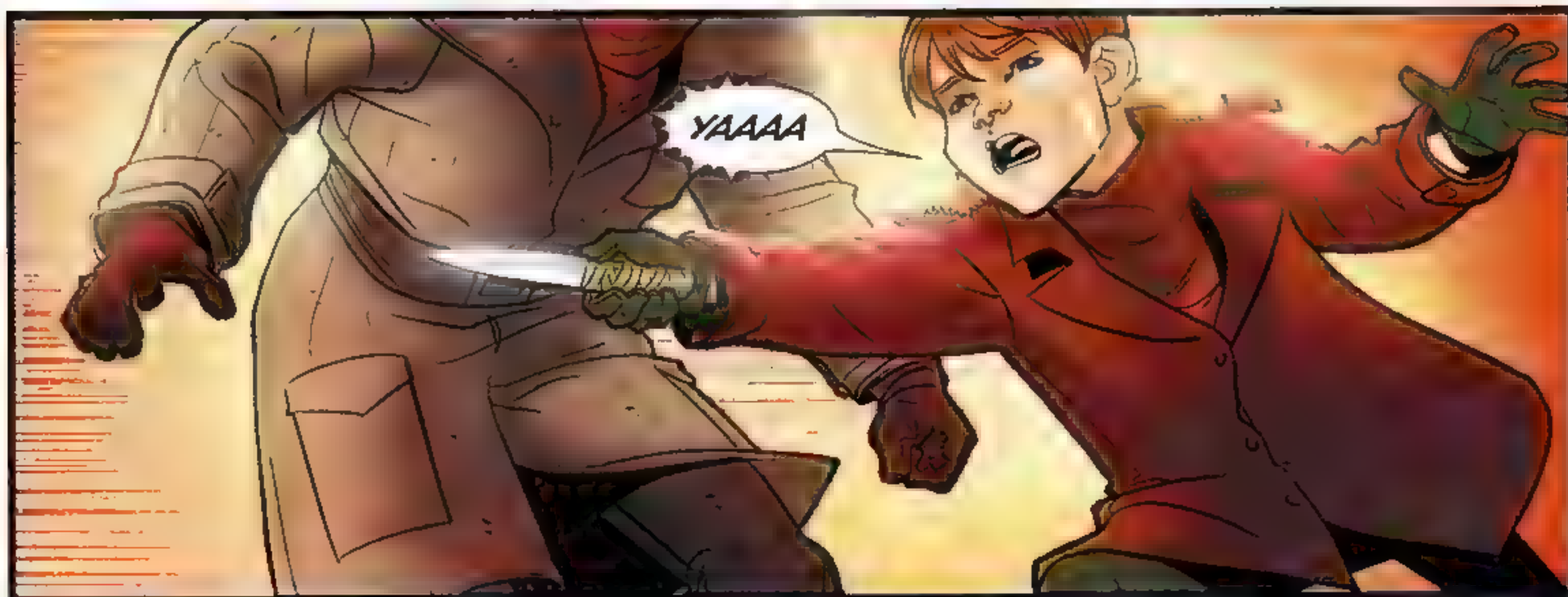
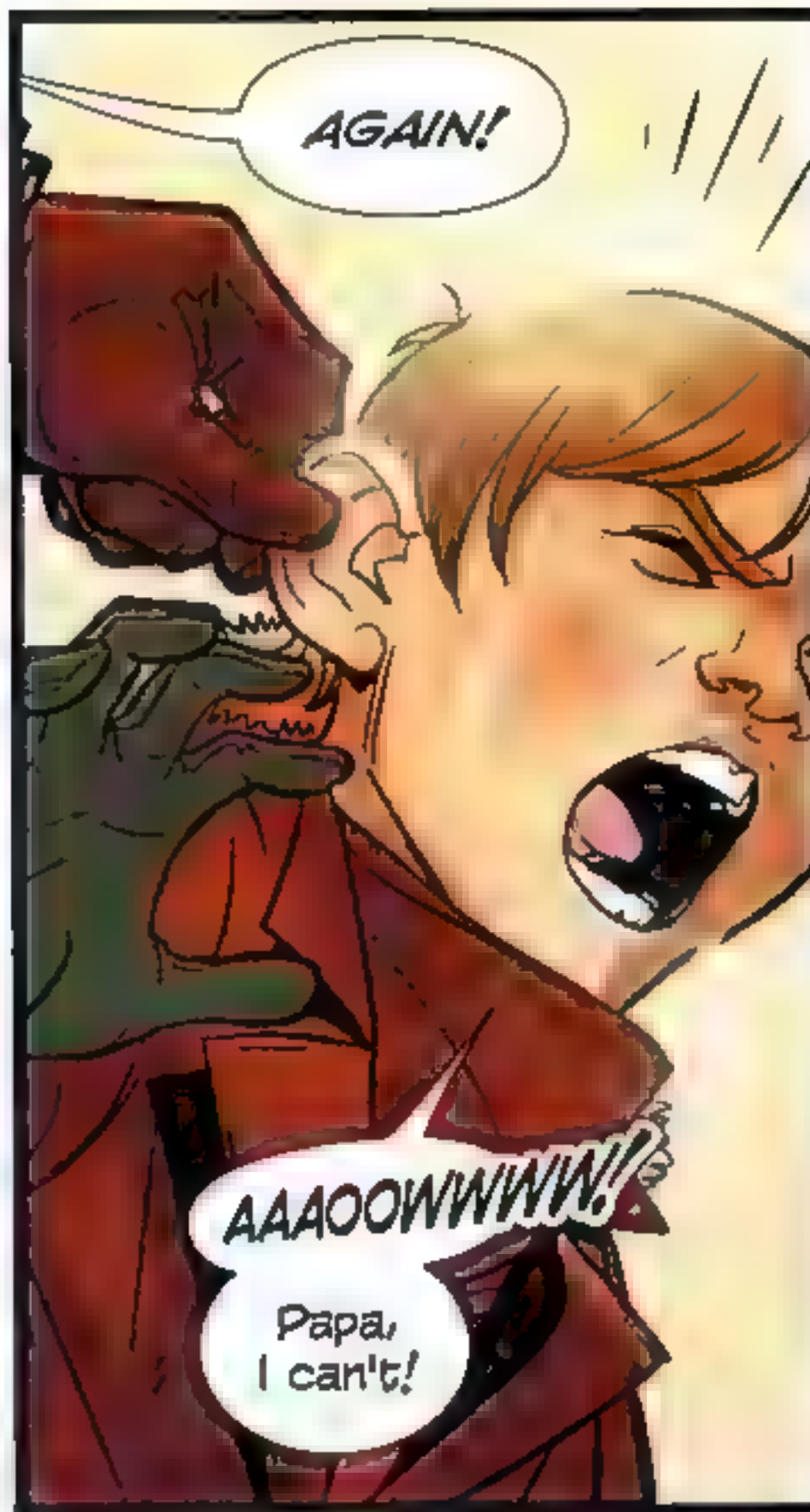


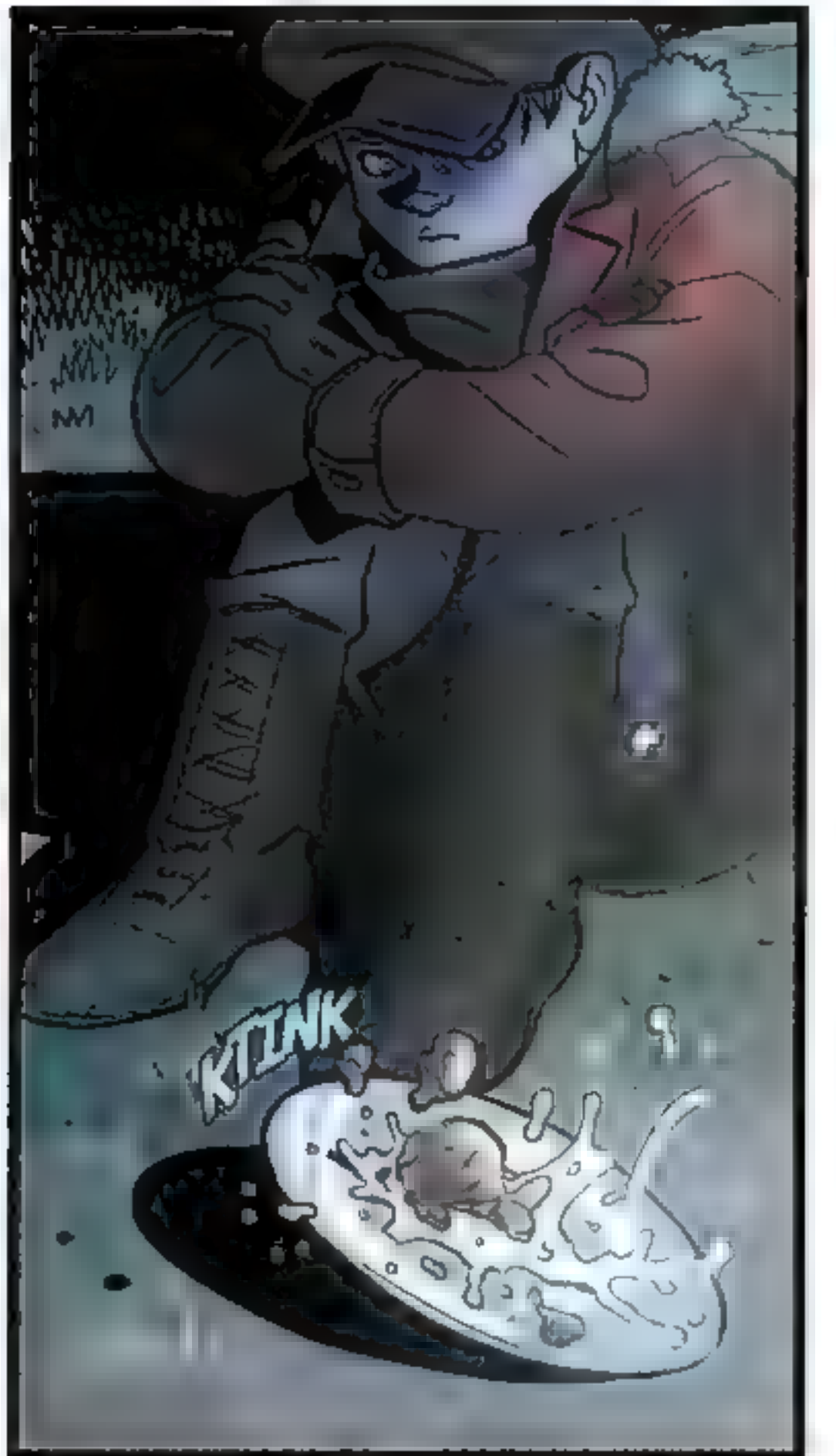
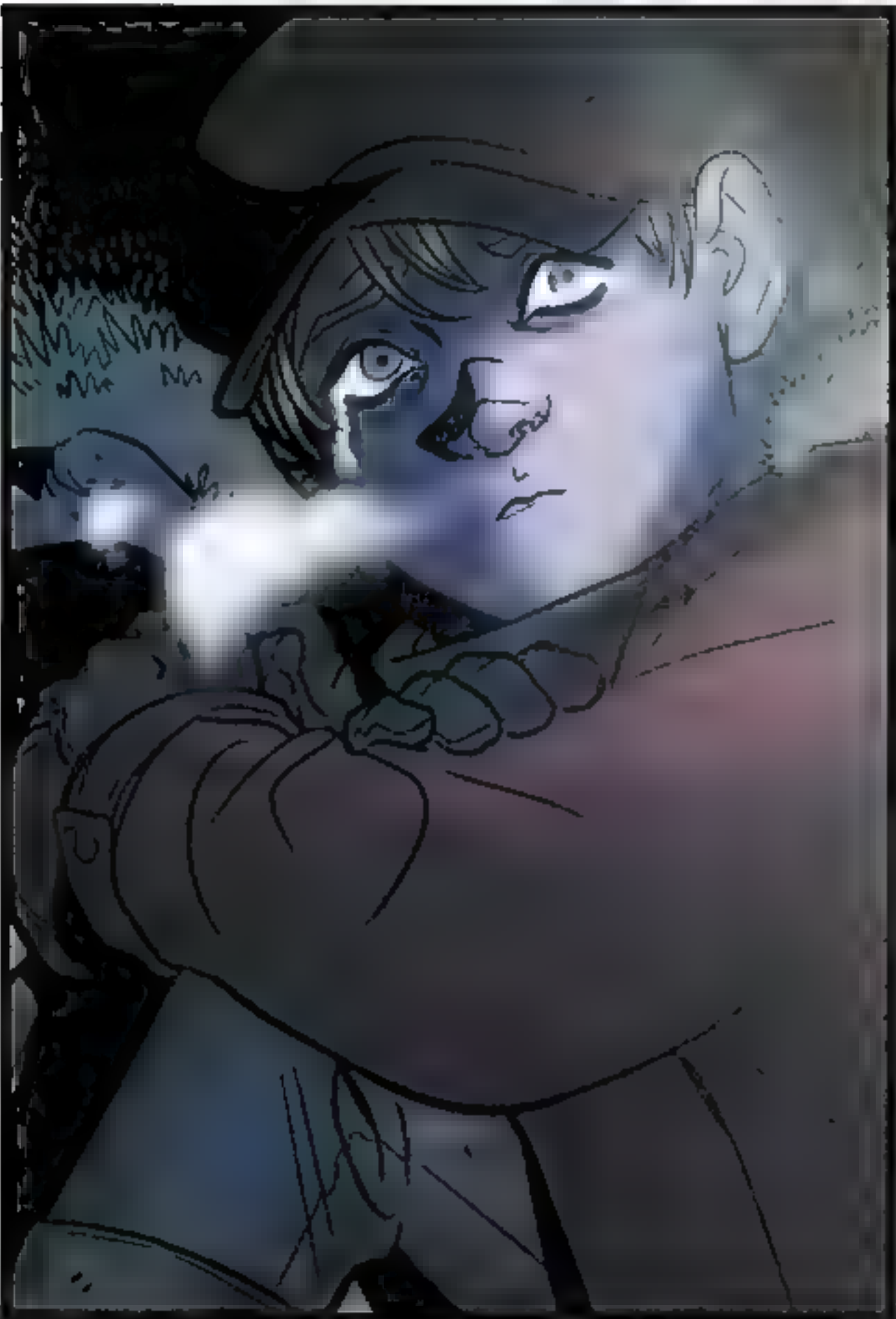
So, can I have my key card back?

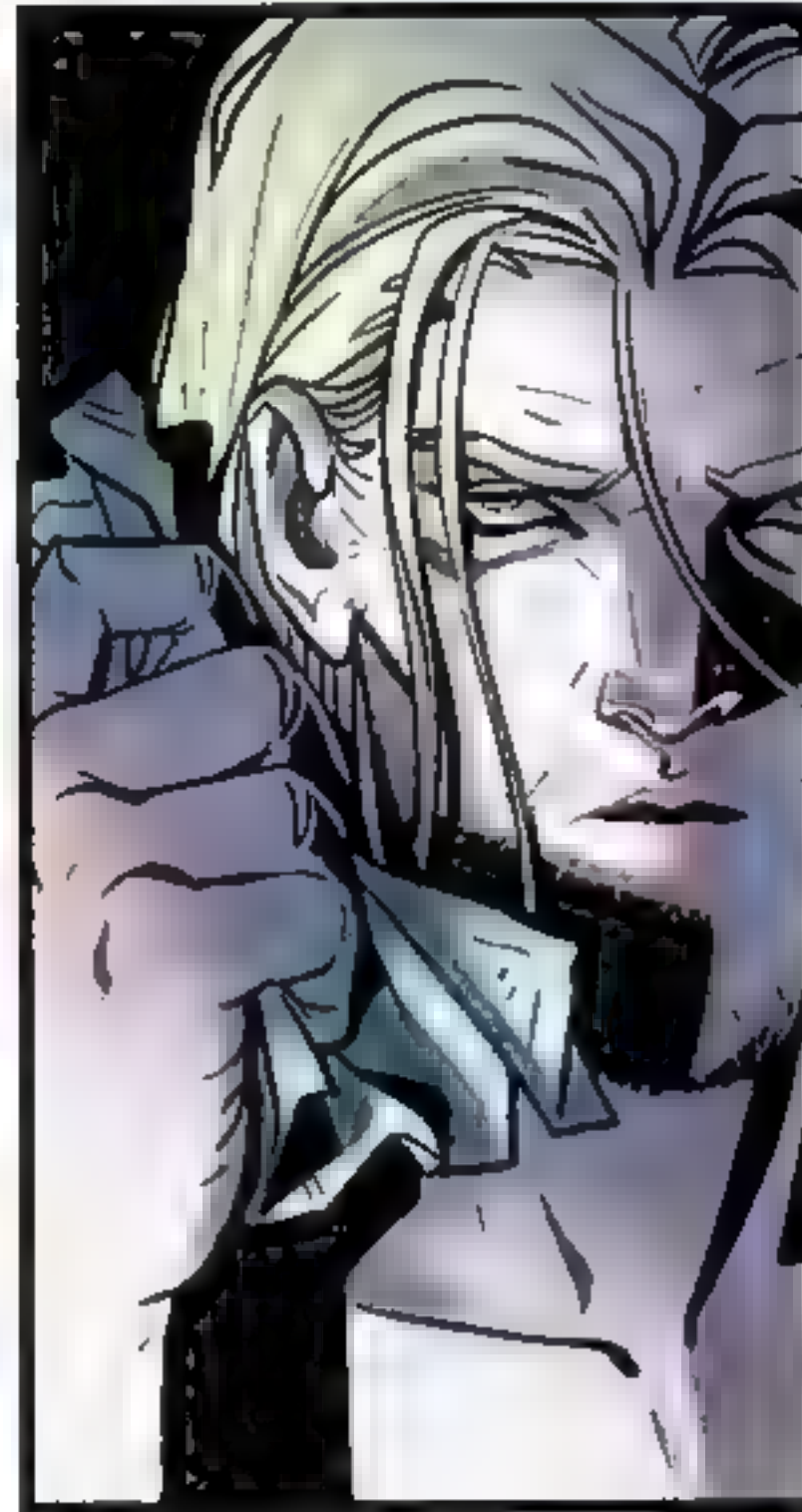
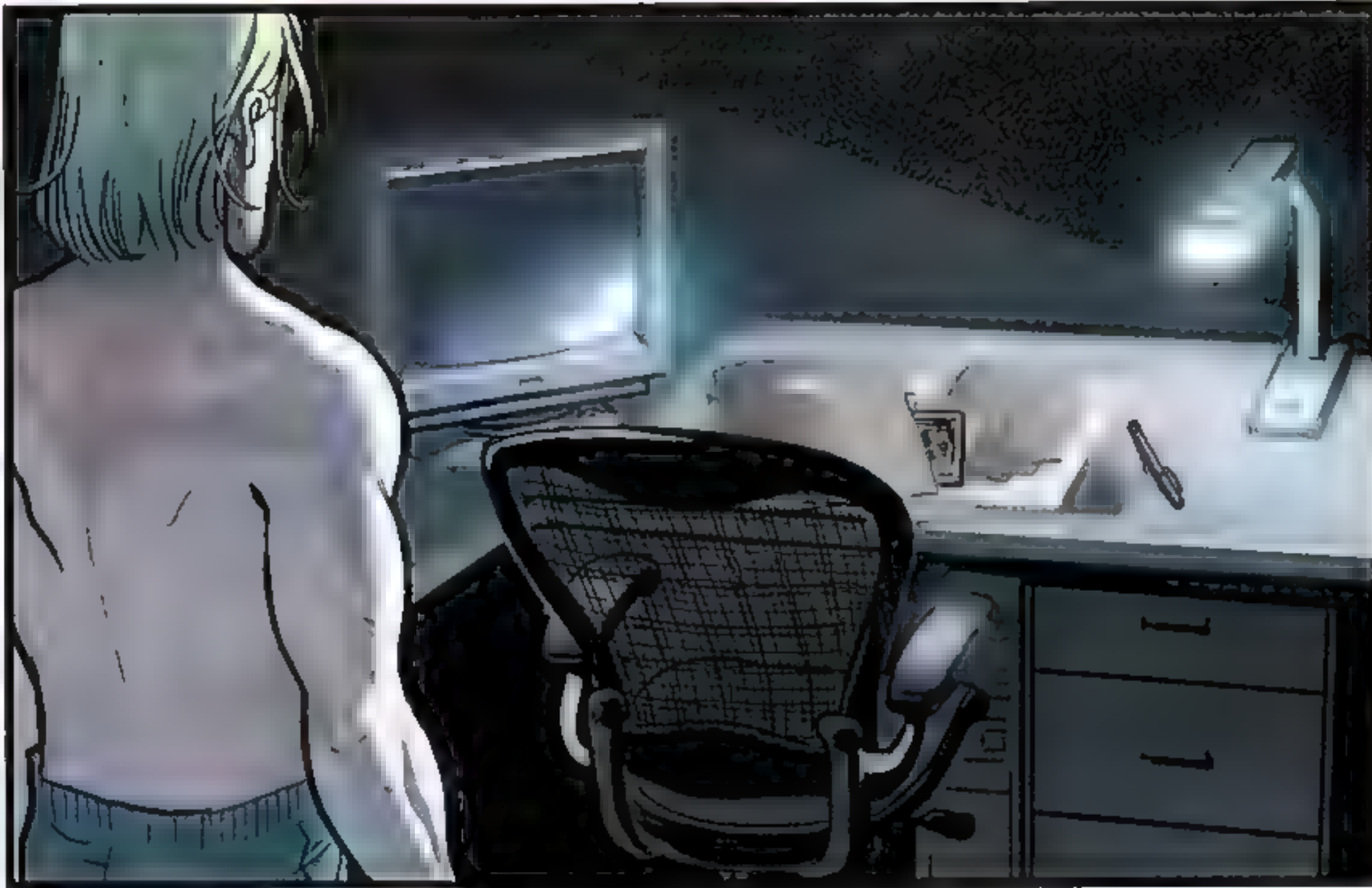
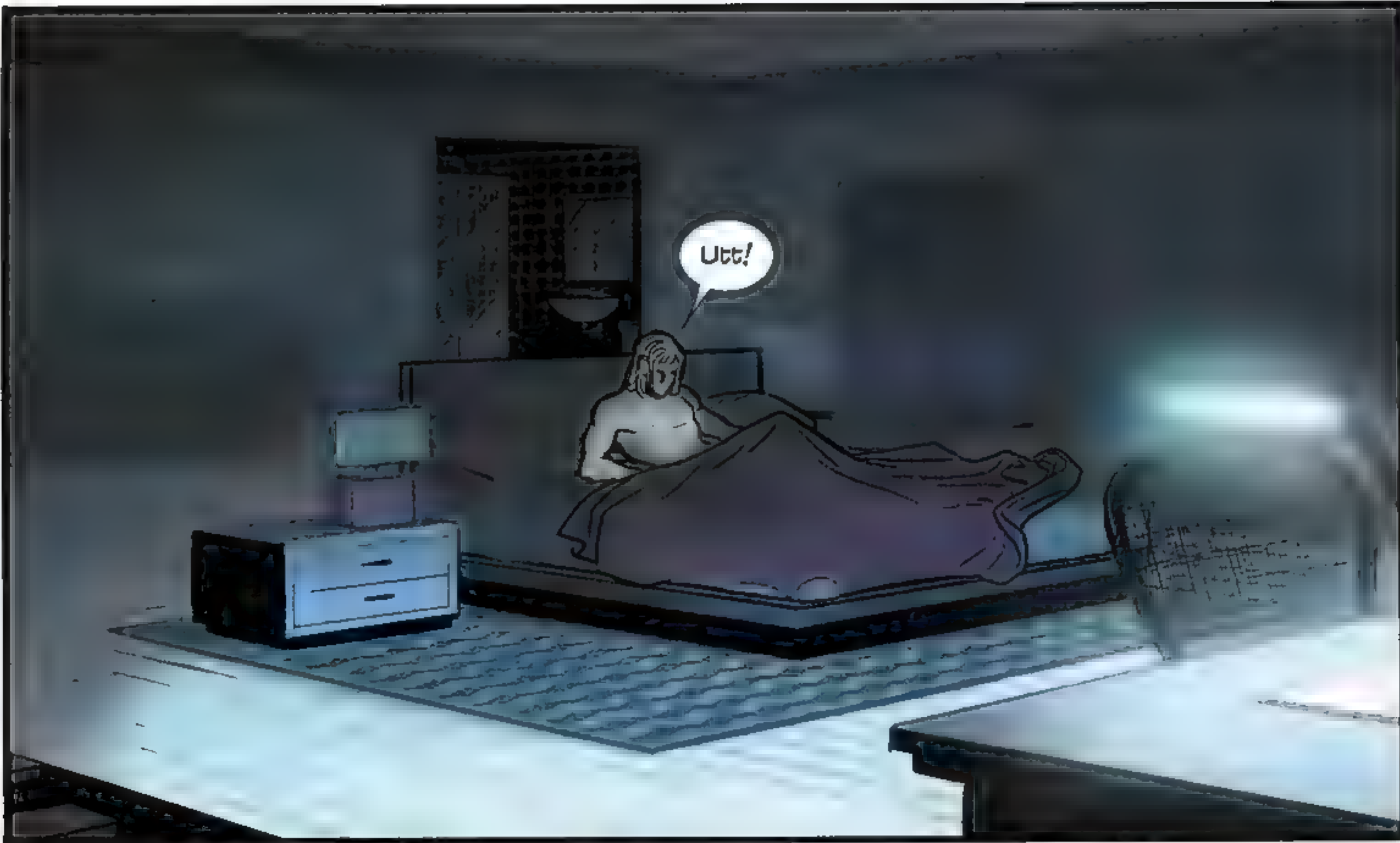


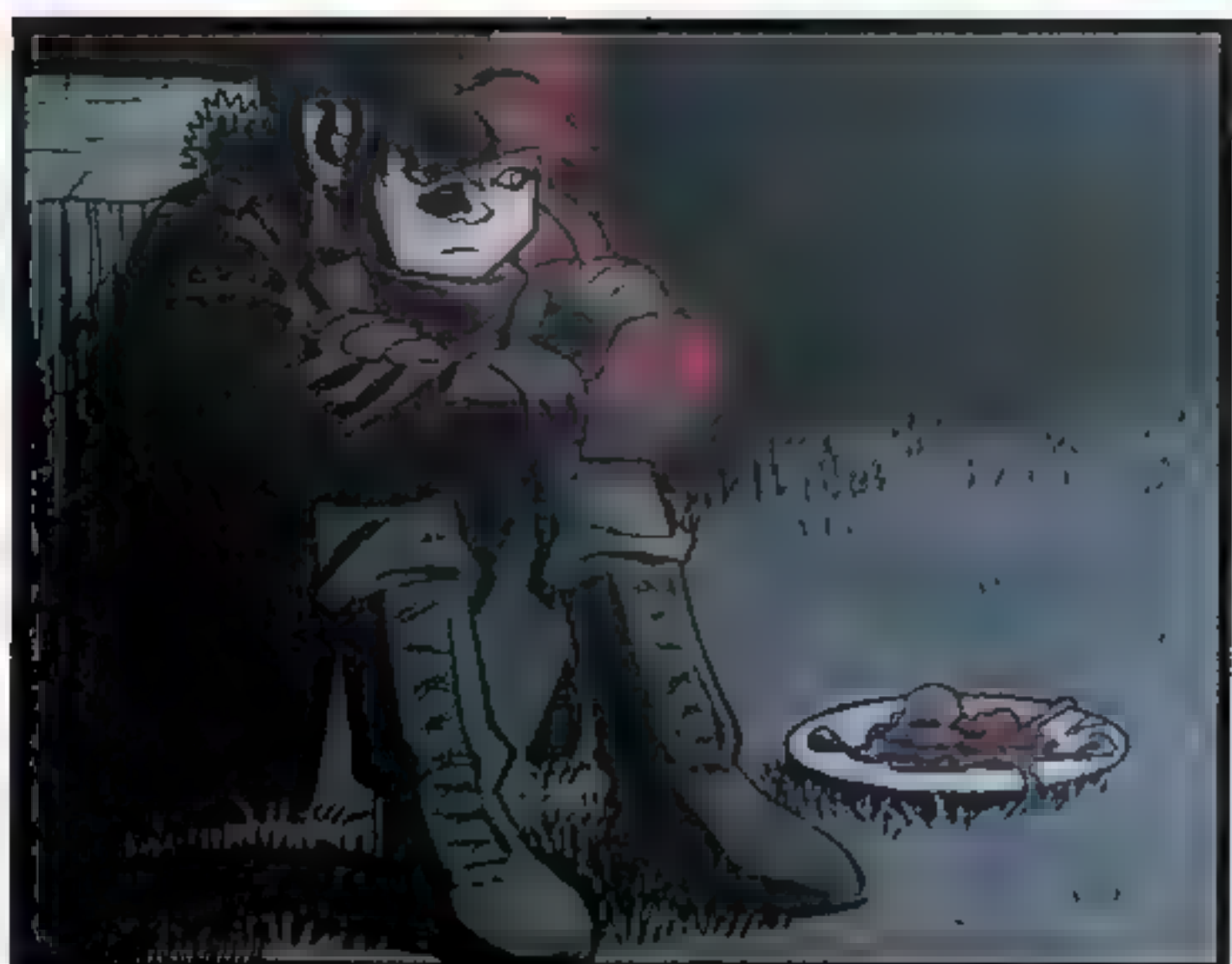
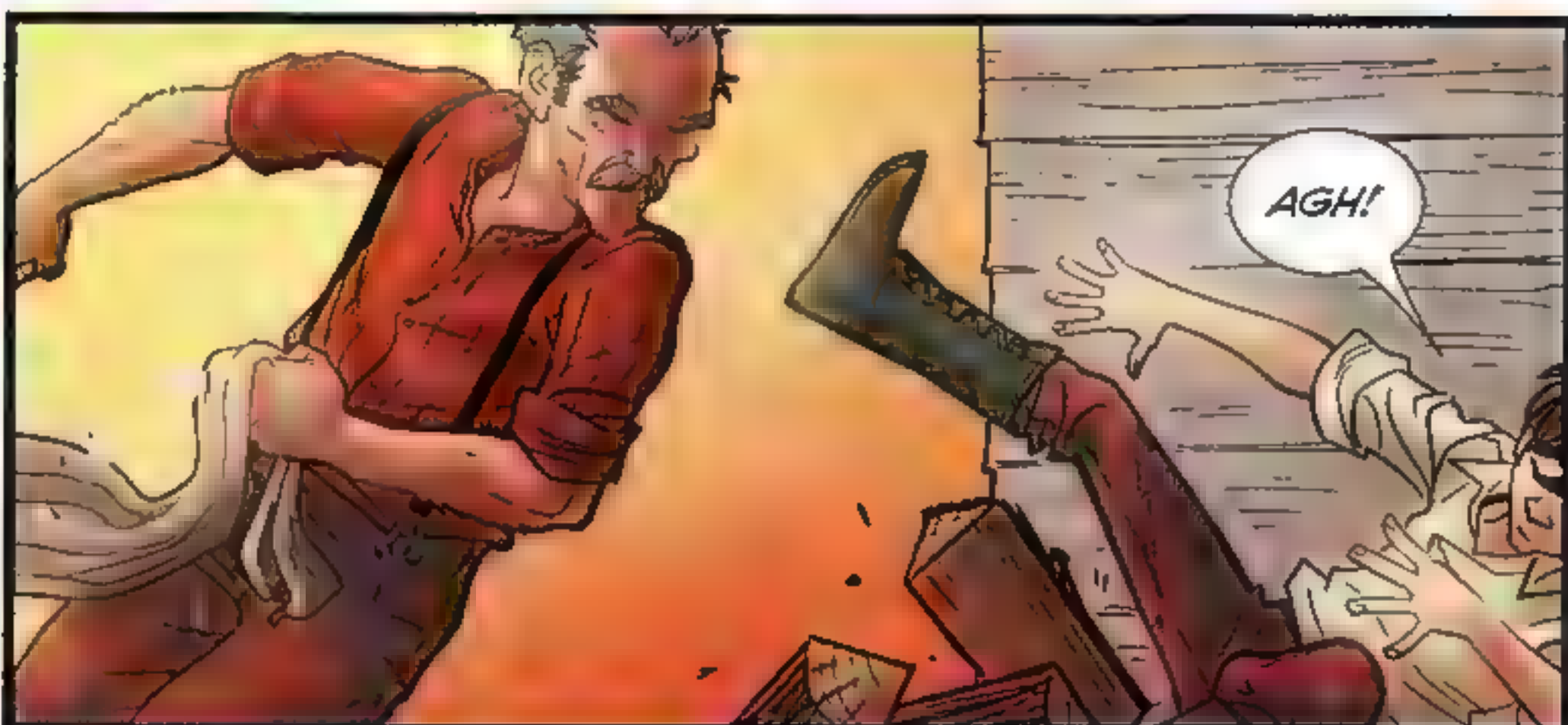
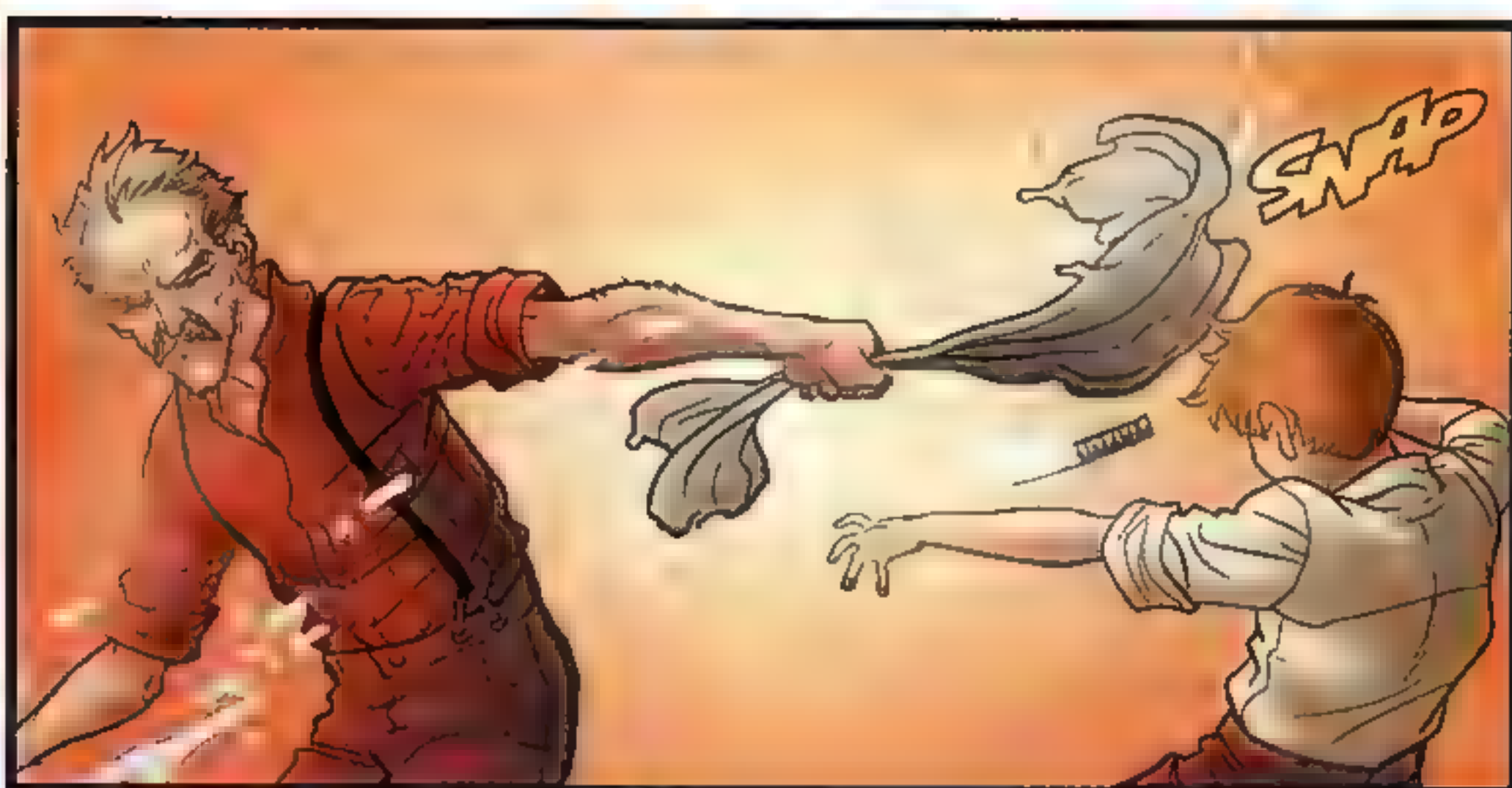
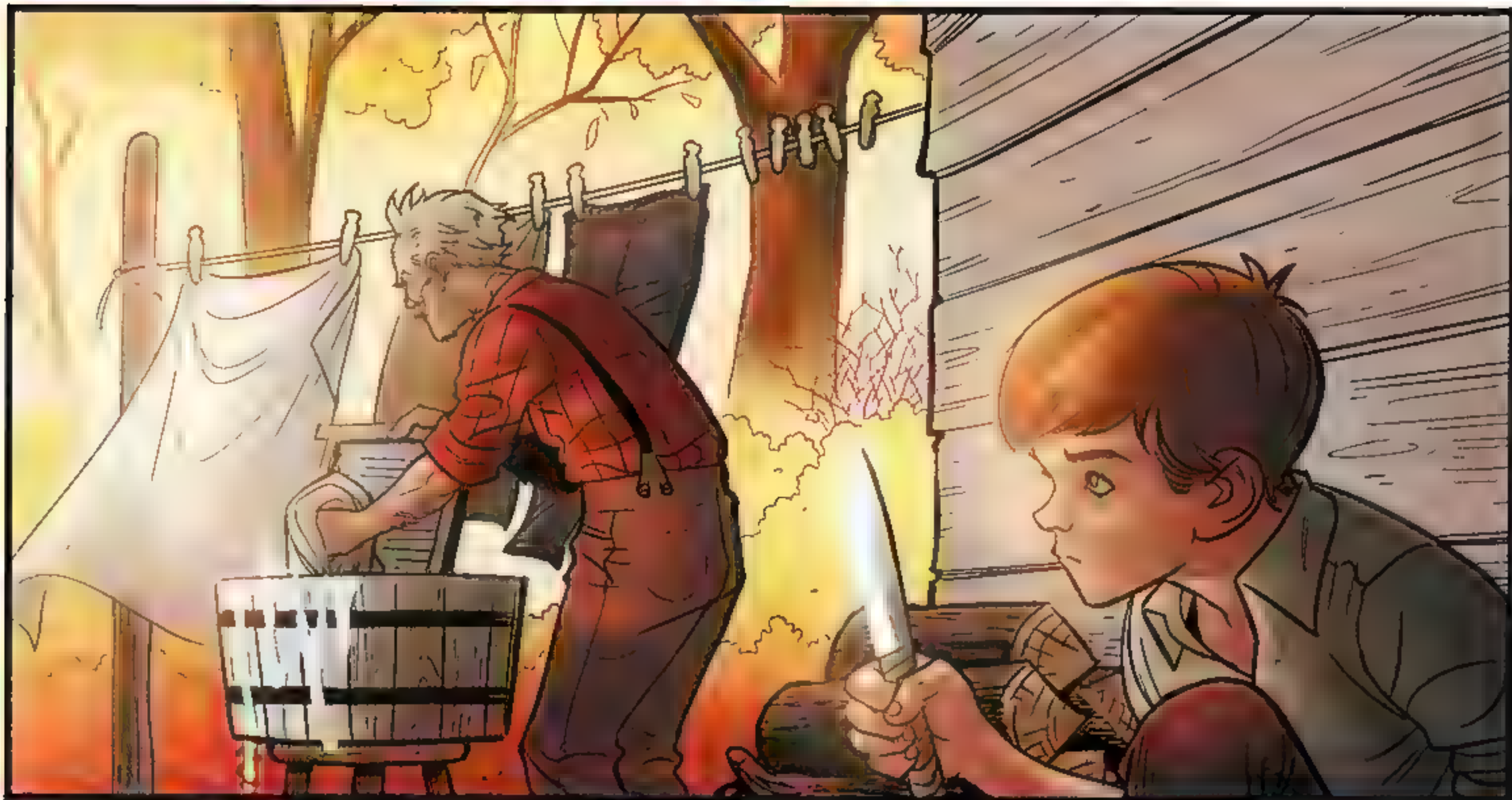


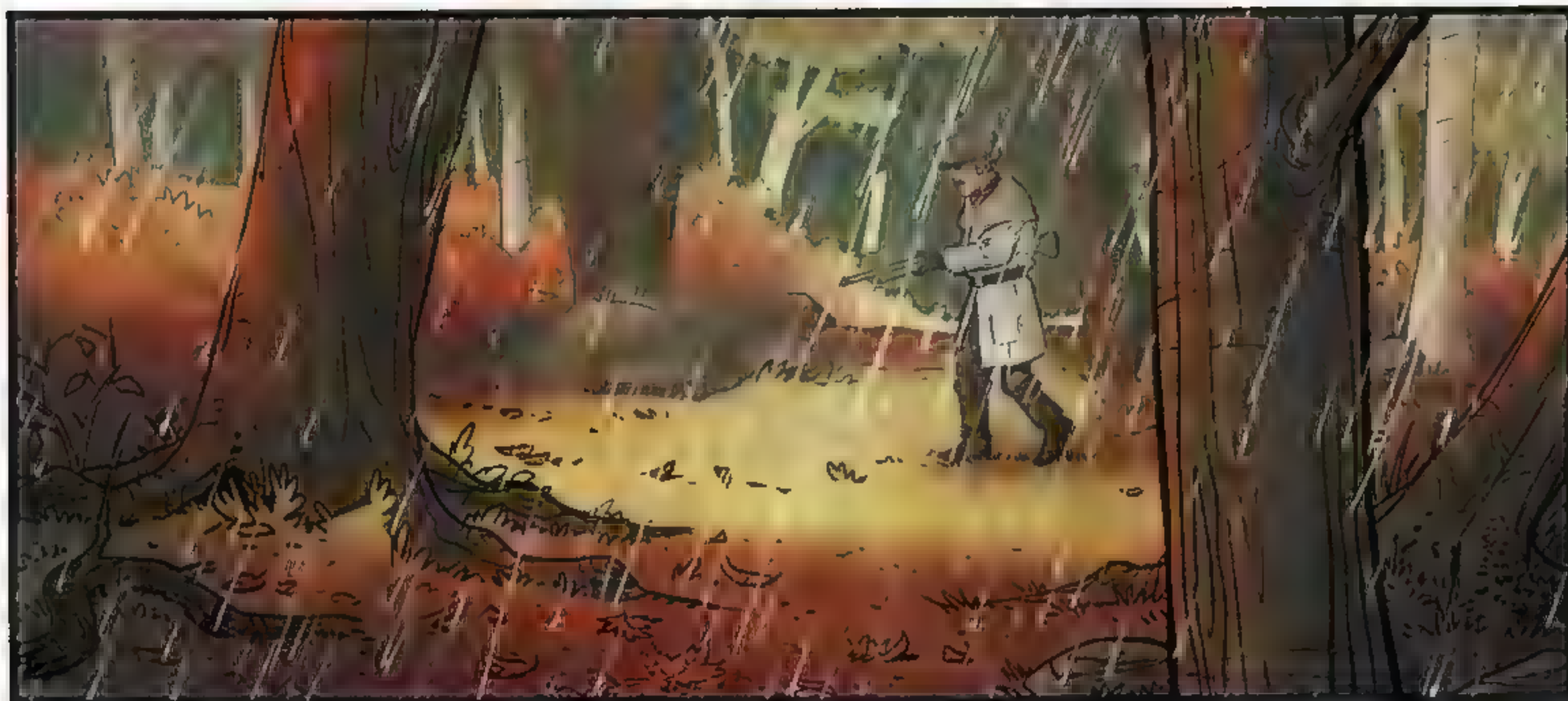
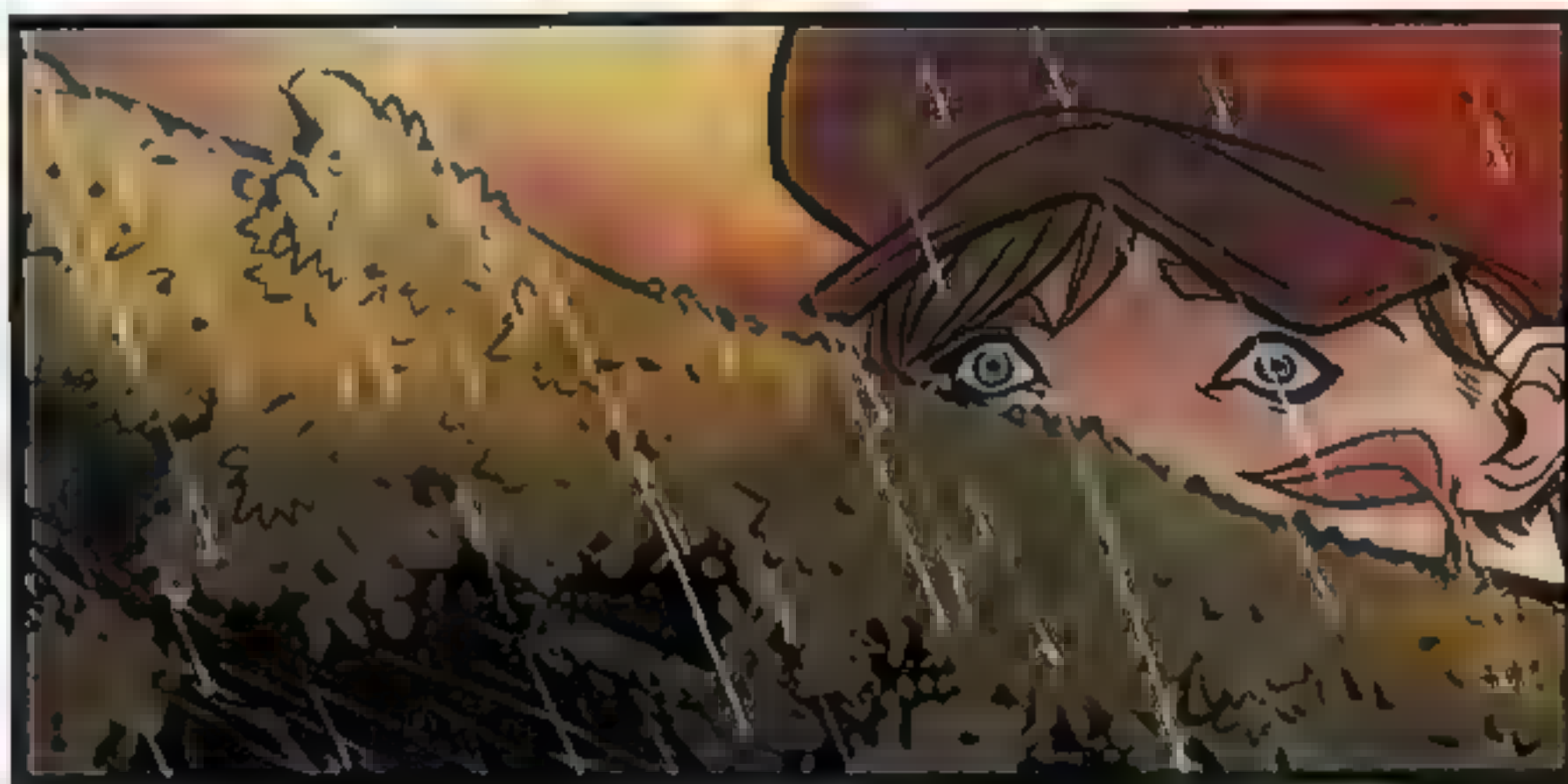
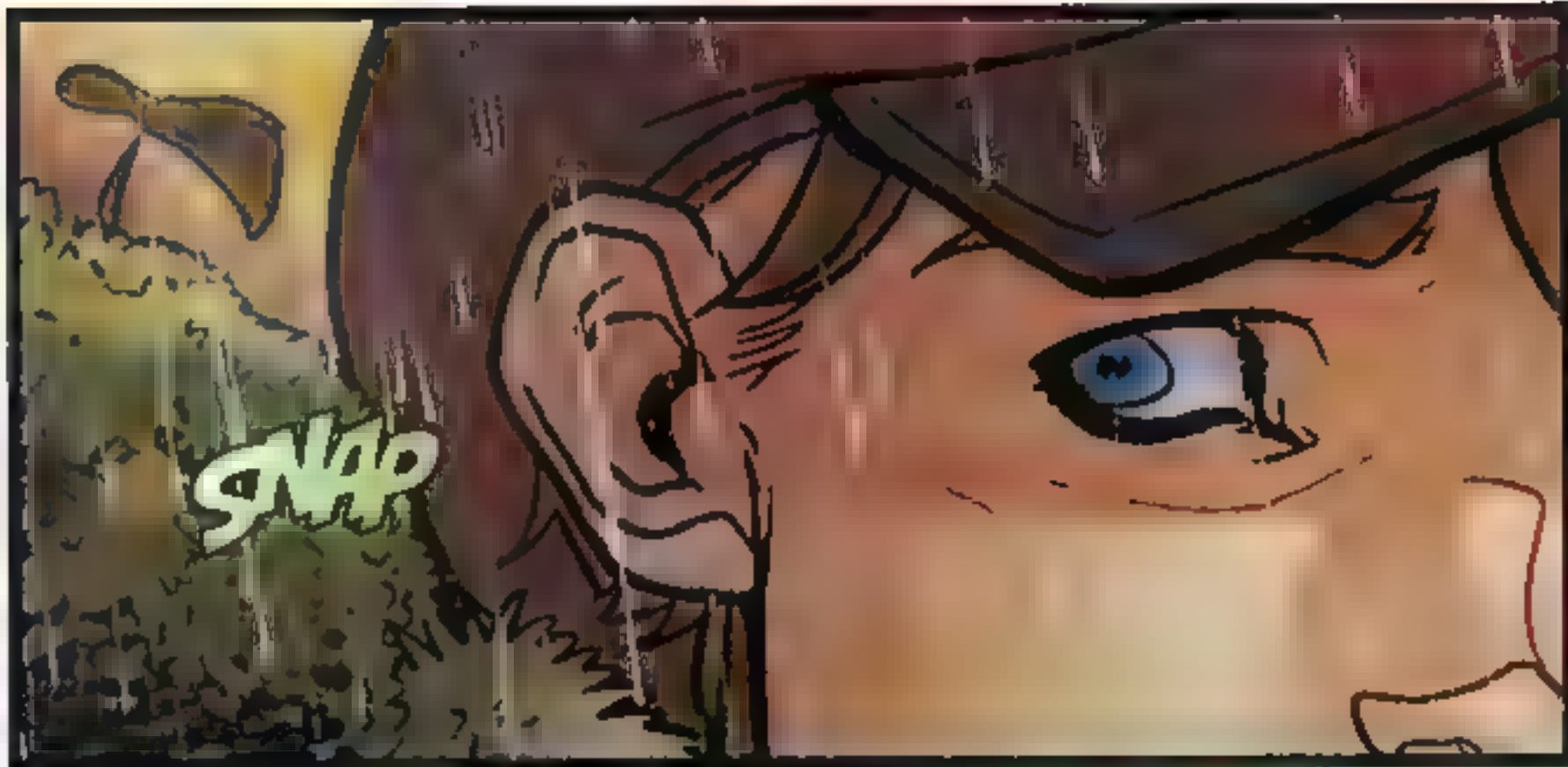


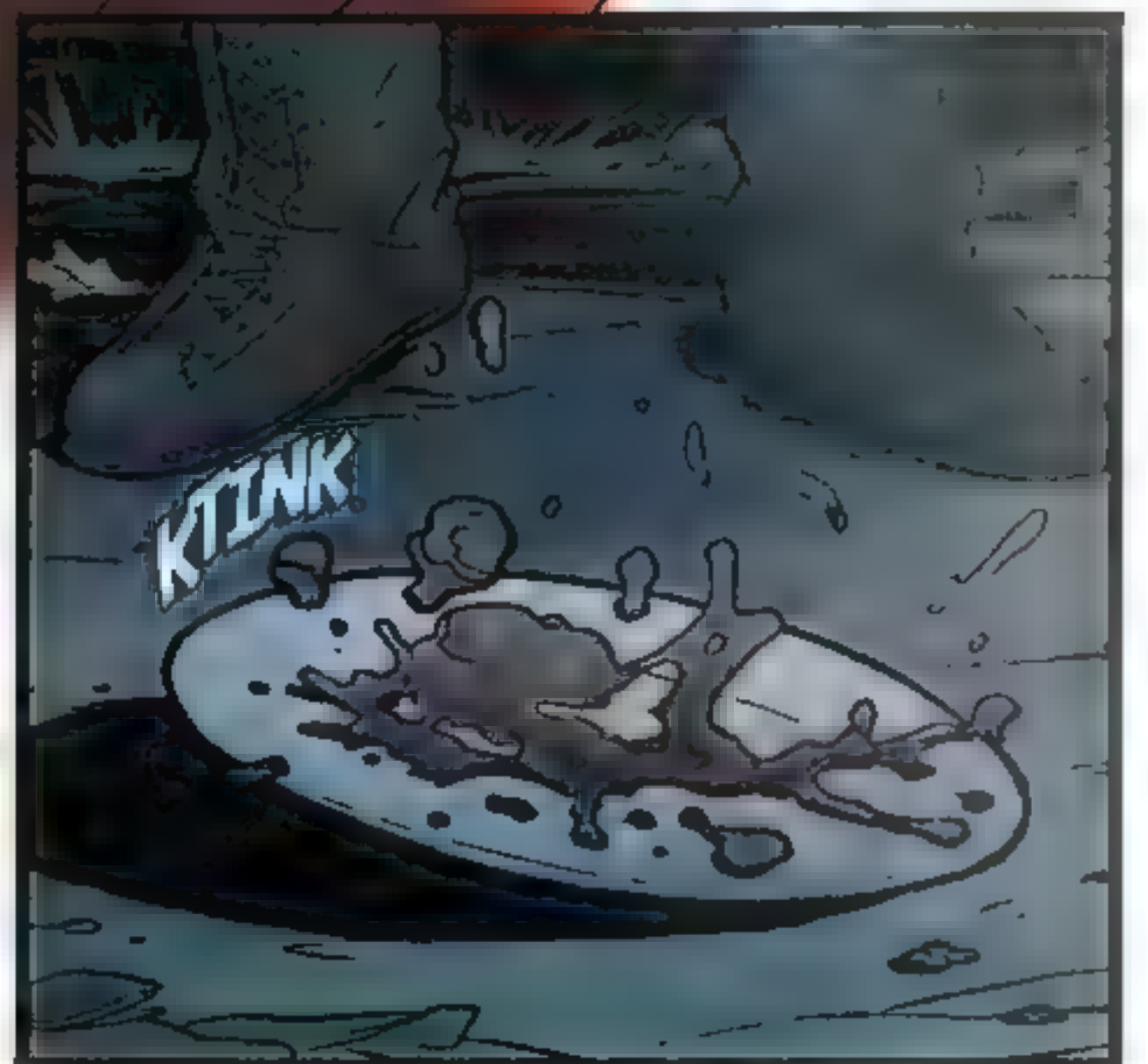
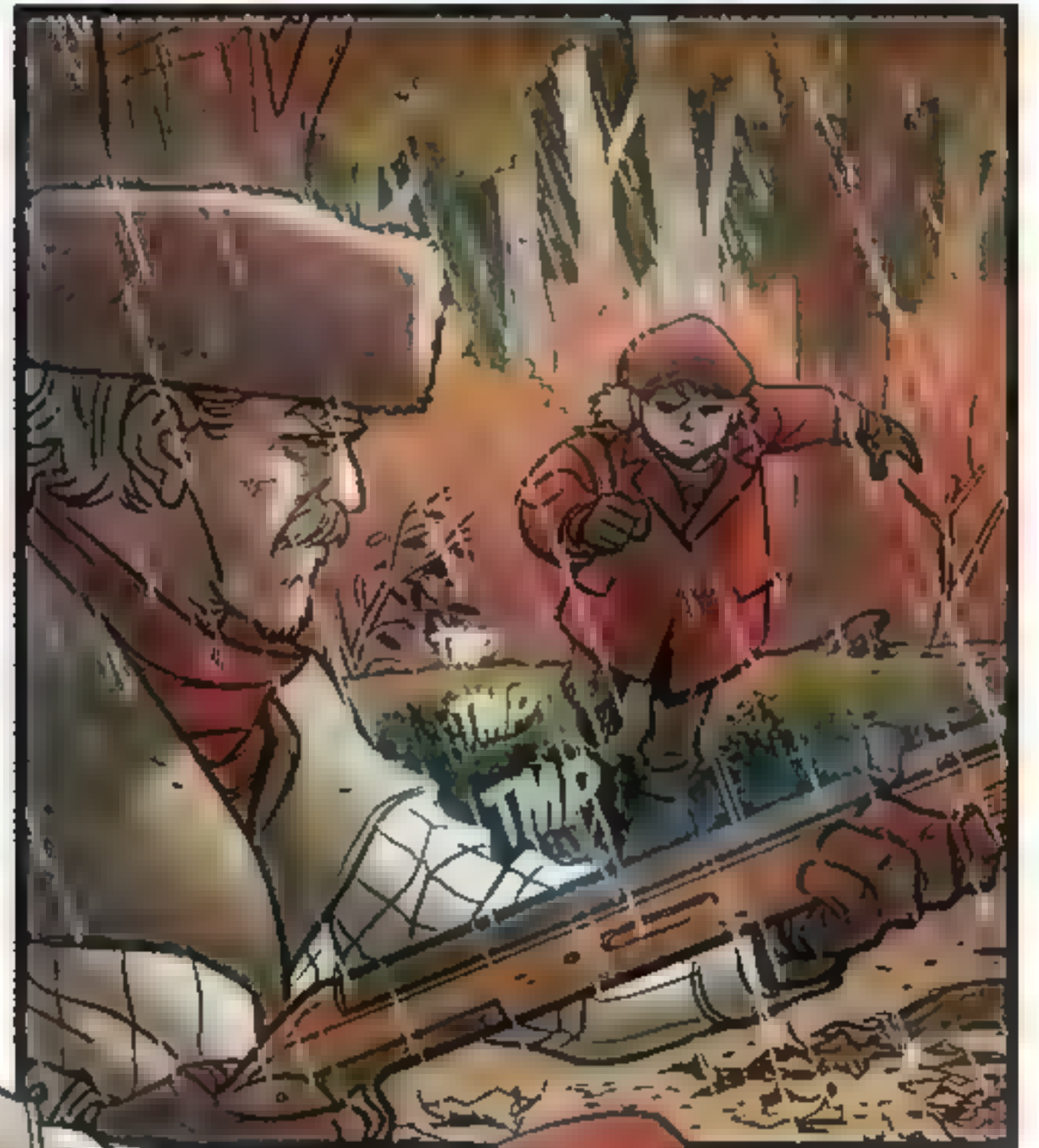
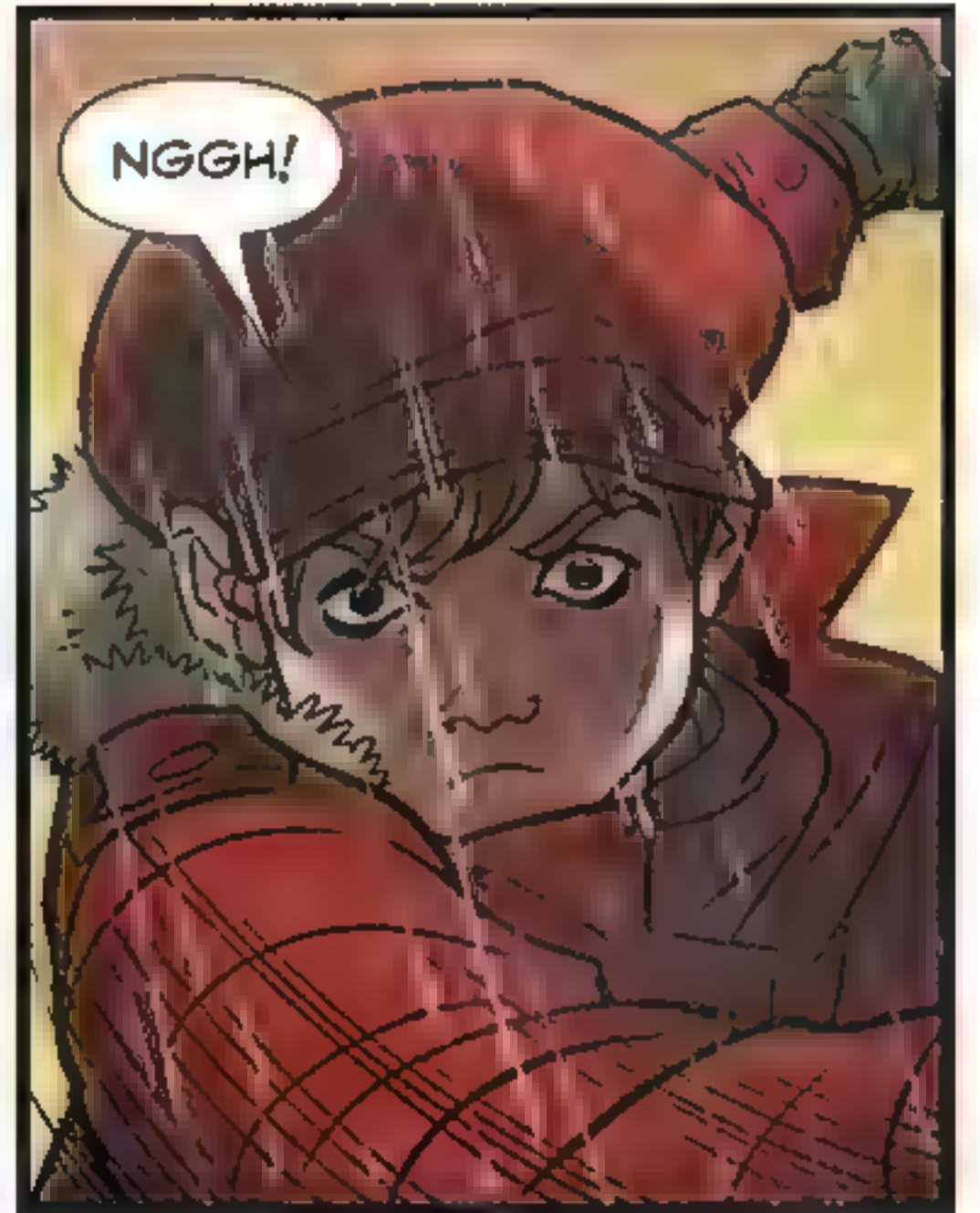
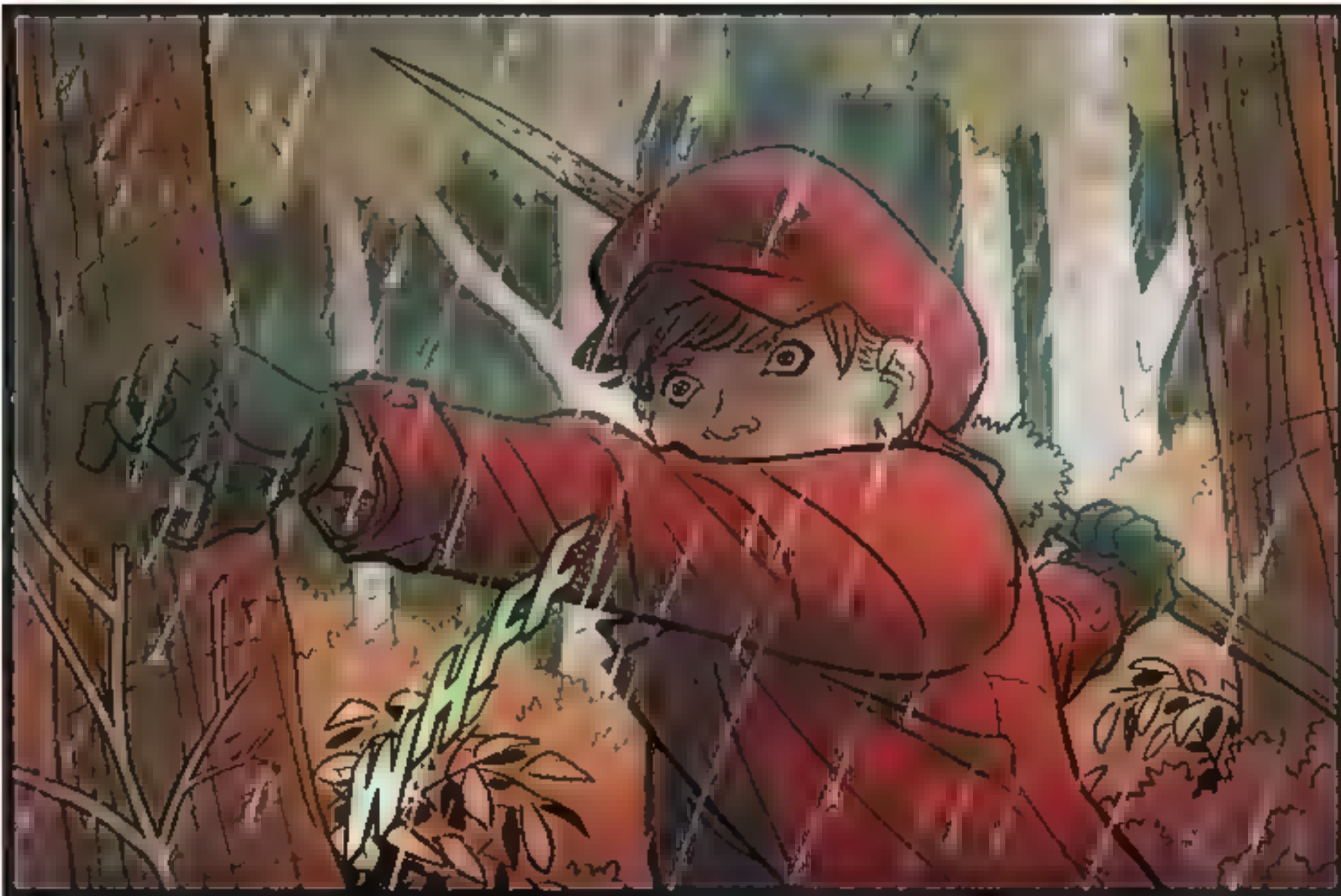


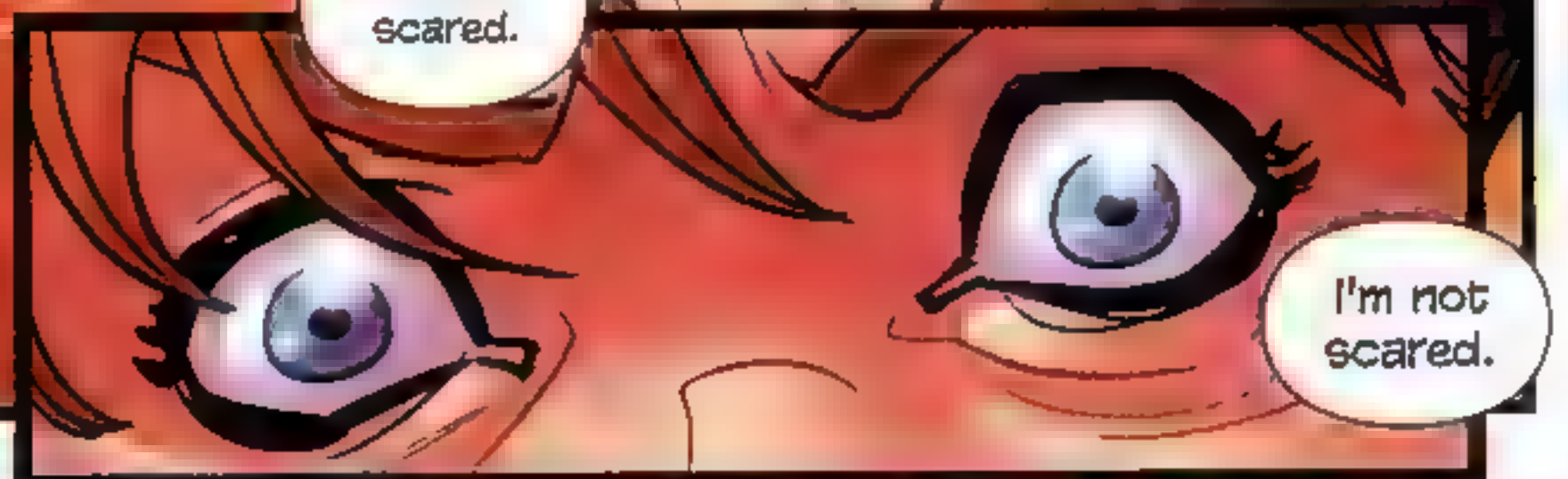
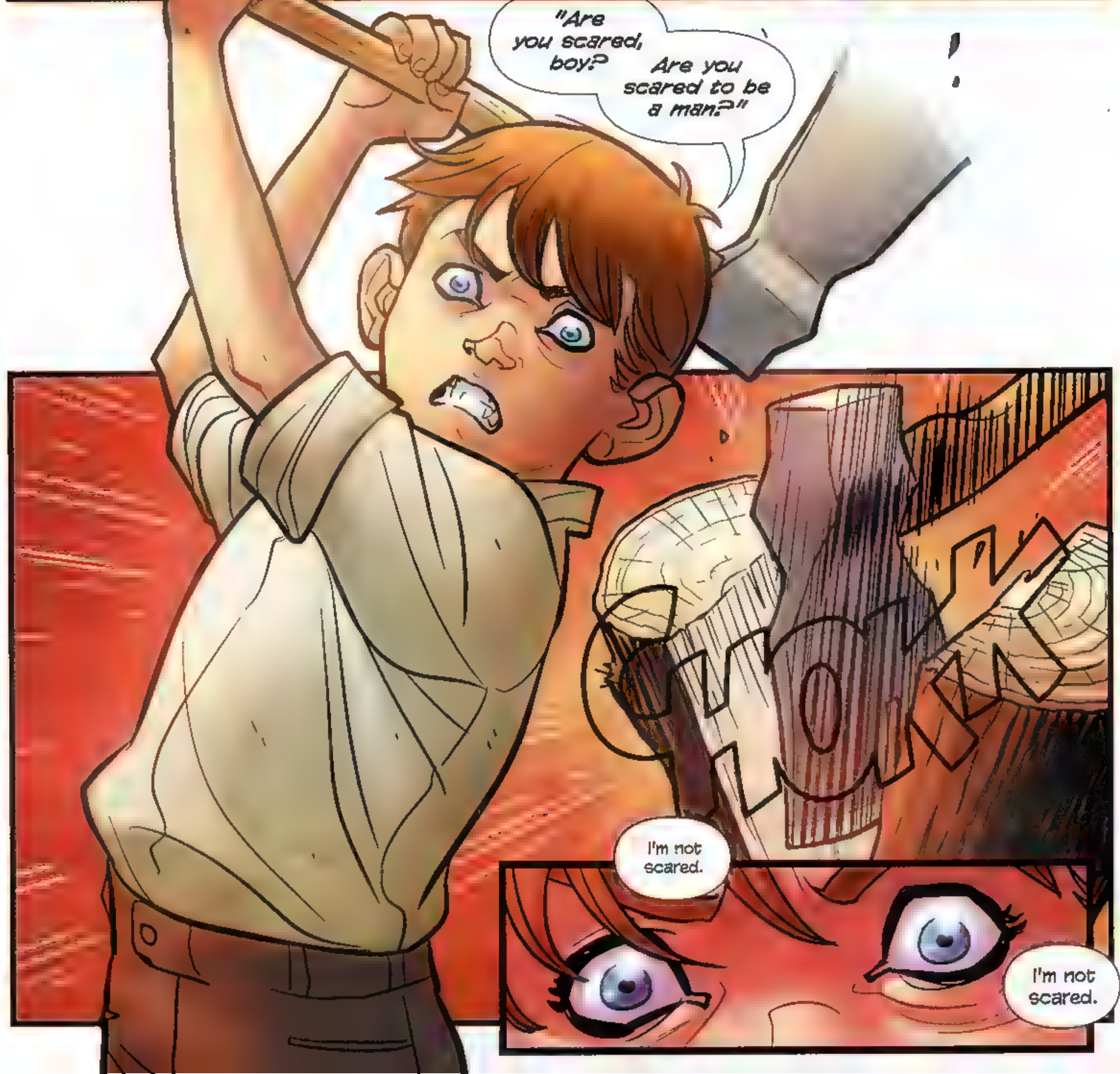


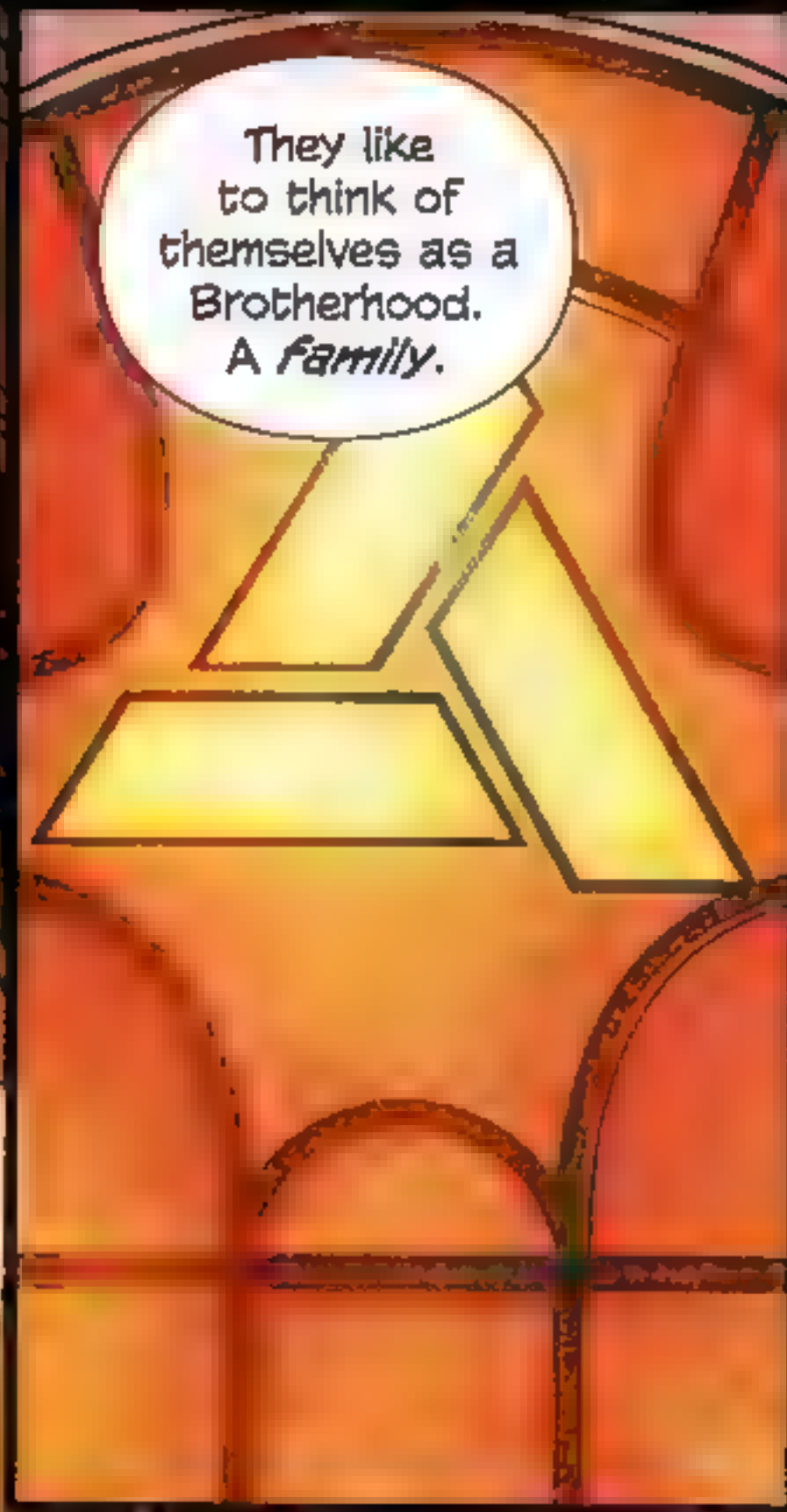












They like to think of themselves as a Brotherhood. A *family*.

But if that's true, then they're a family of *wolves*.

Opportunistic. *Savage*. They'll turn on each other at a moment's notice.

They're *anarchists*. And anarchy can never lead to a unified world.

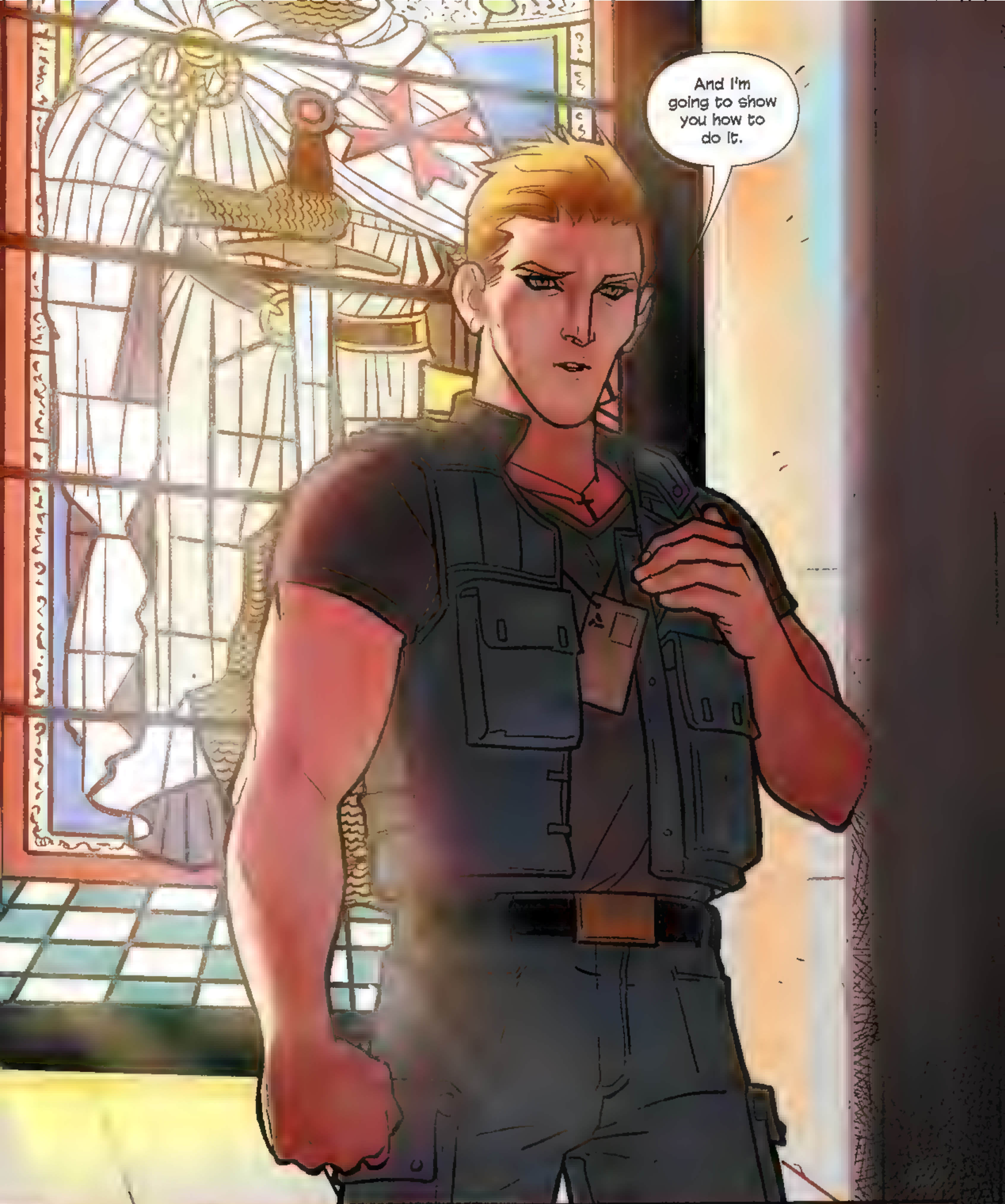


We're better than that, people. We are the last bastion of *civility* in a cynical, confused age.

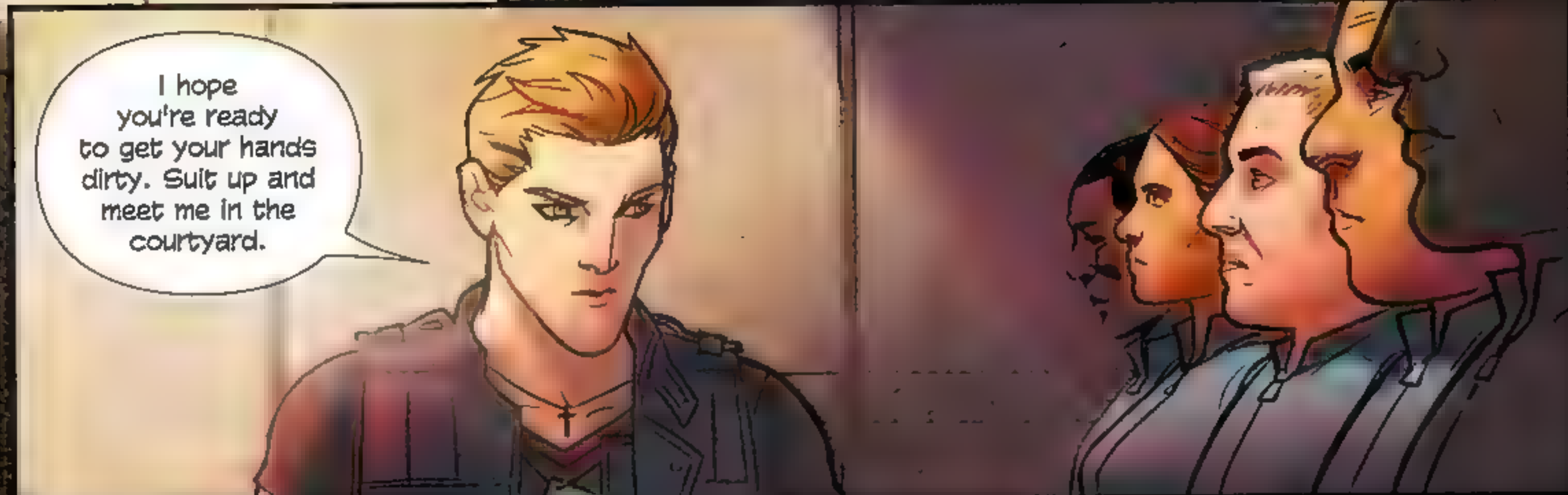


We've chased them out of their dens and sent them scurrying.

Now it's time to wipe them out.



And I'm going to show you how to do it.

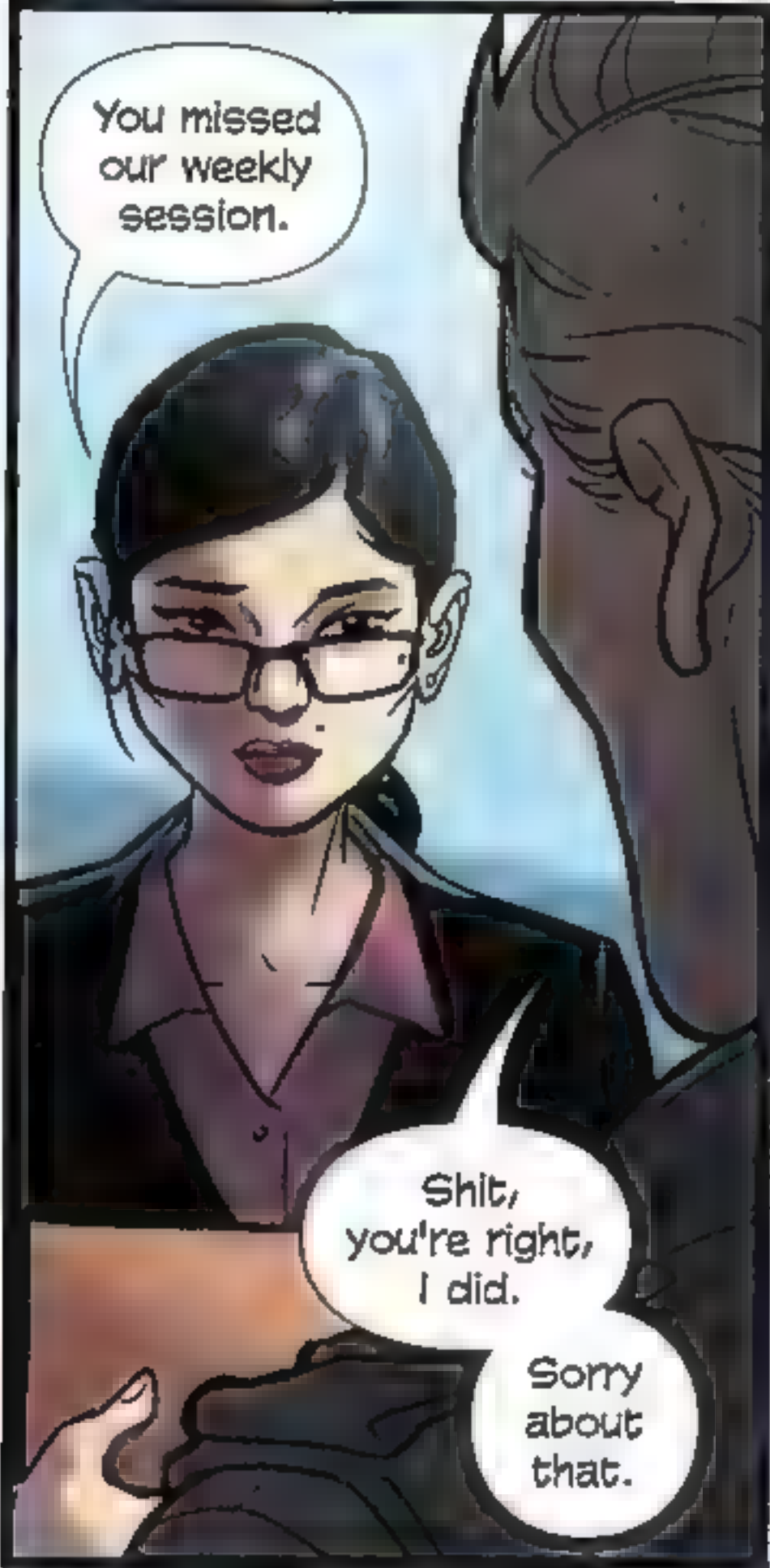


I hope you're ready to get your hands dirty. Suit up and meet me in the courtyard.



Hello, Daniel.

Doc!
Good to see you. Are you lost or something?



You missed our weekly session.

Shit, you're right, I did.

Sorry about that.



They keep sending me these new recruits to train and I had to reassign some of the advanced class to help out.

Can we reschedule?



How's your head?

Never better.

The Bleeding Effect? You're coping?

I've learned to live with it.

I slip in and out but the new meds help.

Honestly, I feel great.

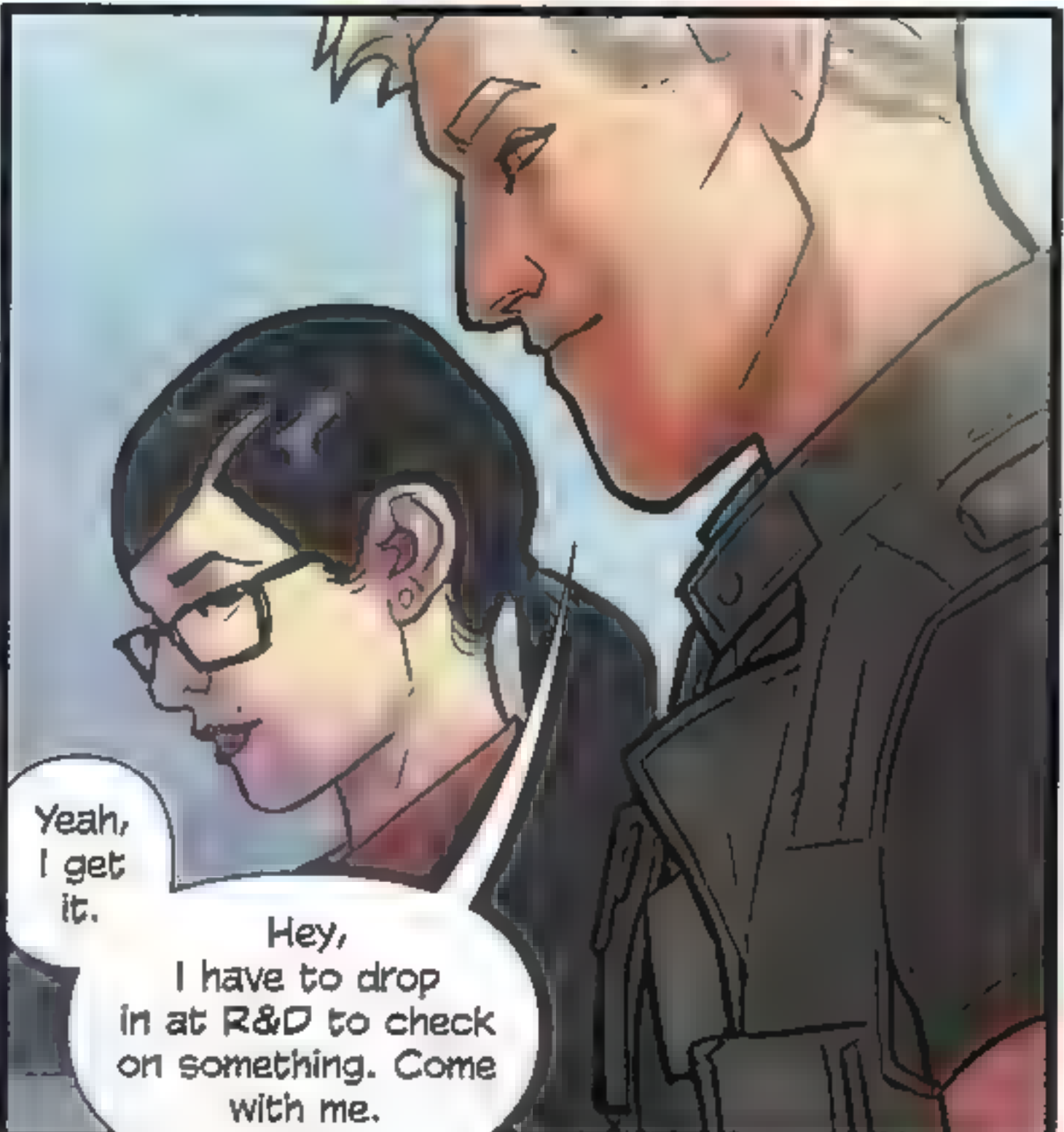


Well, that's excellent.

I was just checking up on you.

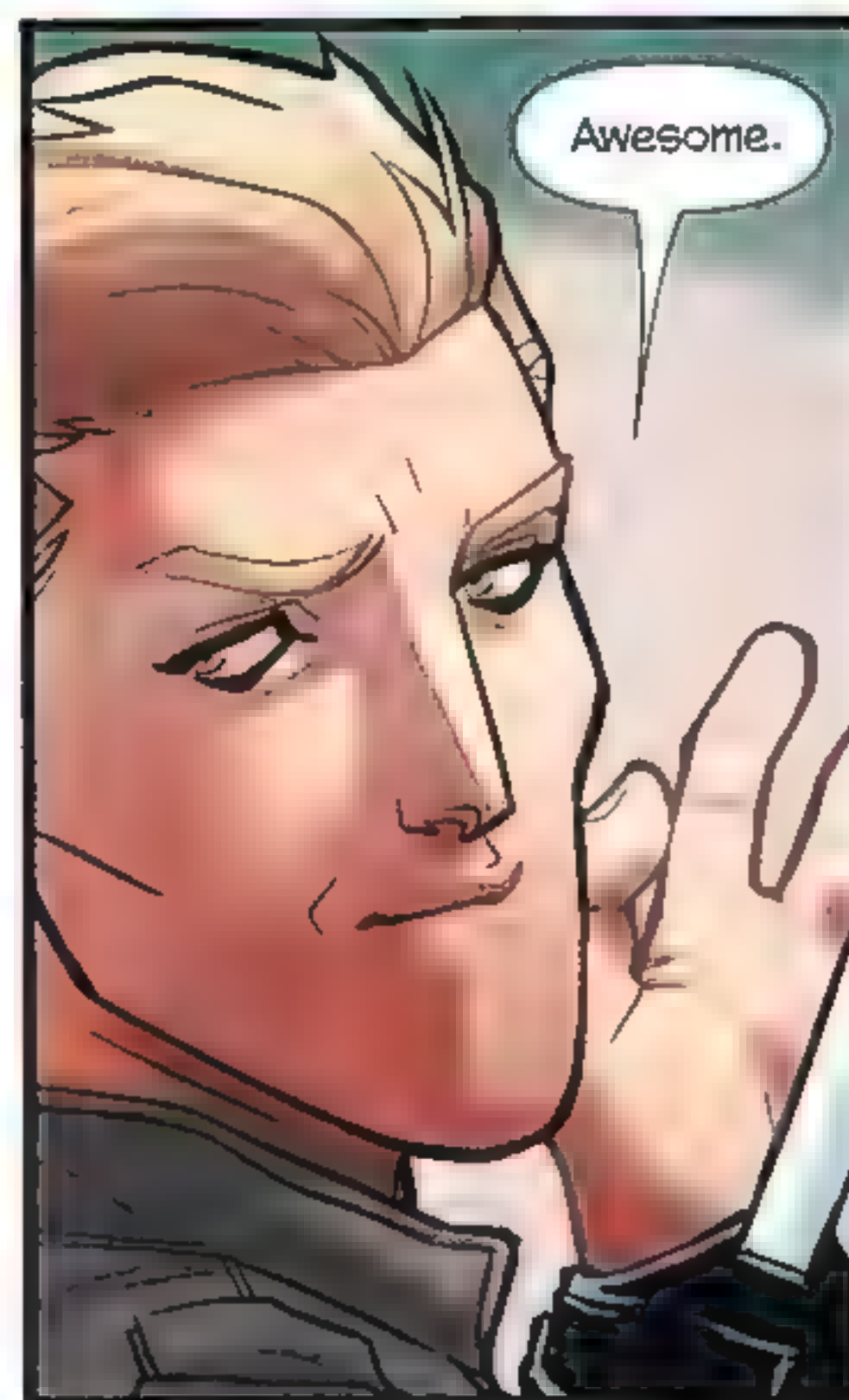
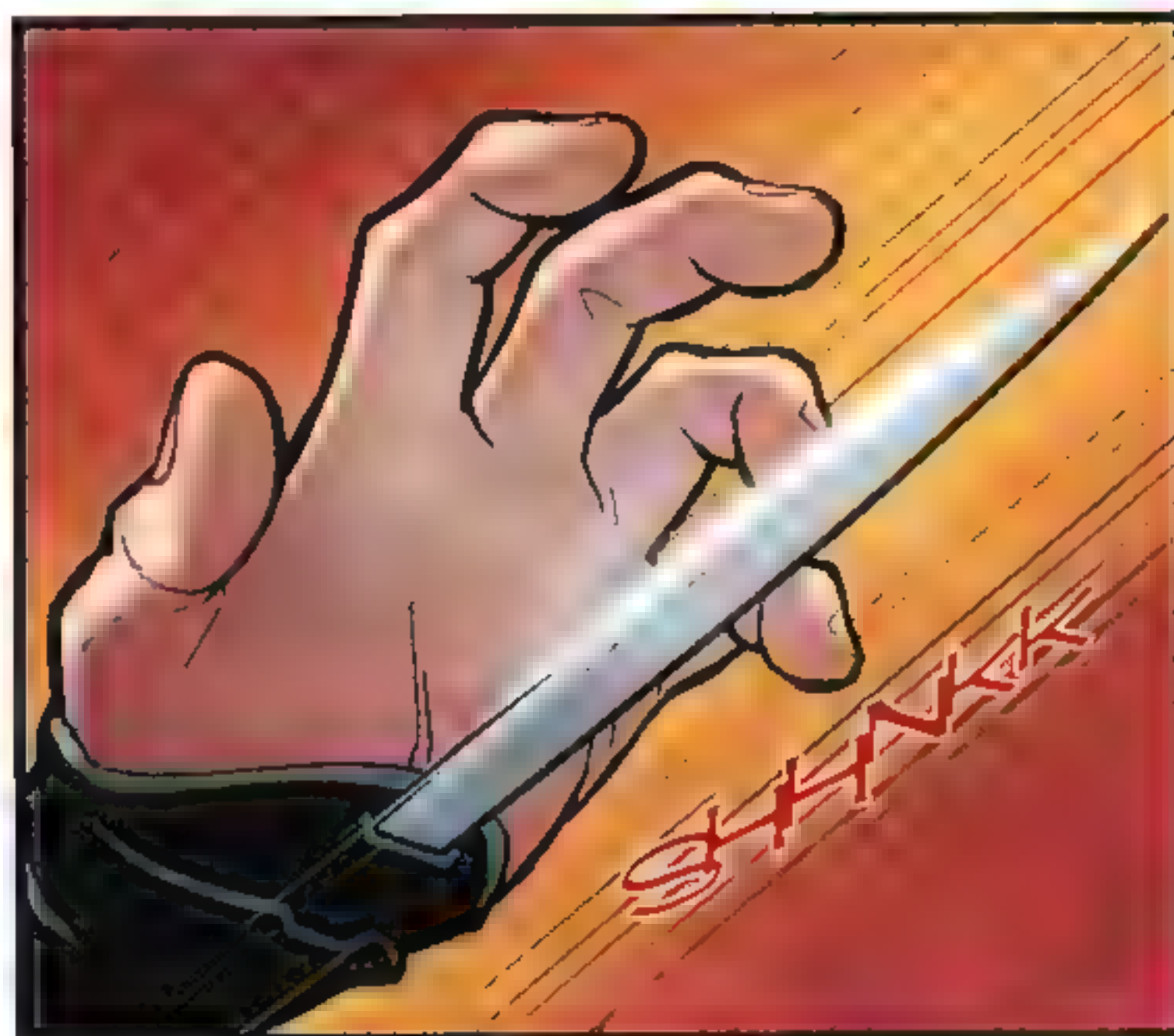
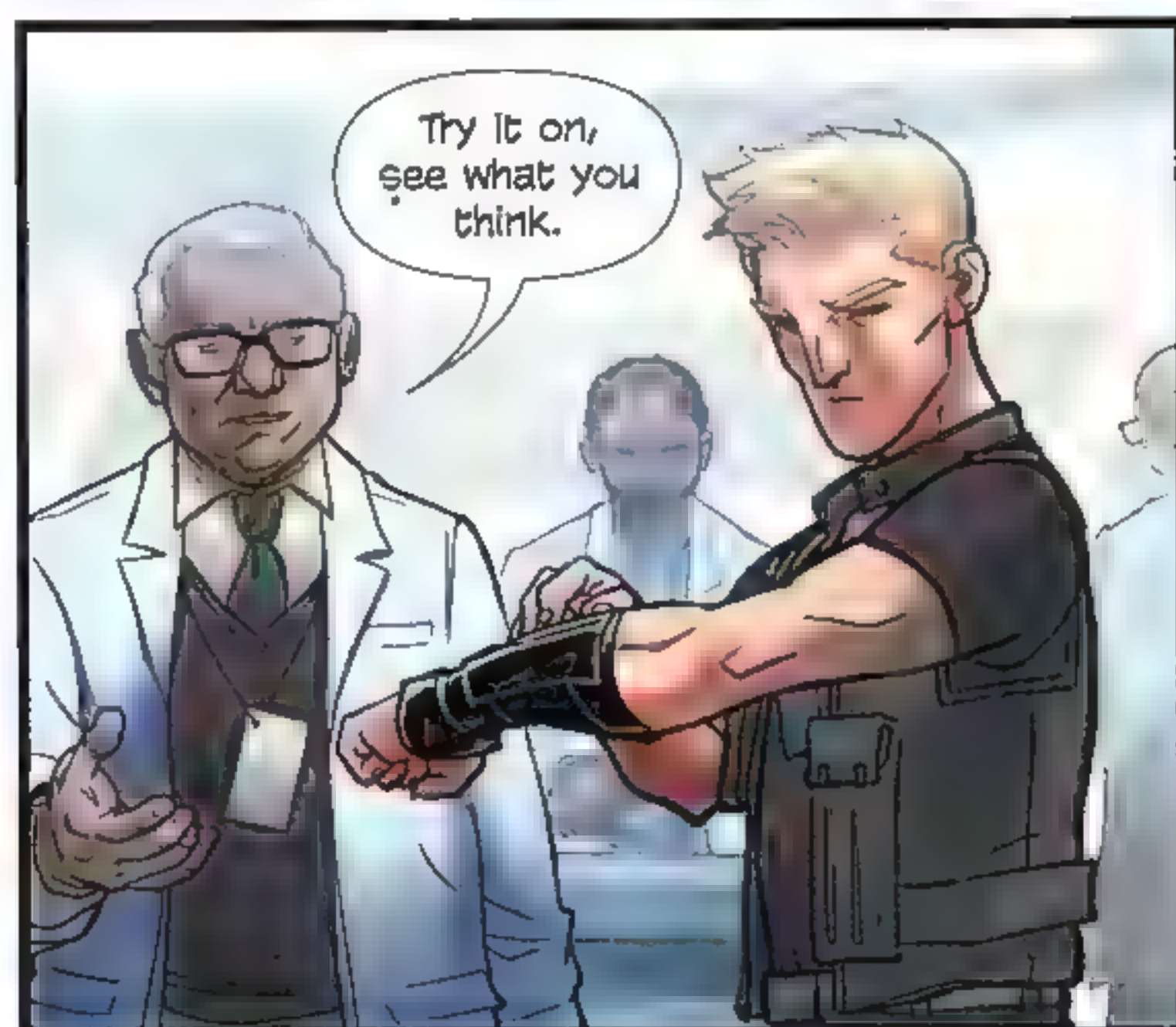
You missed me.

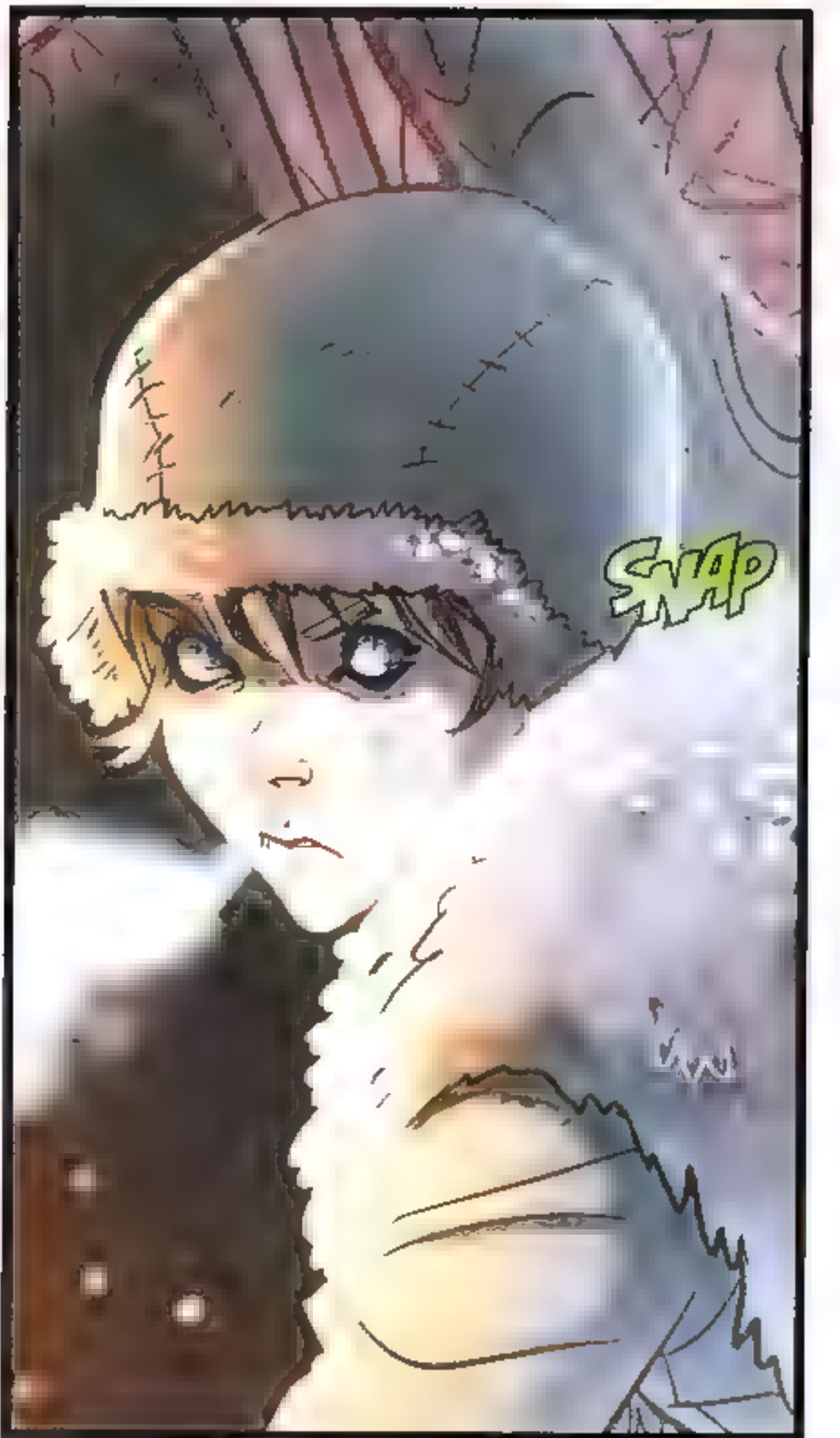
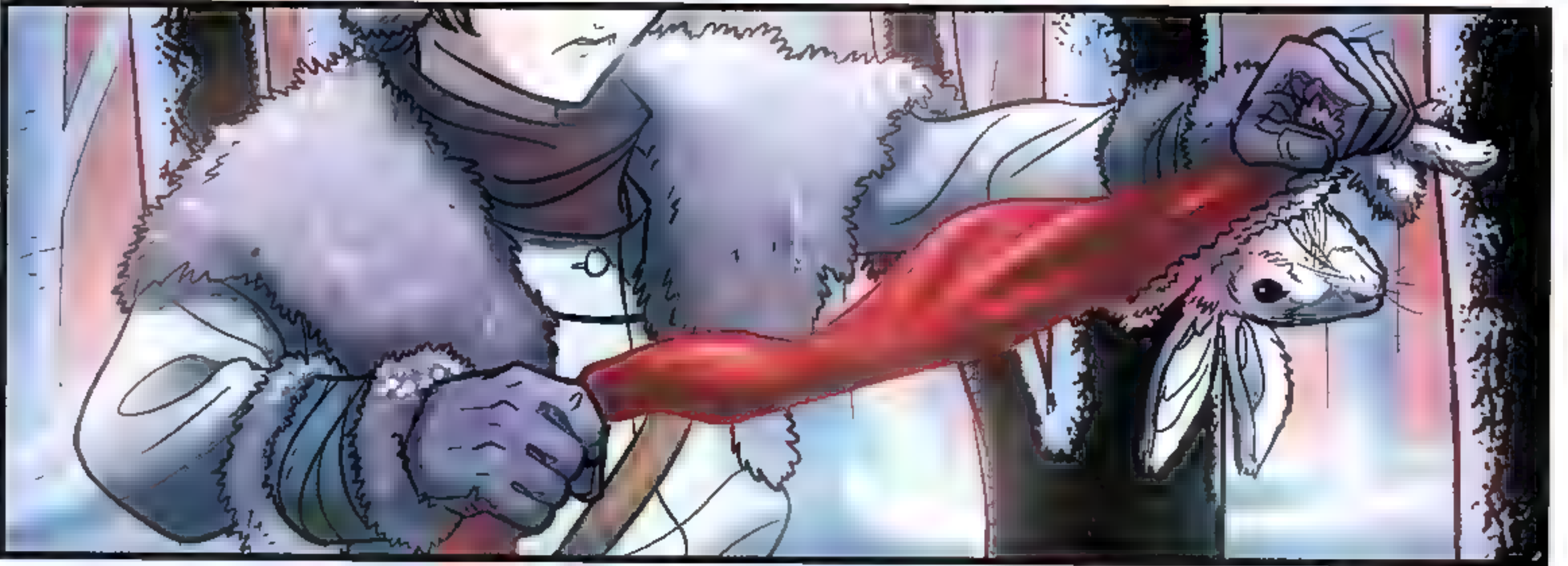
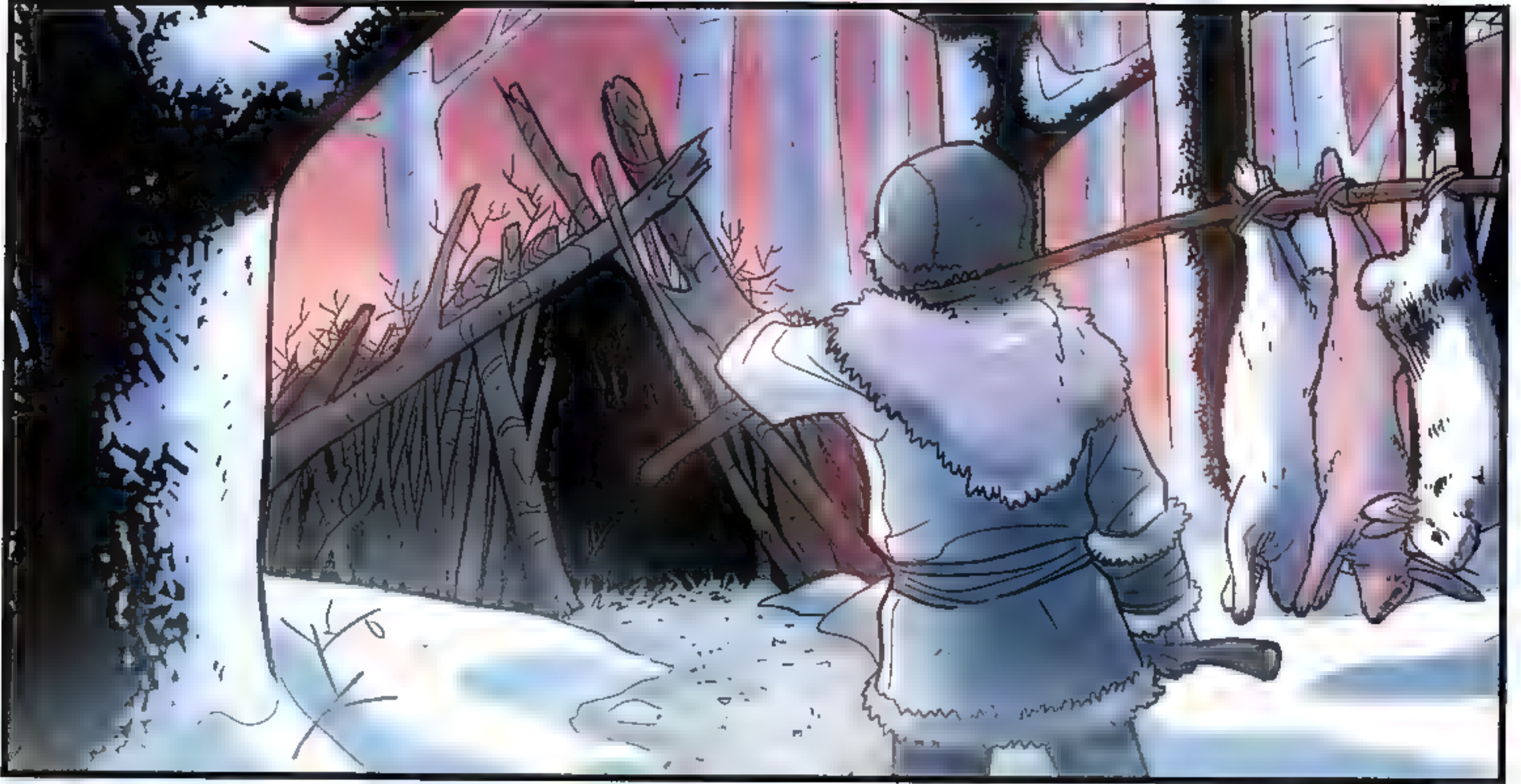
Daniel, come on. We've been through this.

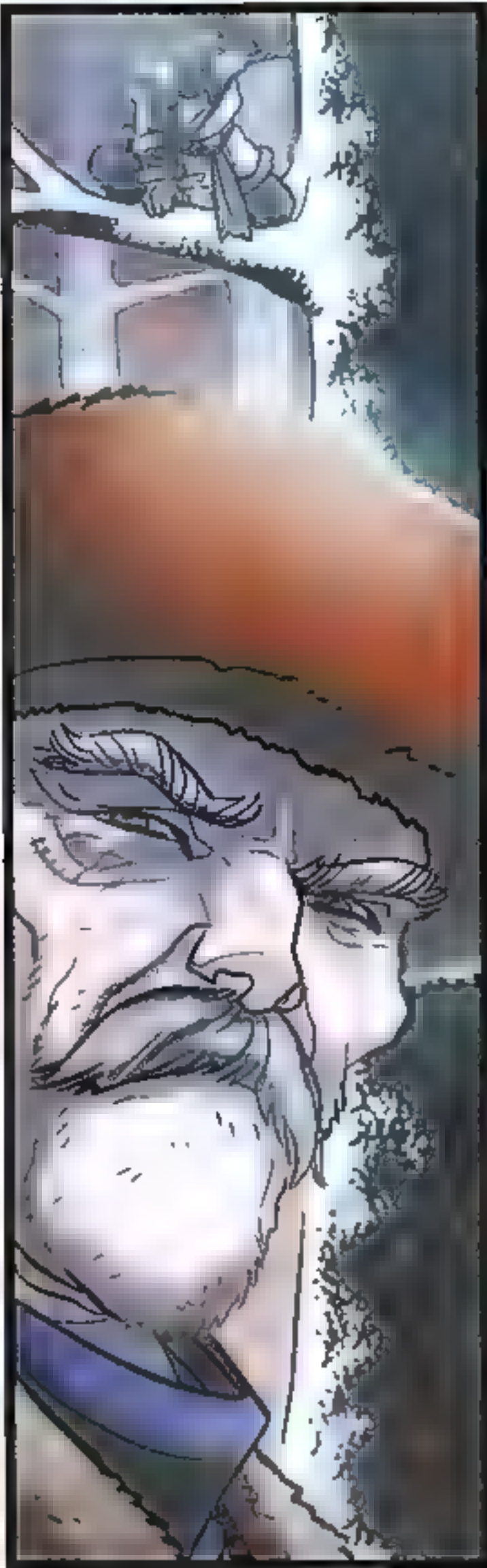
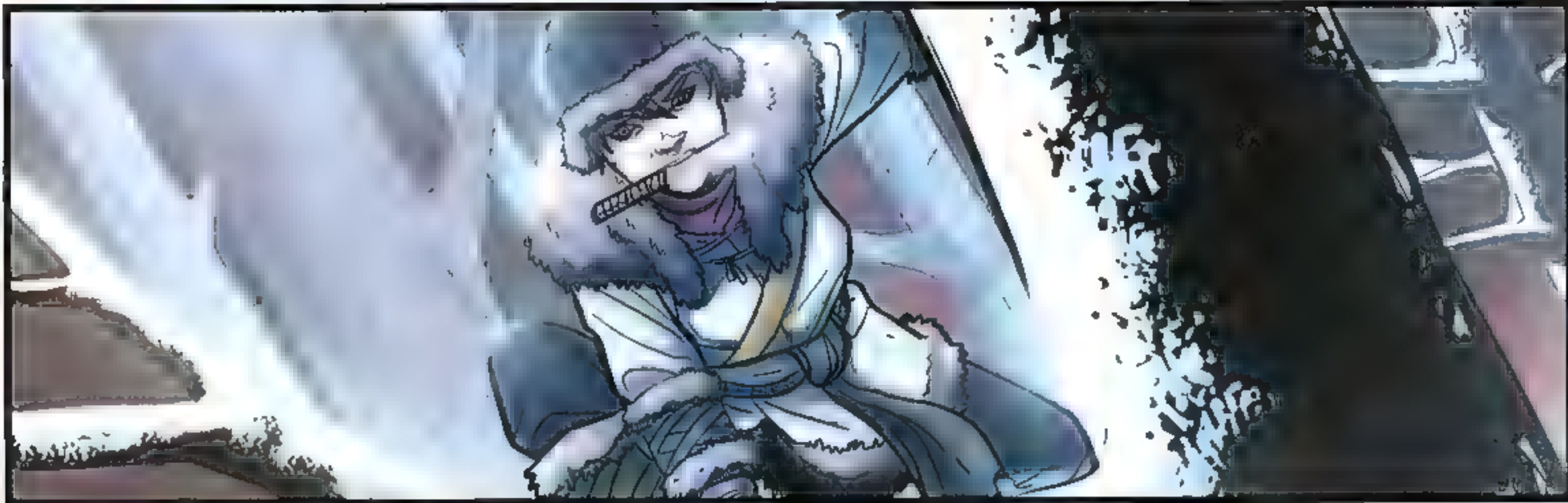
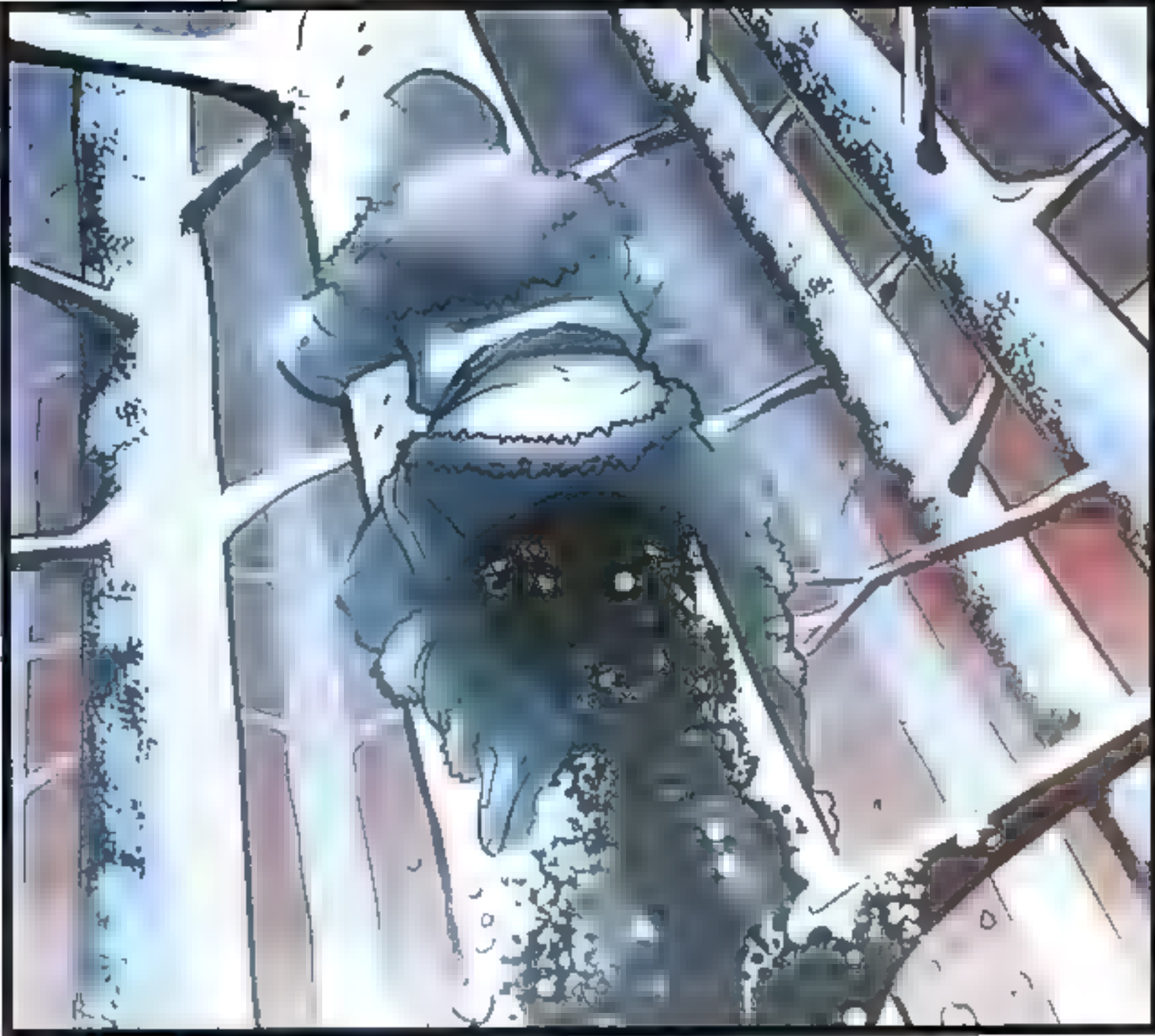
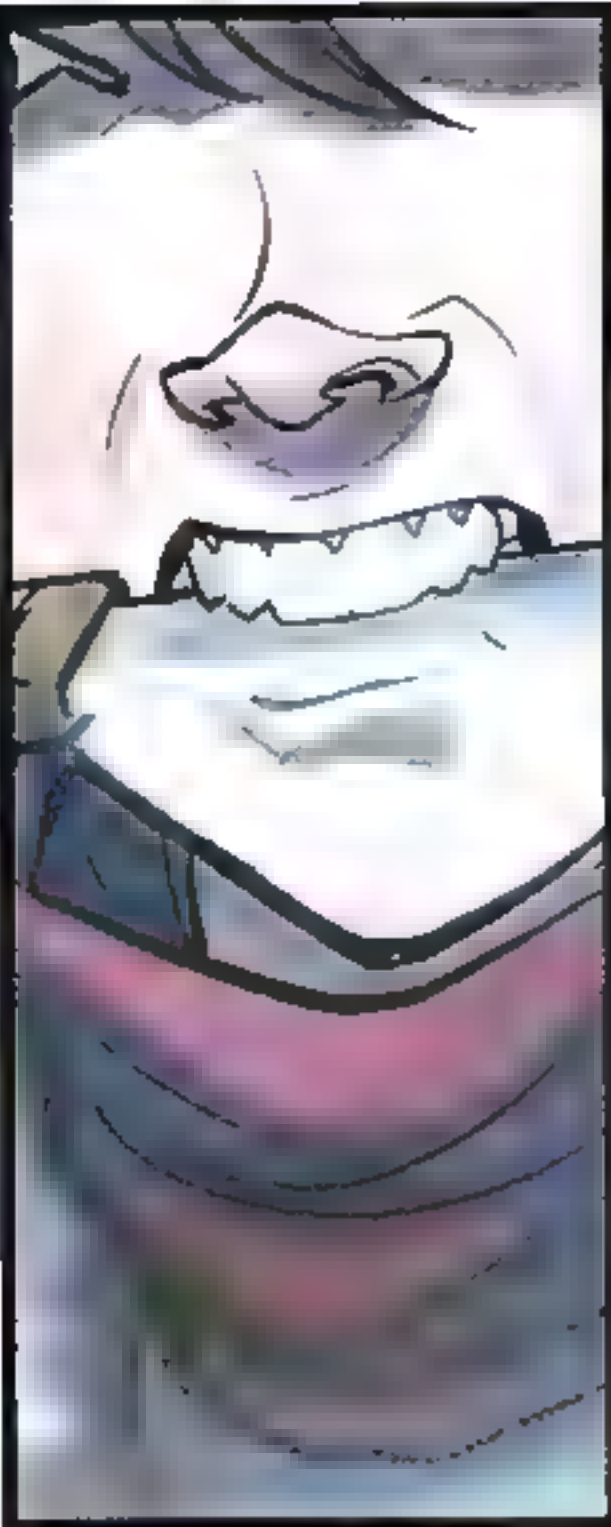


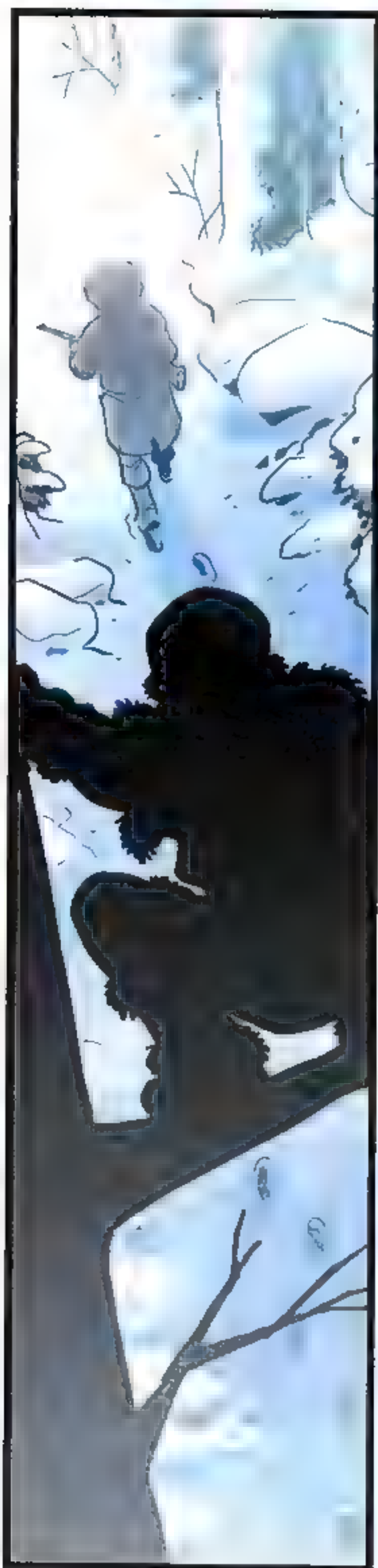
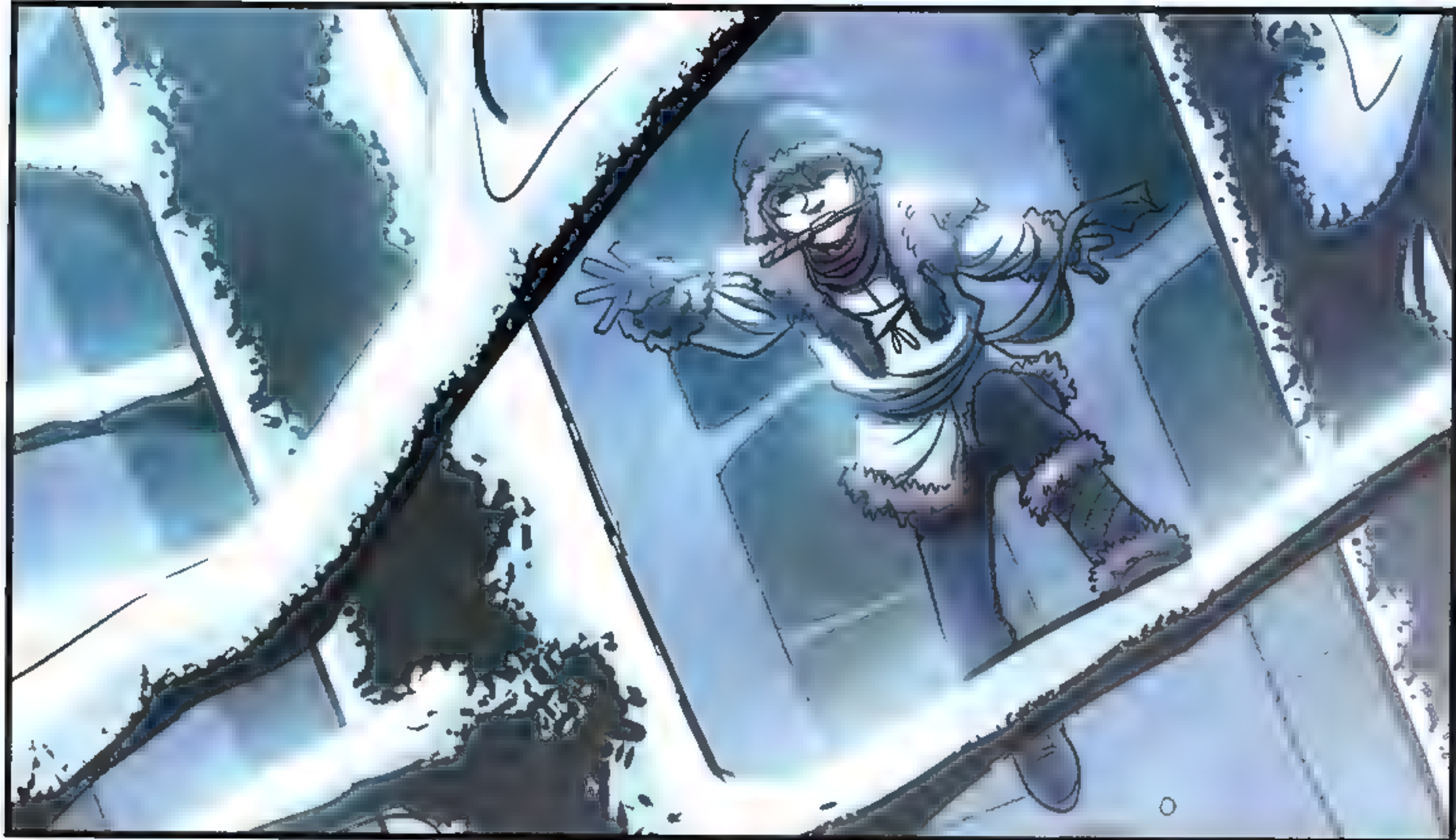
Yeah, I get it.

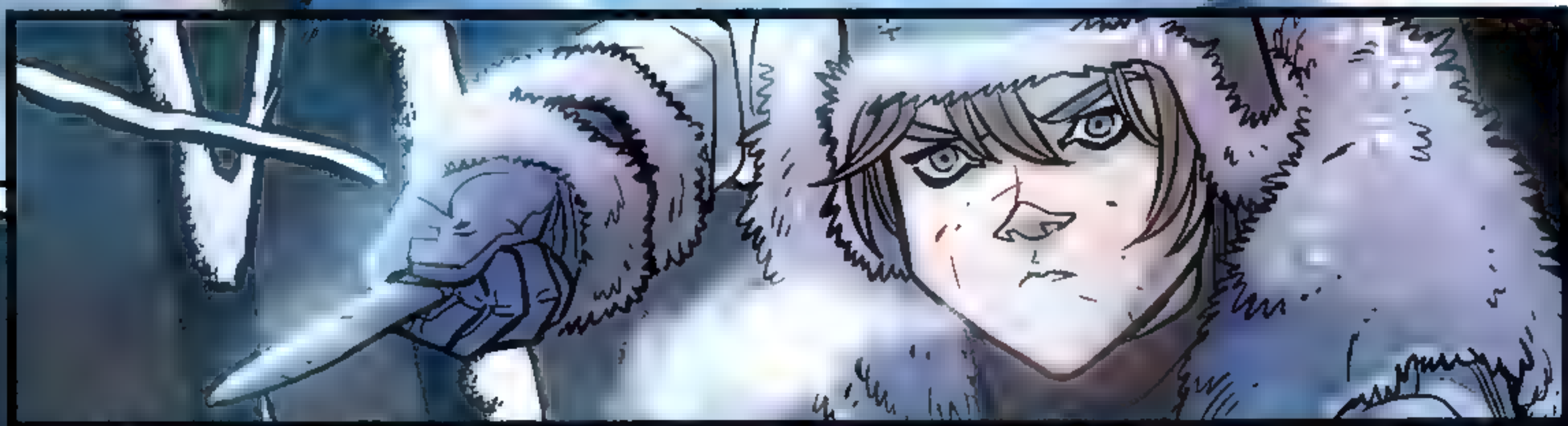
Hey, I have to drop in at R&D to check on something. Come with me.

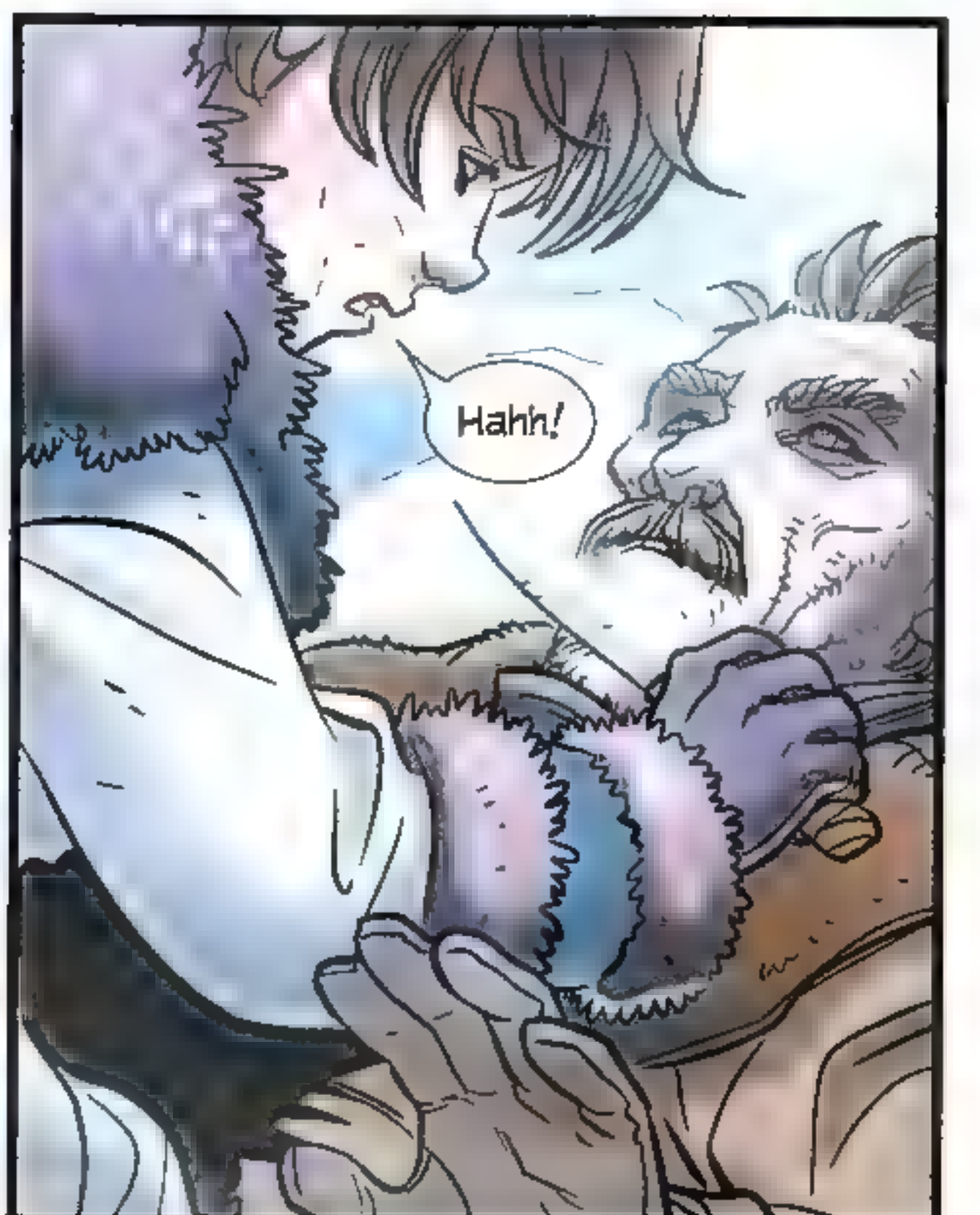
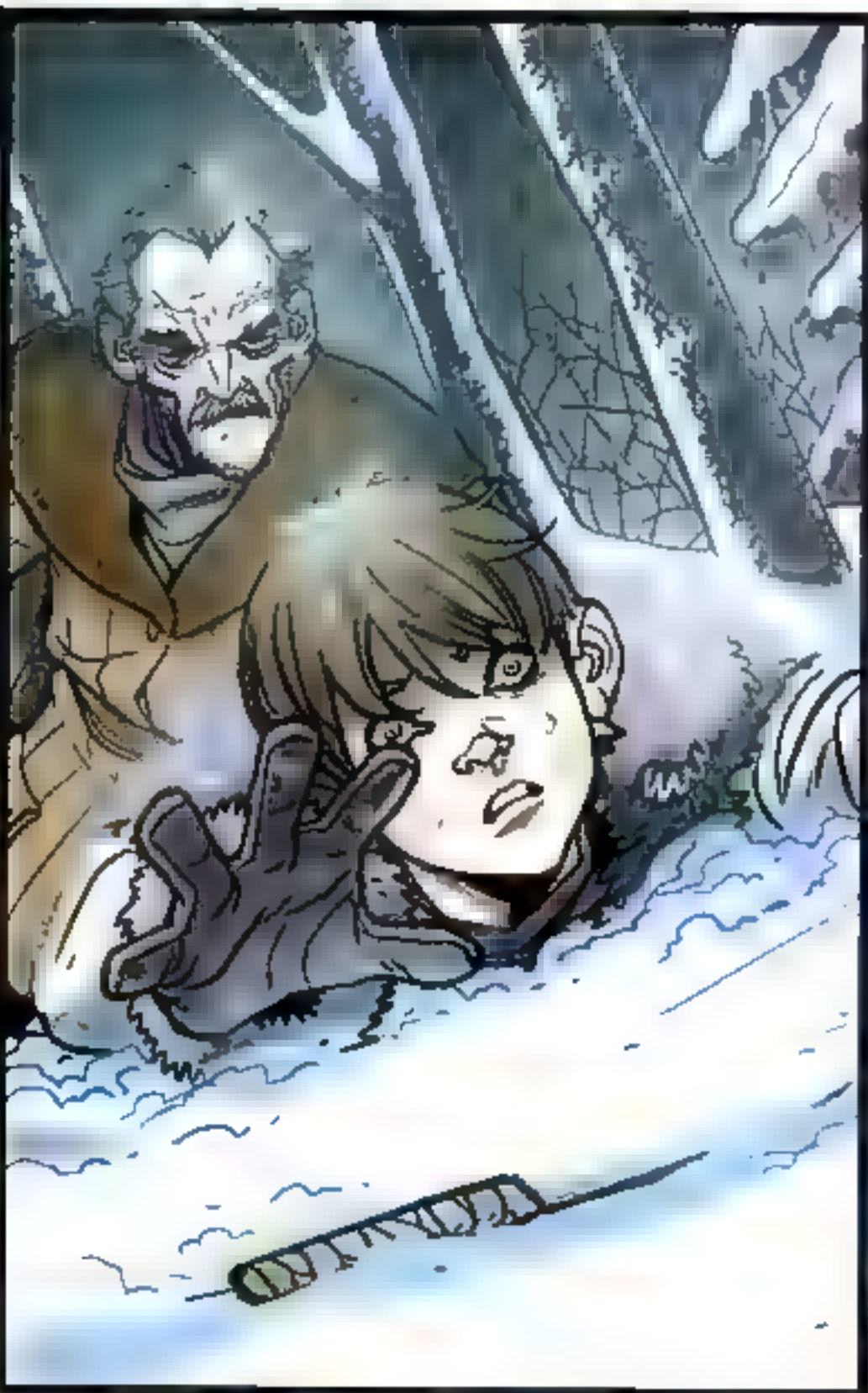
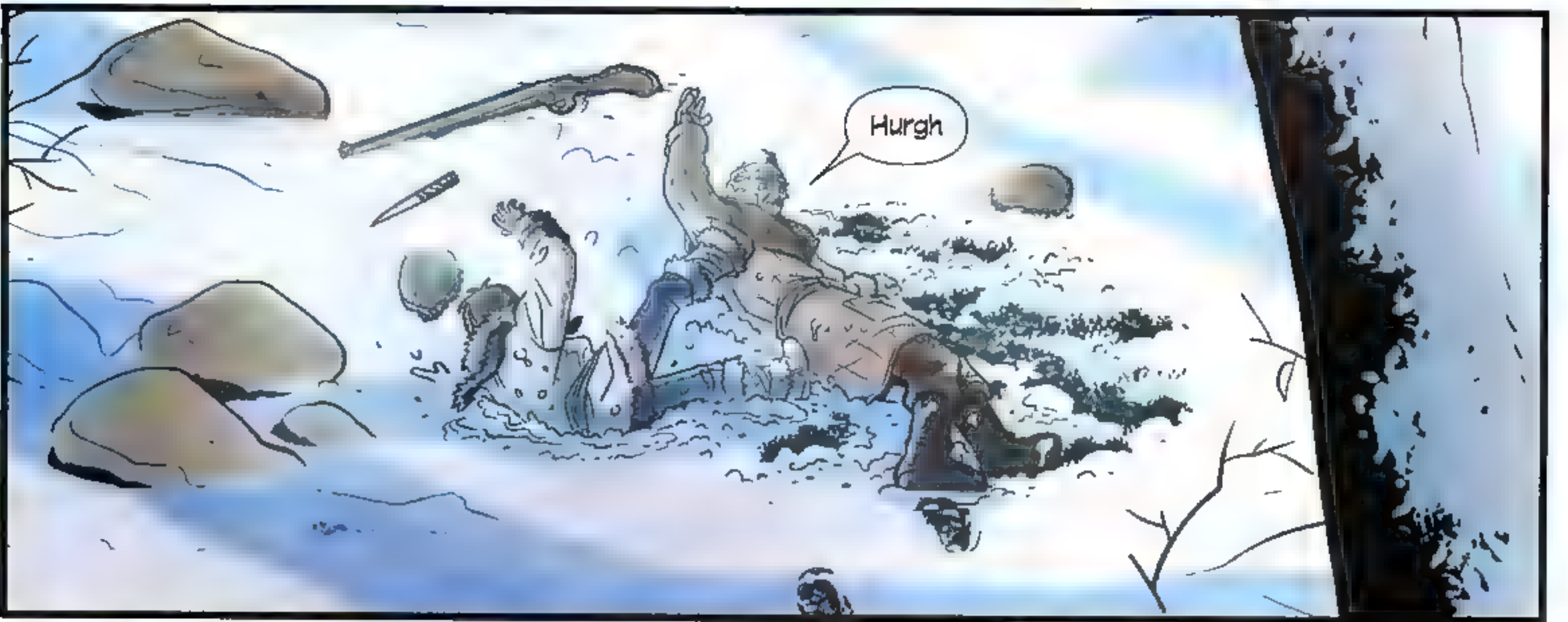


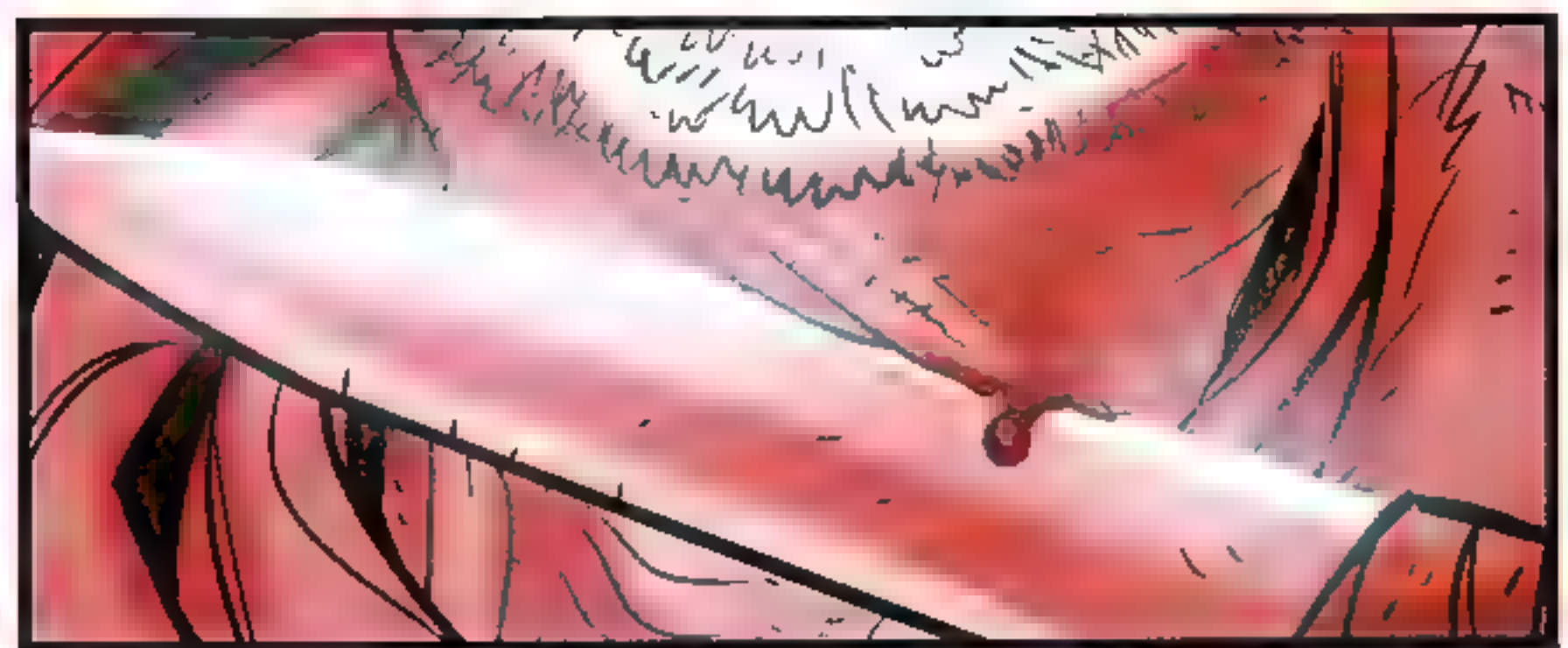
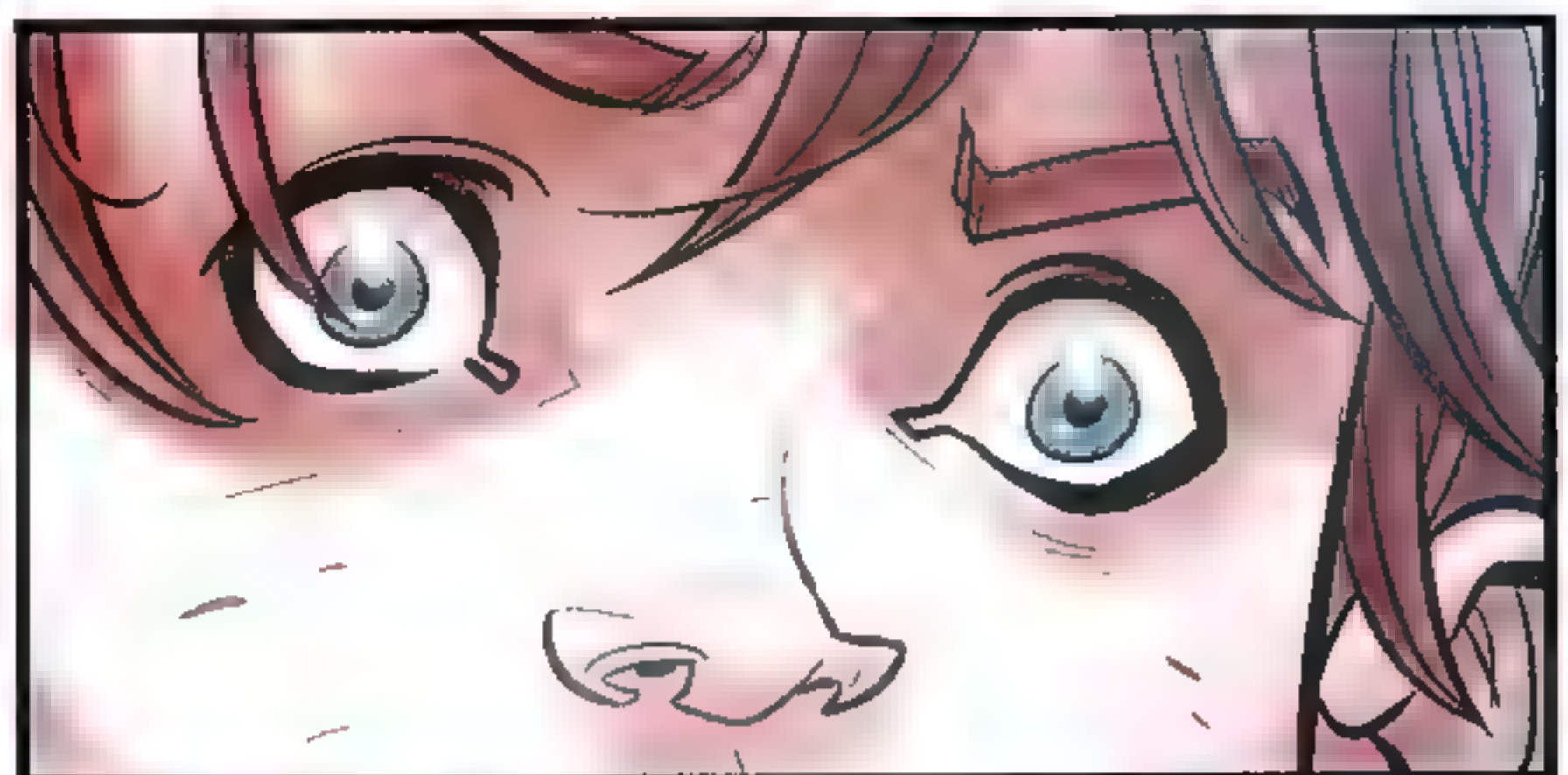
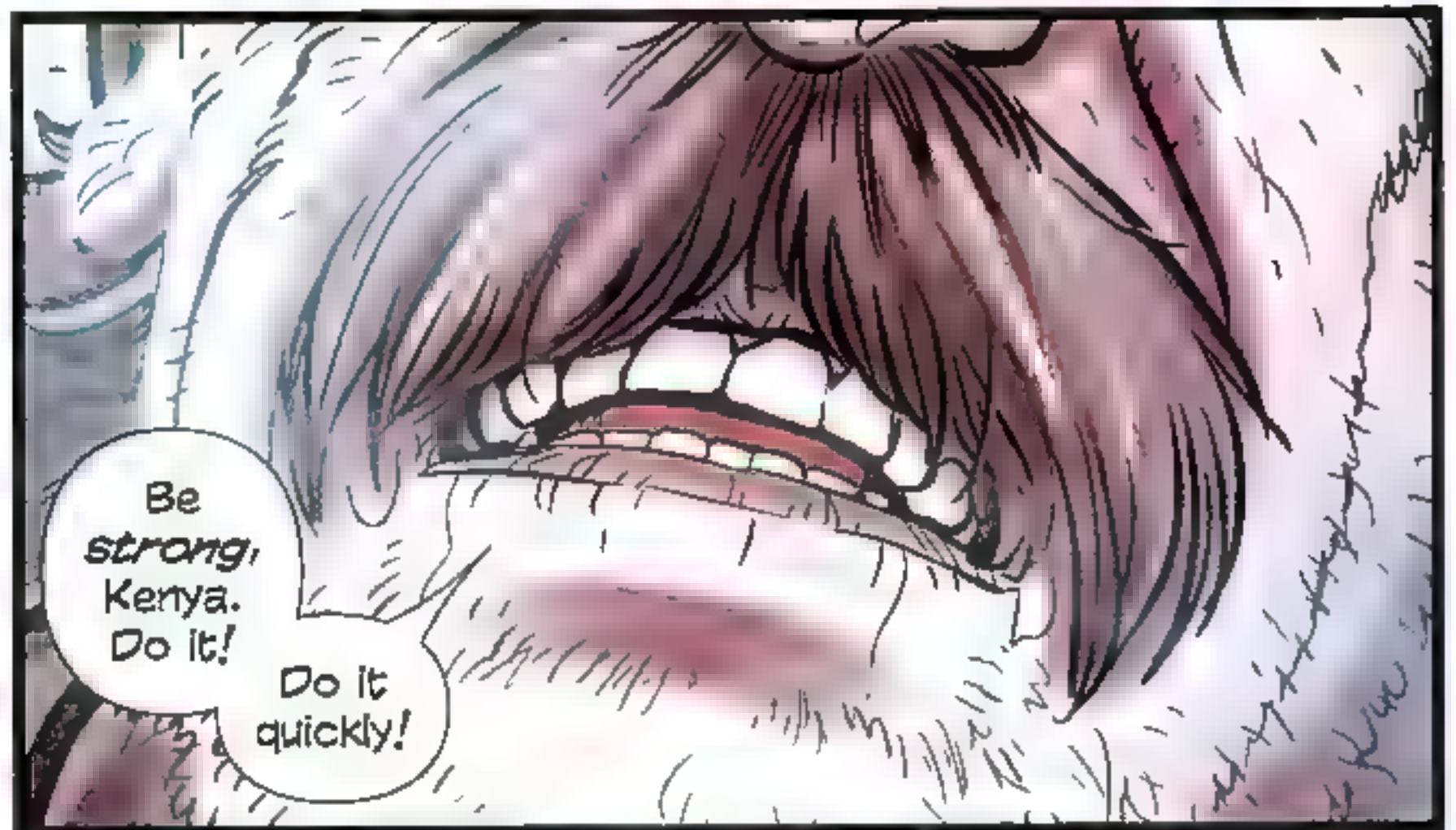
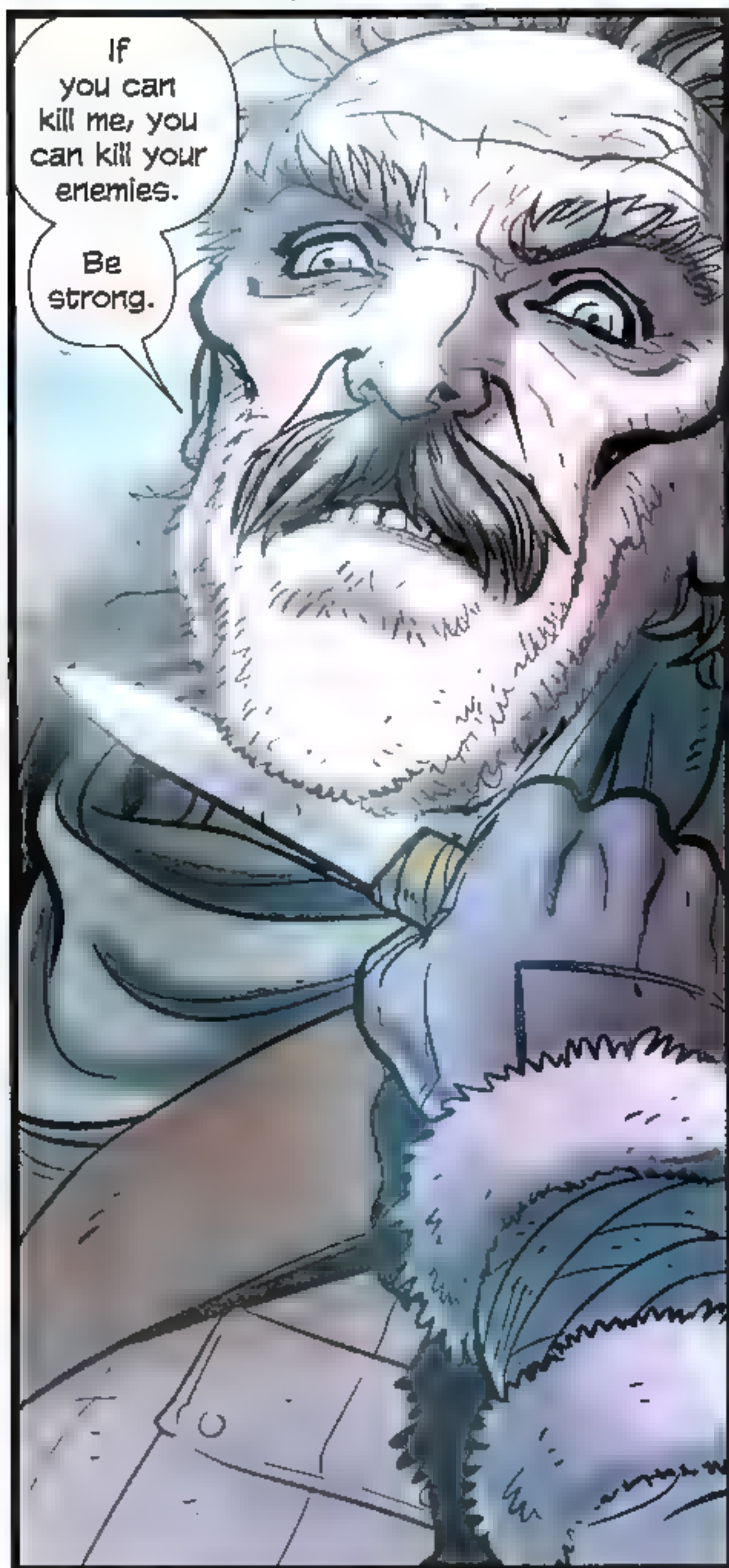
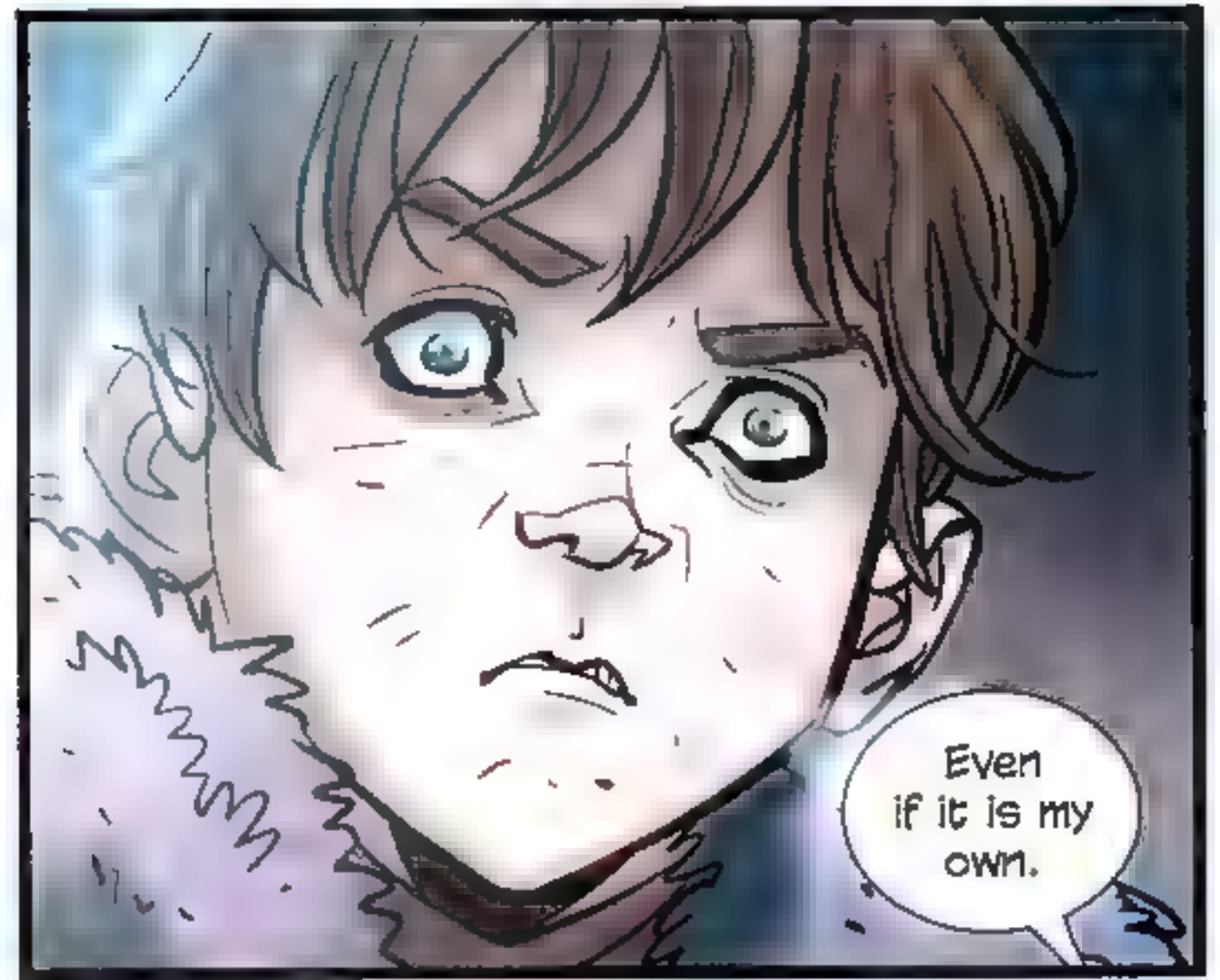




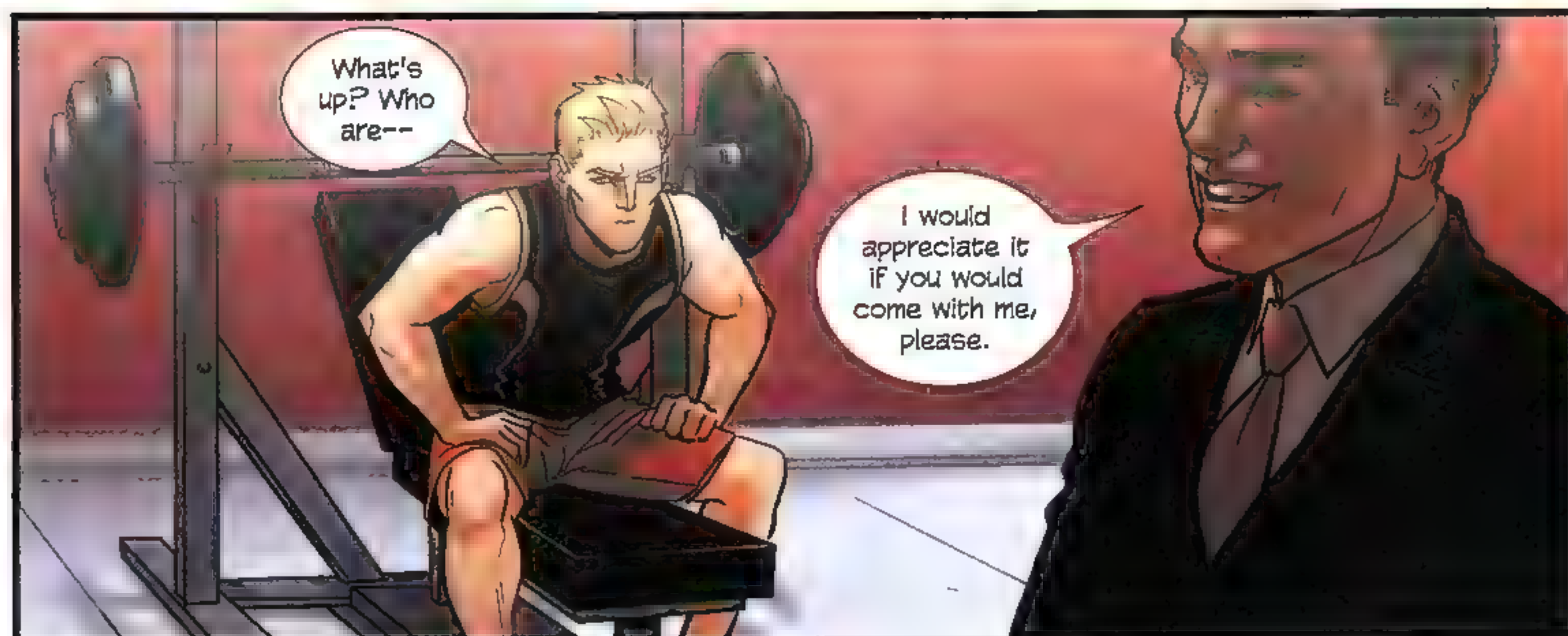
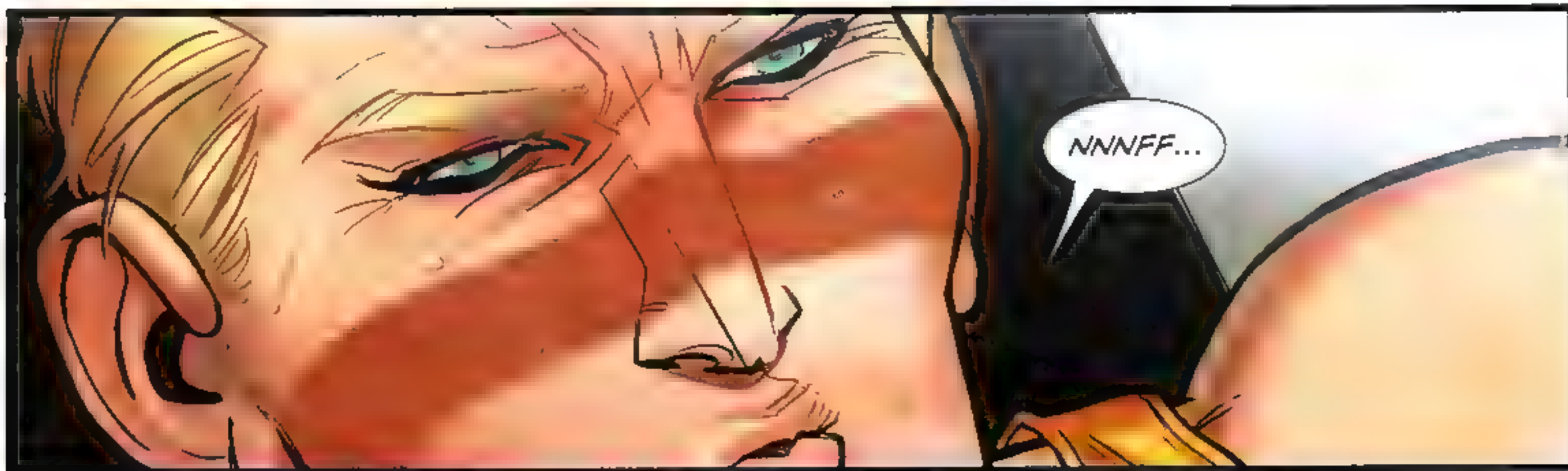


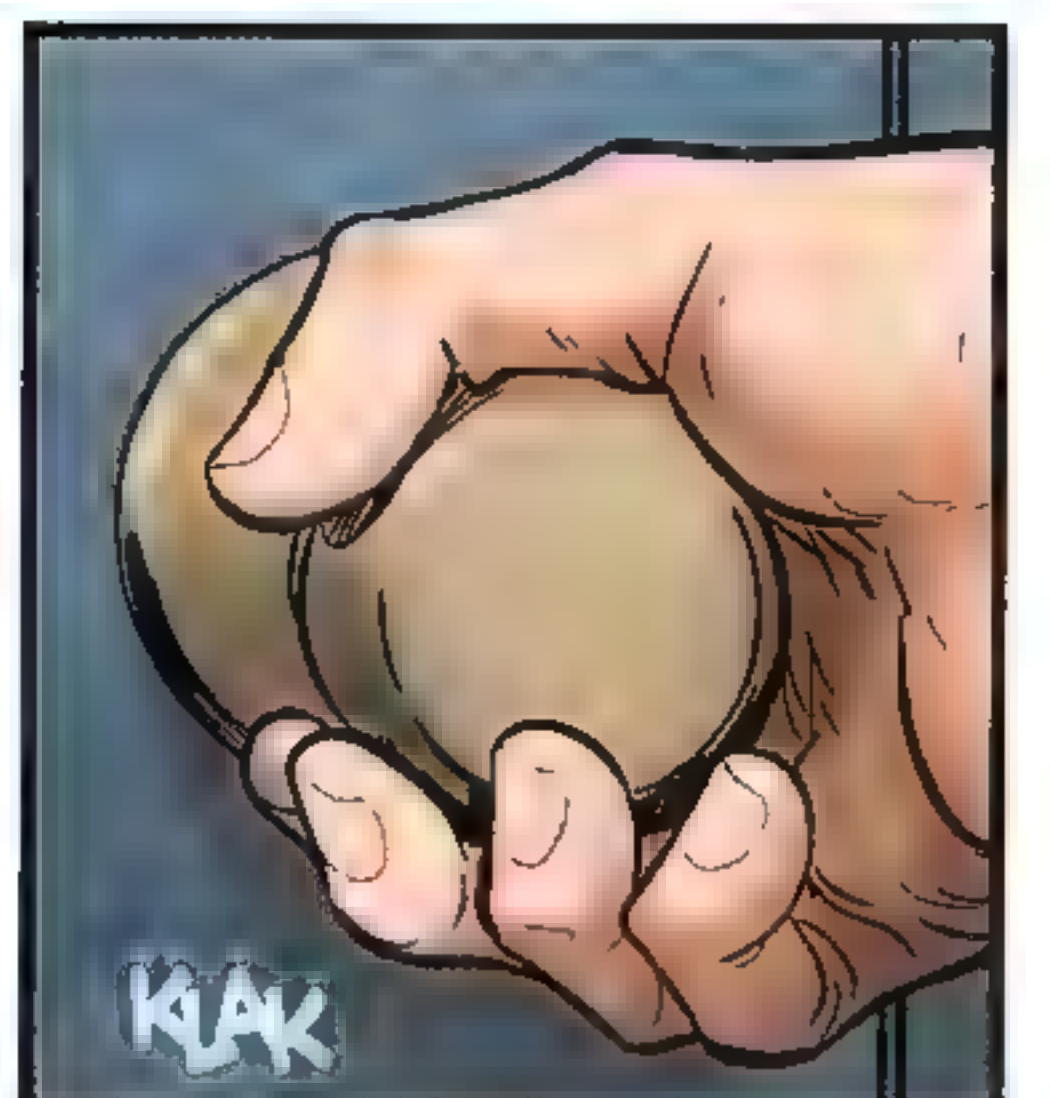
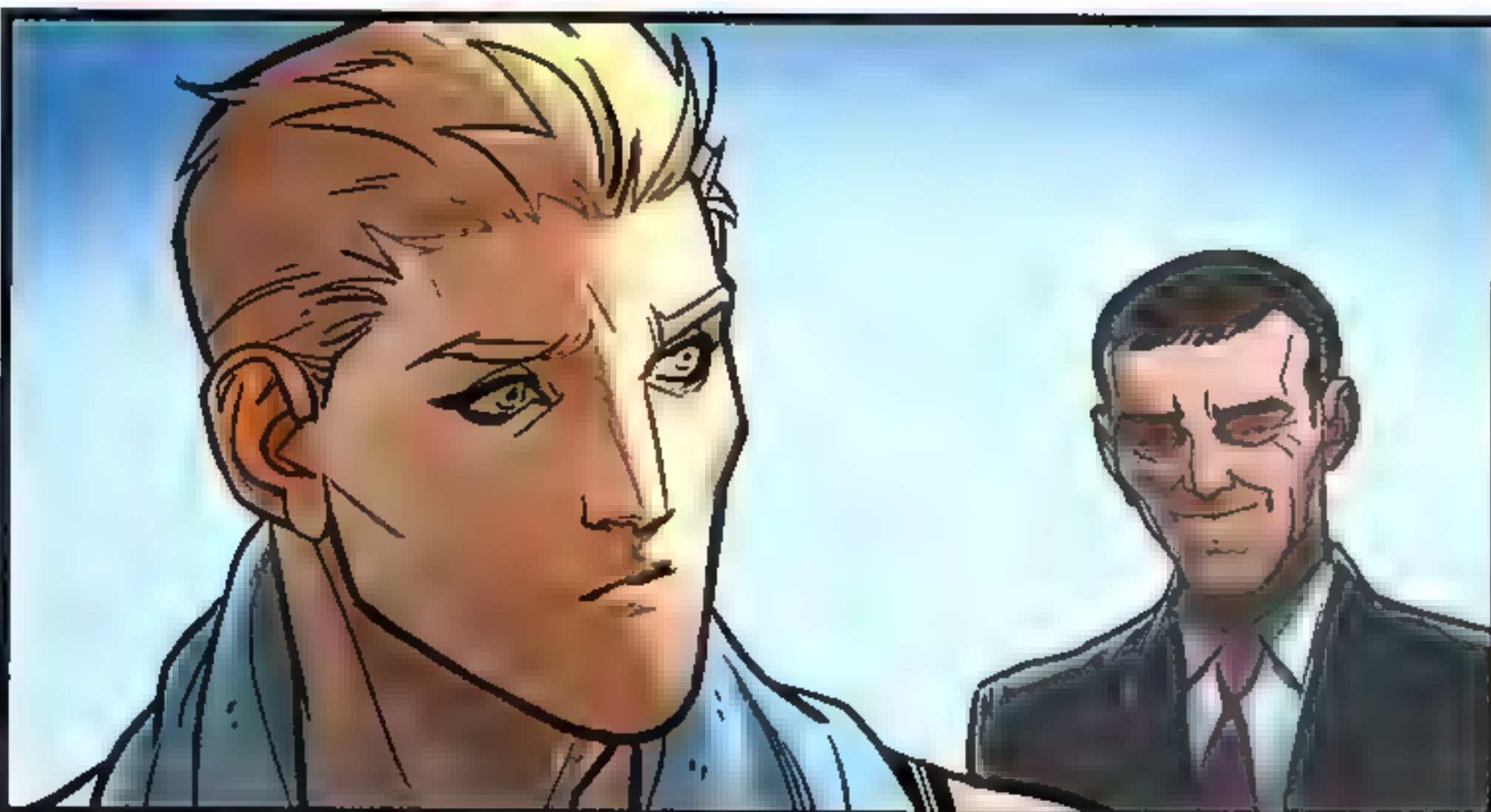


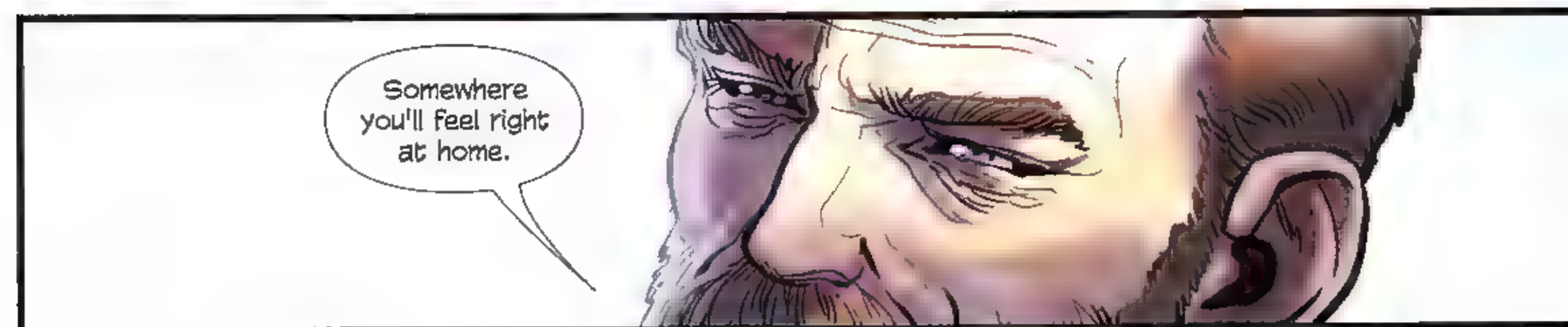
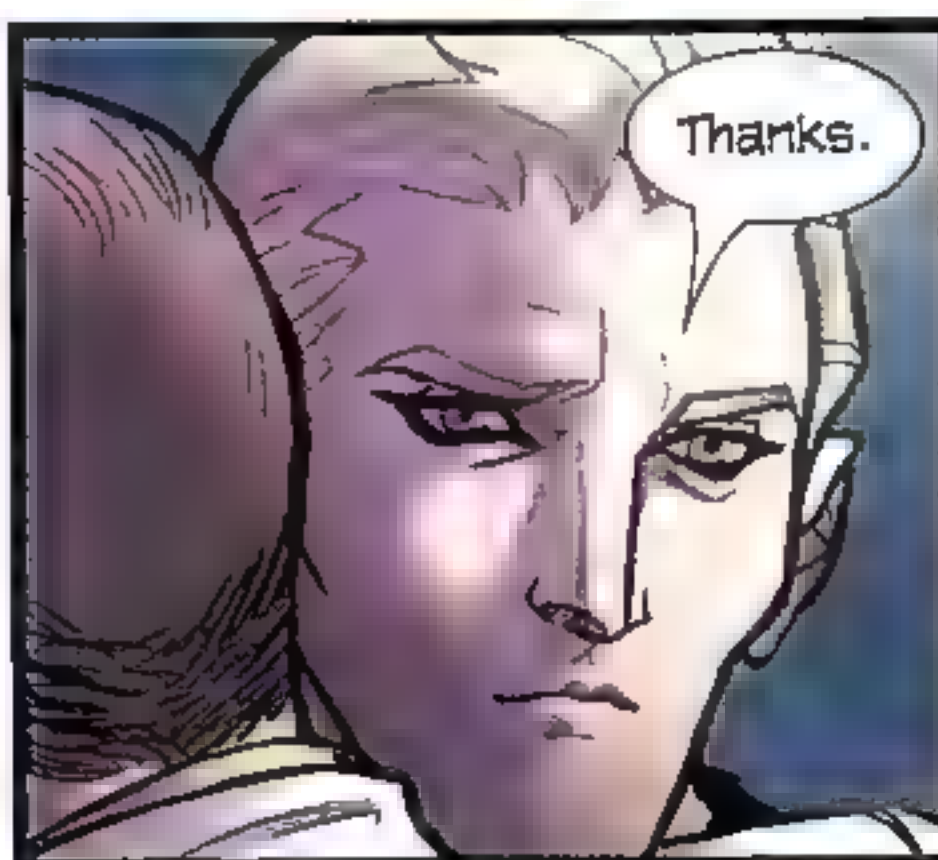










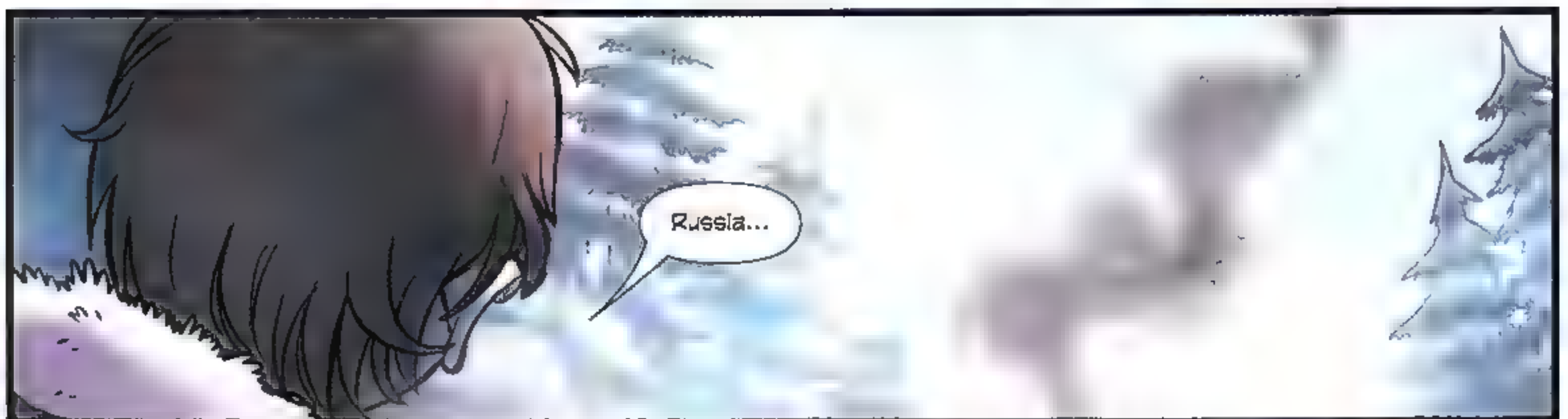




TIC







New Message 10/15/2002

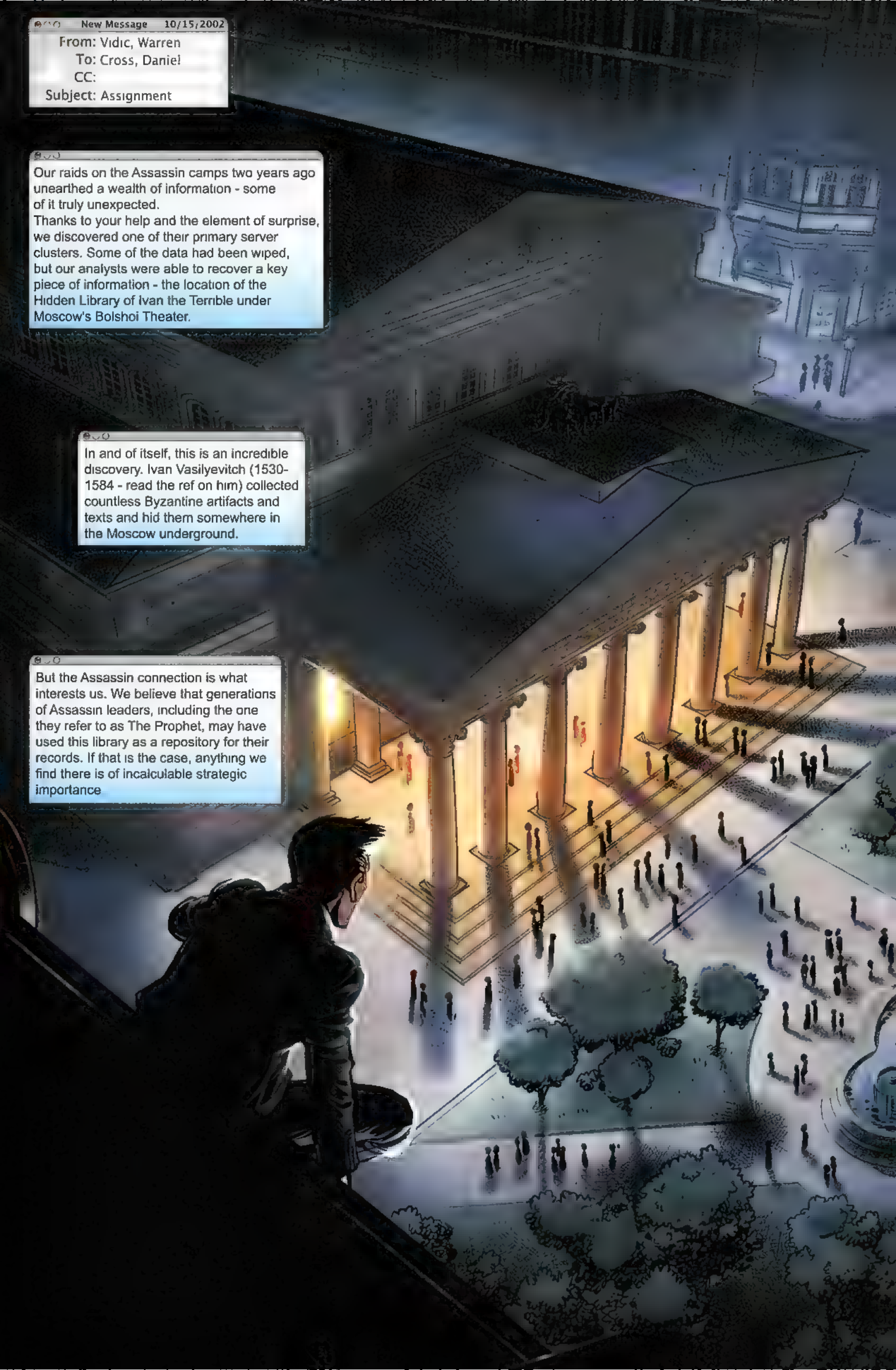
From: Vidic, Warren
To: Cross, Daniel
CC:
Subject: Assignment

Our raids on the Assassin camps two years ago unearthed a wealth of information - some of it truly unexpected.

Thanks to your help and the element of surprise, we discovered one of their primary server clusters. Some of the data had been wiped, but our analysts were able to recover a key piece of information - the location of the Hidden Library of Ivan the Terrible under Moscow's Bolshoi Theater.

In and of itself, this is an incredible discovery. Ivan Vasilyevitch (1530-1584 - read the ref on him) collected countless Byzantine artifacts and texts and hid them somewhere in the Moscow underground.

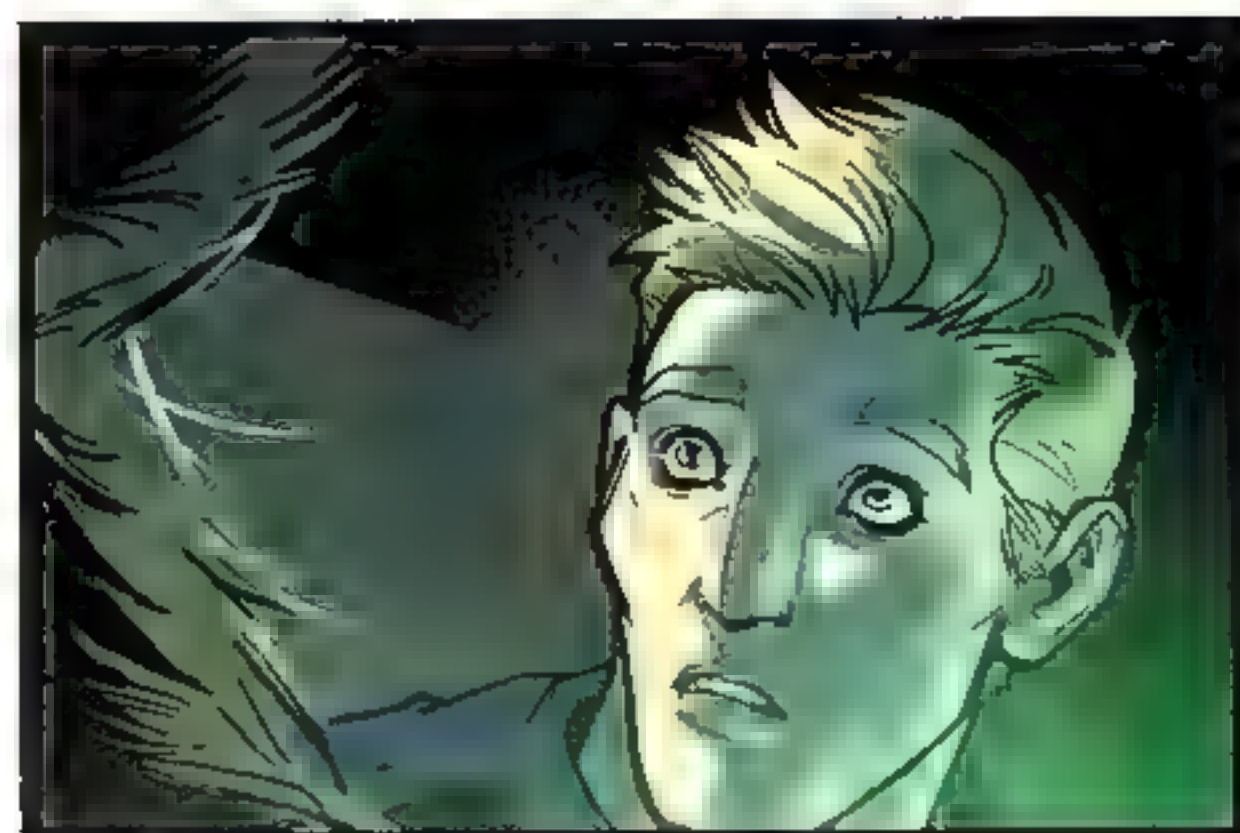
But the Assassin connection is what interests us. We believe that generations of Assassin leaders, including the one they refer to as The Prophet, may have used this library as a repository for their records. If that is the case, anything we find there is of incalculable strategic importance

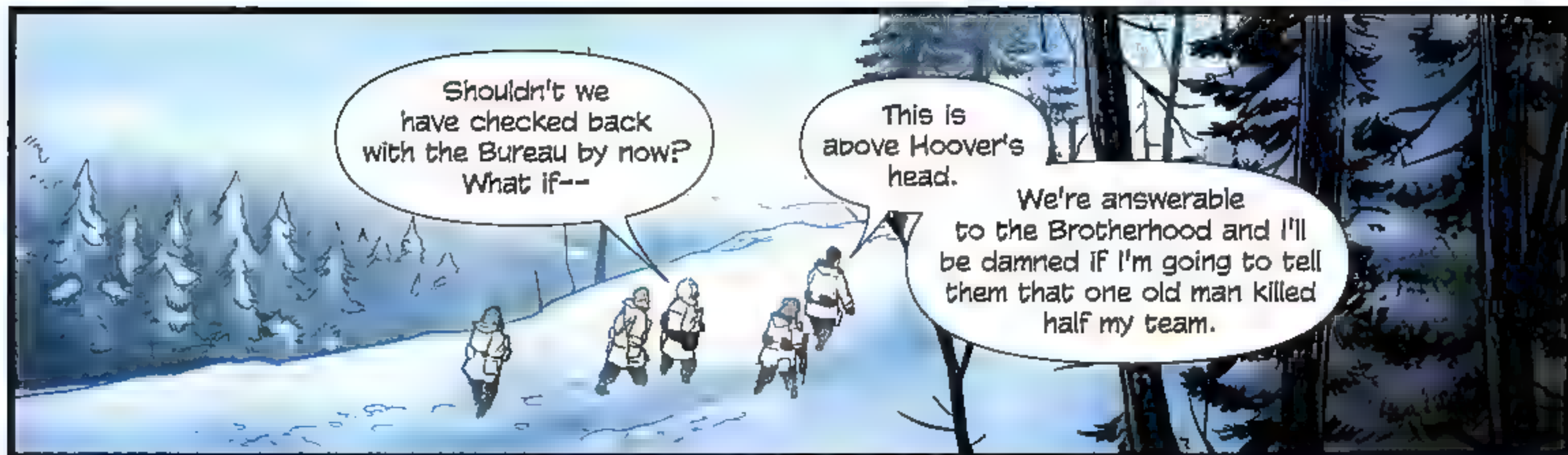


Our local intel suggests that there's not much in the way of security on street level, but don't take any chances, Daniel. The simplest thing would be to attend a show. Blend in with the crowd.



* <"EXCUSE ME" > *

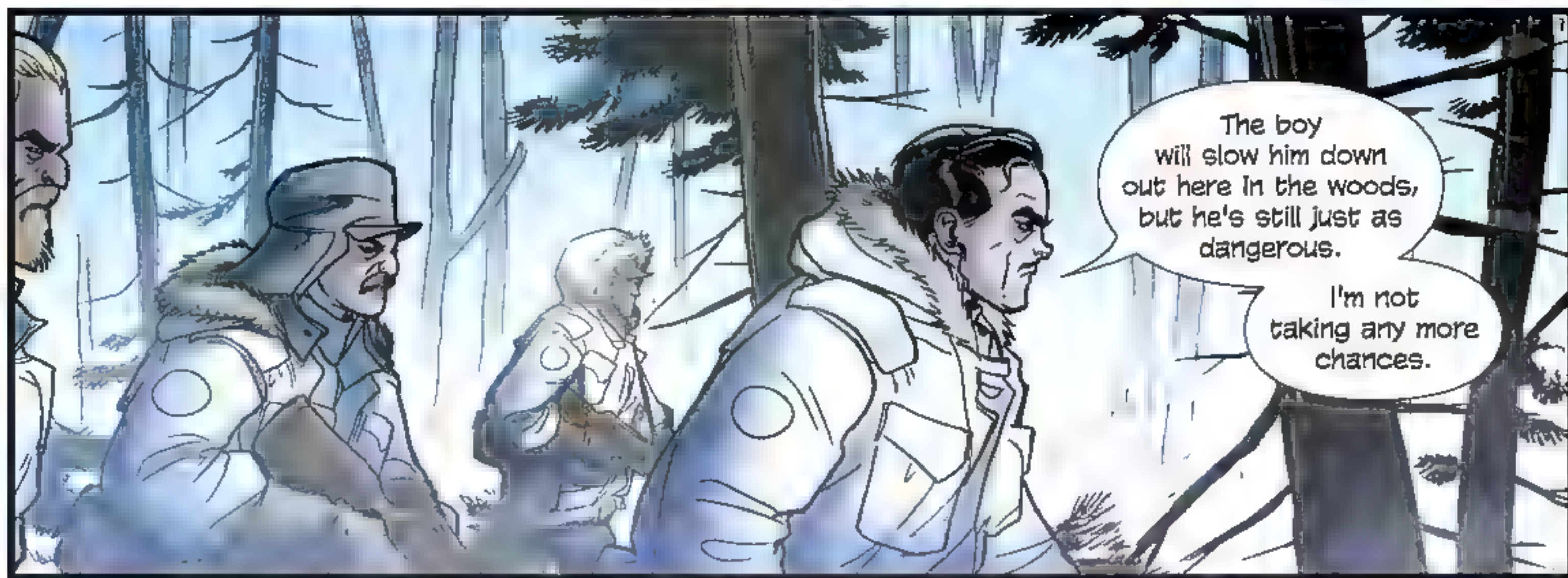




Shouldn't we have checked back with the Bureau by now? What if--

This is above Hoover's head.

We're answerable to the Brotherhood and I'll be damned if I'm going to tell them that one old man killed half my team.



The boy will slow him down out here in the woods, but he's still just as dangerous.

I'm not taking any more chances.



HSST. Hold up.

Still smoking. They can't be far away.



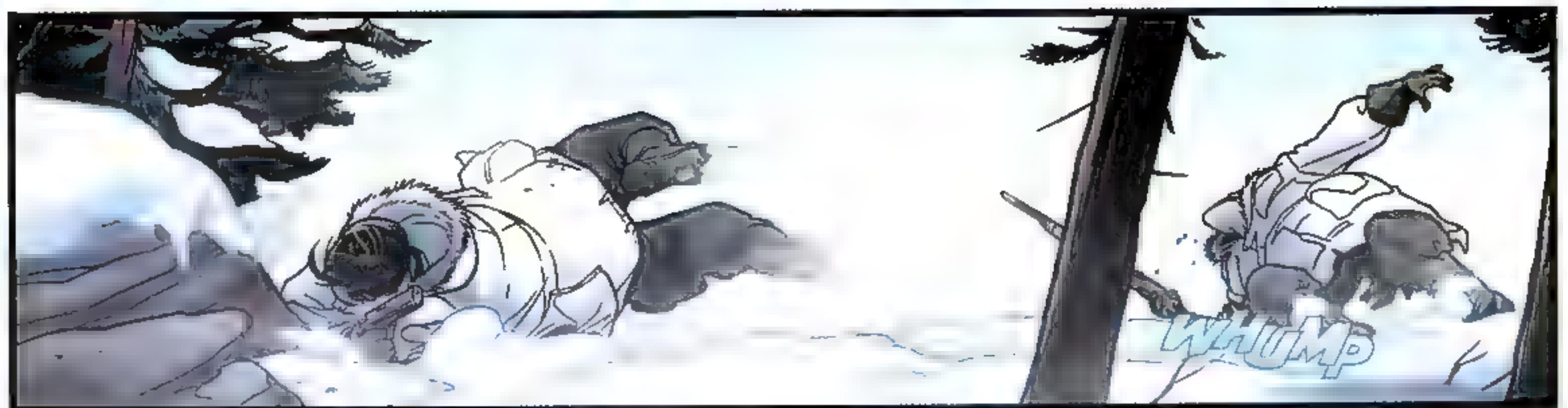
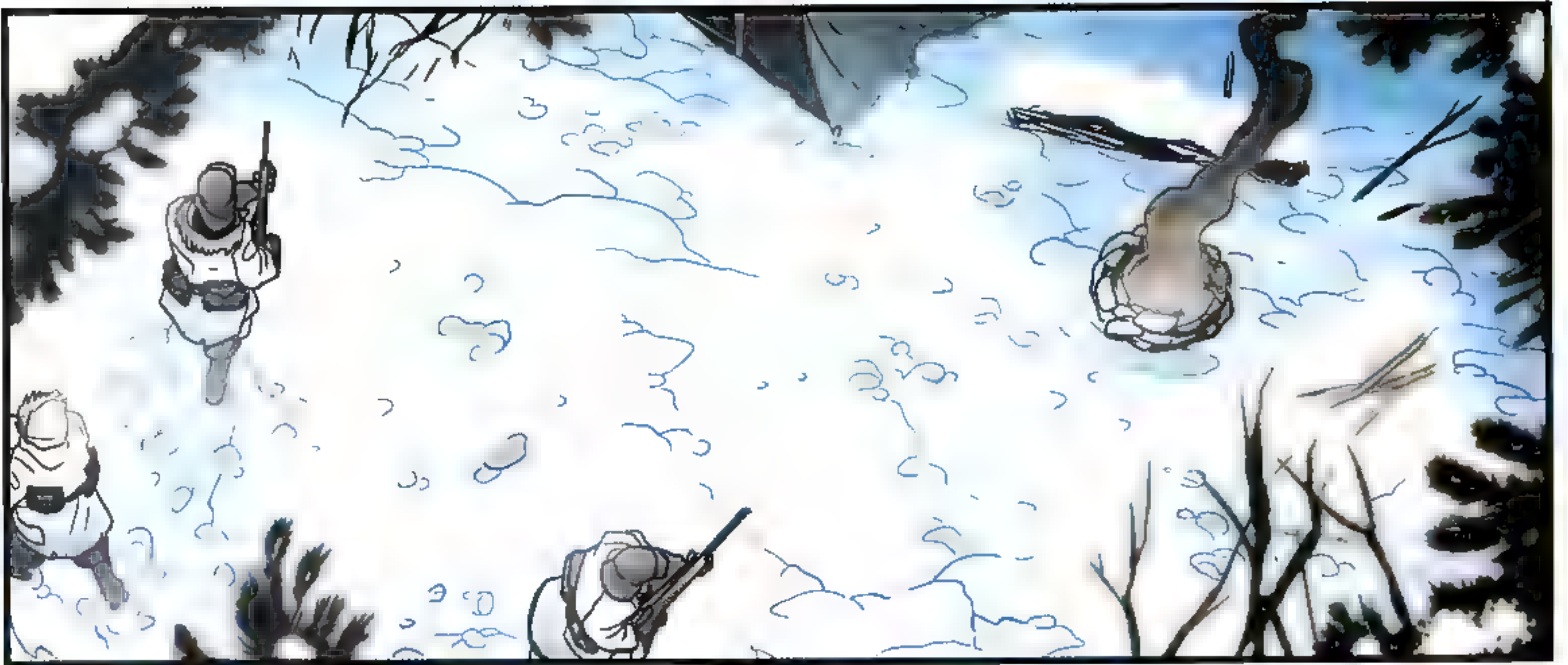
Surround the camp and look for tracks in and out.

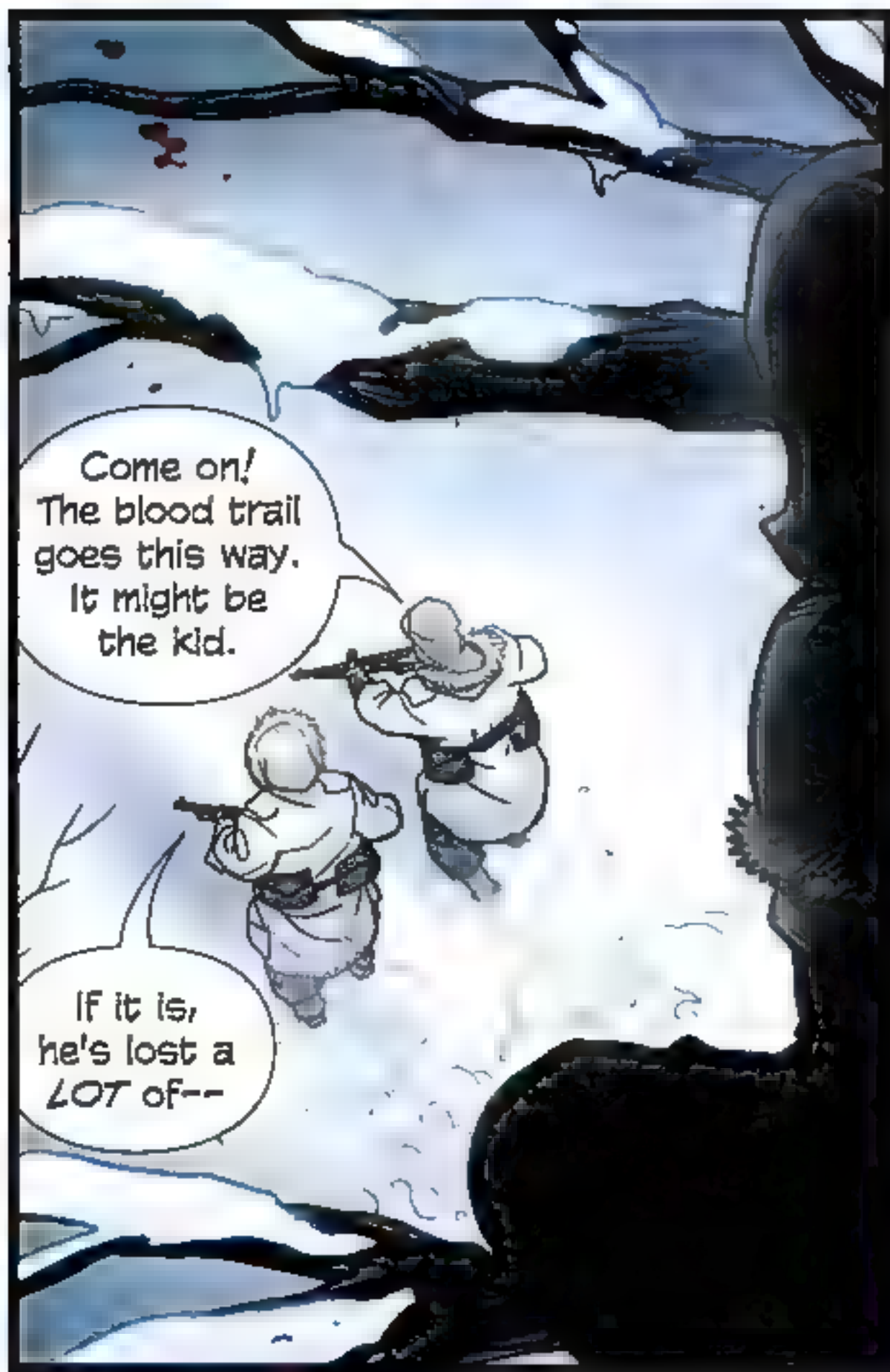
I don't want anyone charging in and setting off another damned bomb.

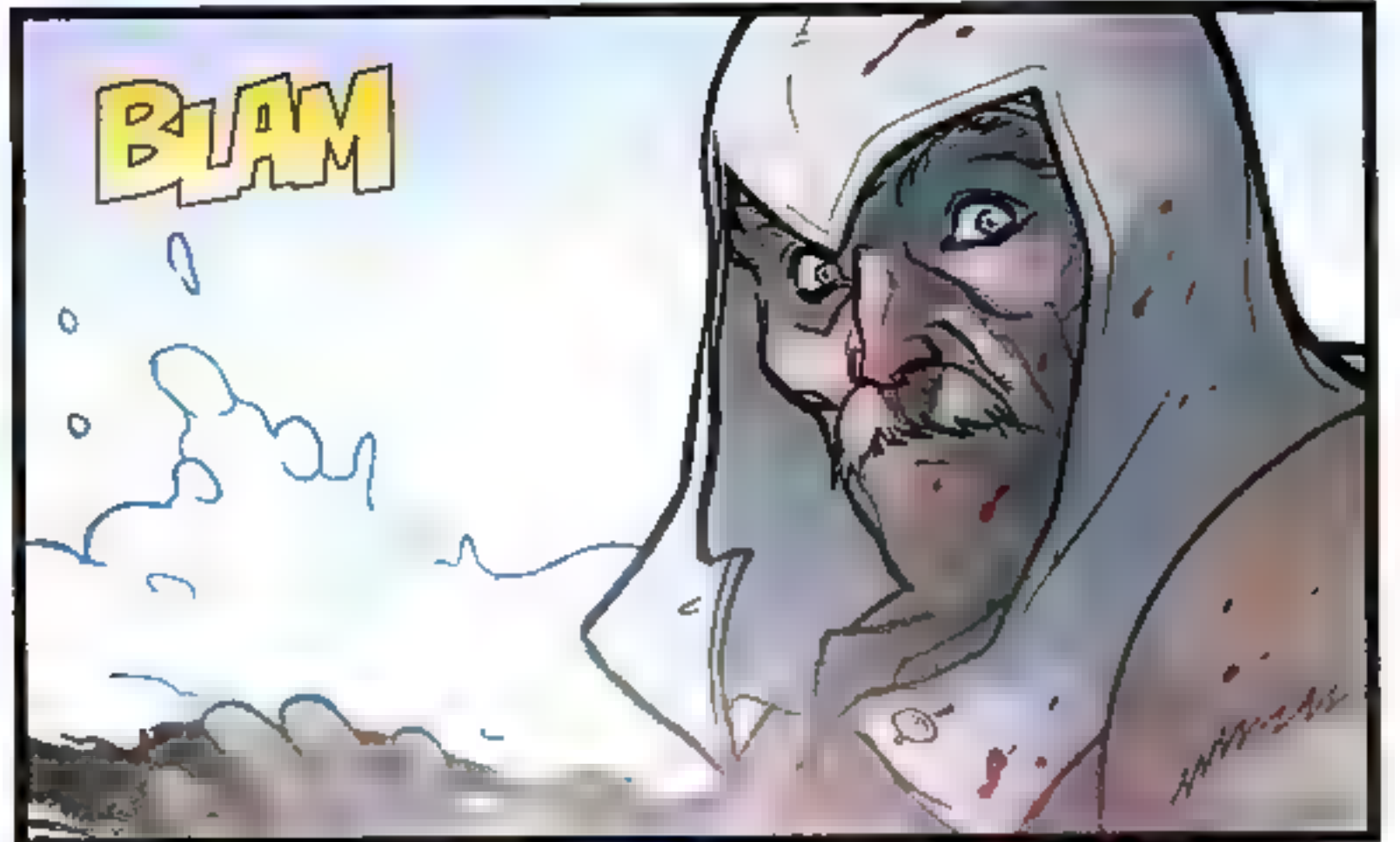
And I want Orelov alive. If you see him, shoot to maim.

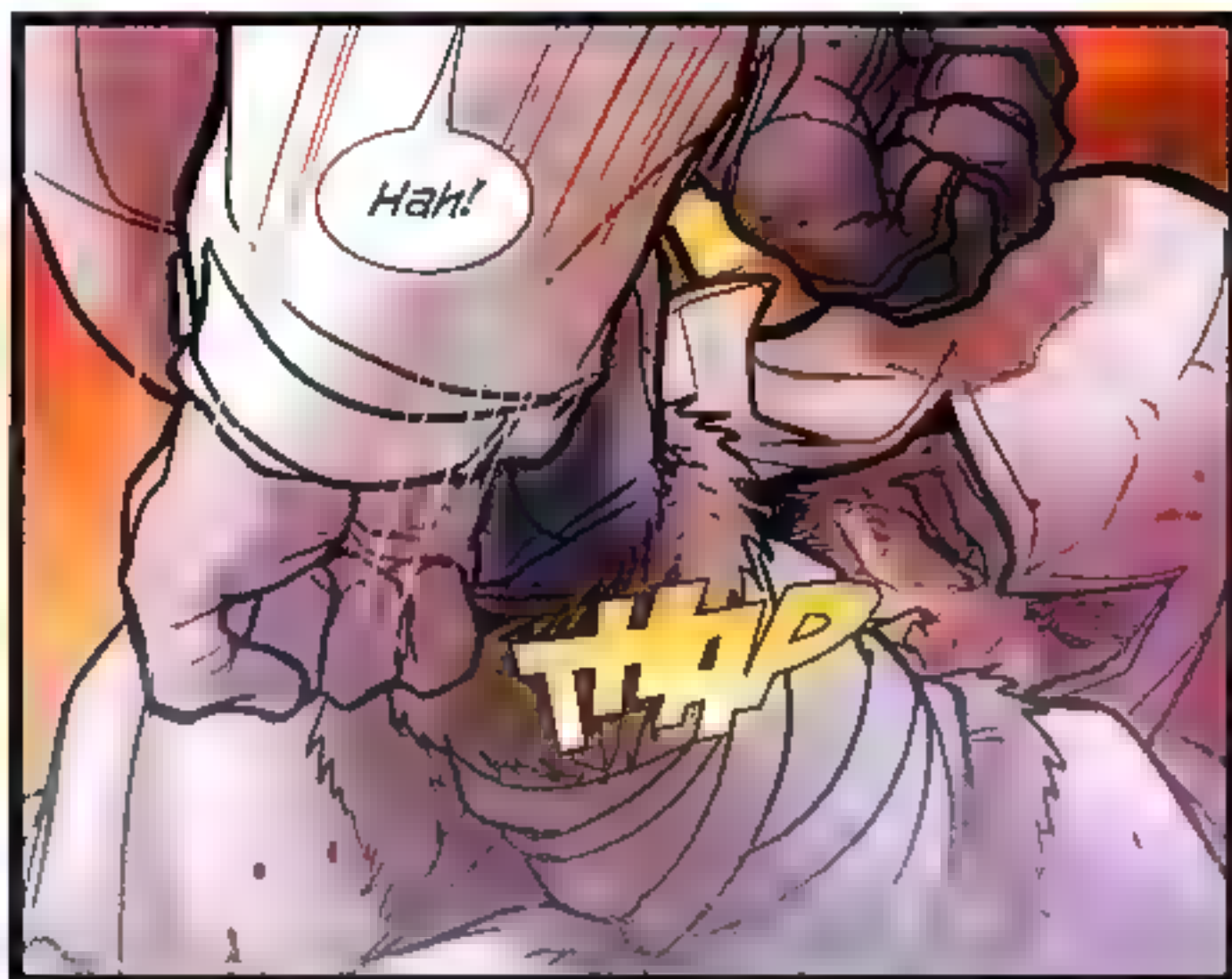


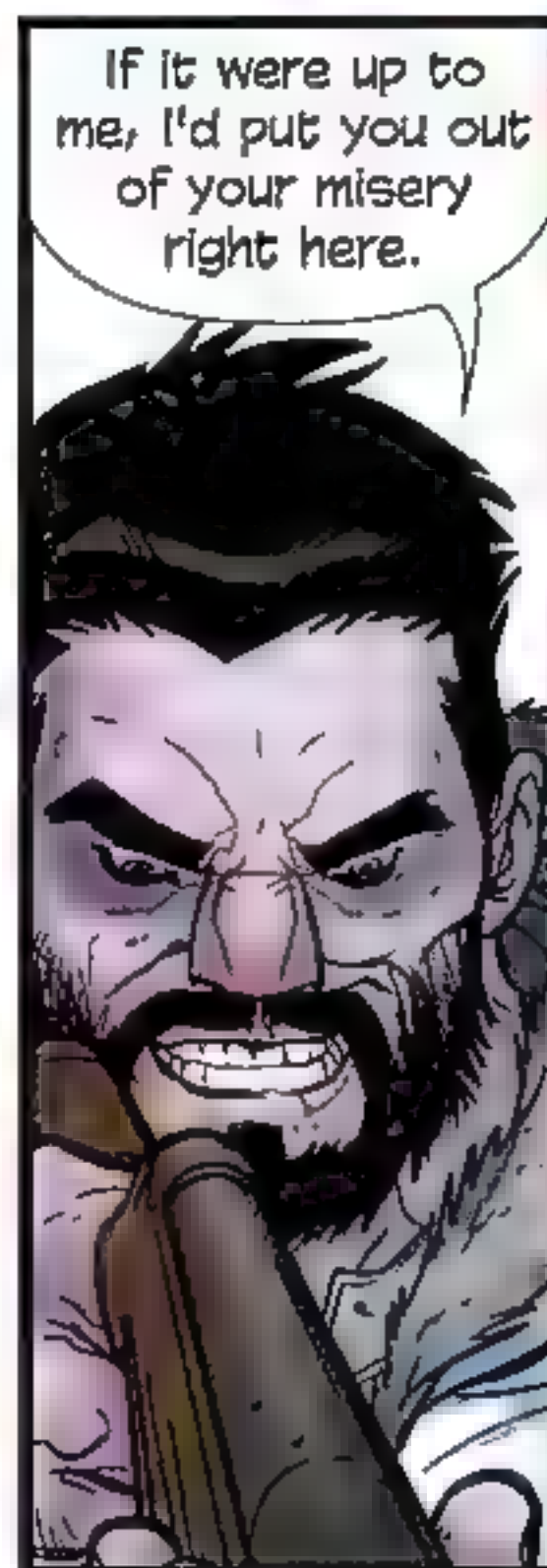
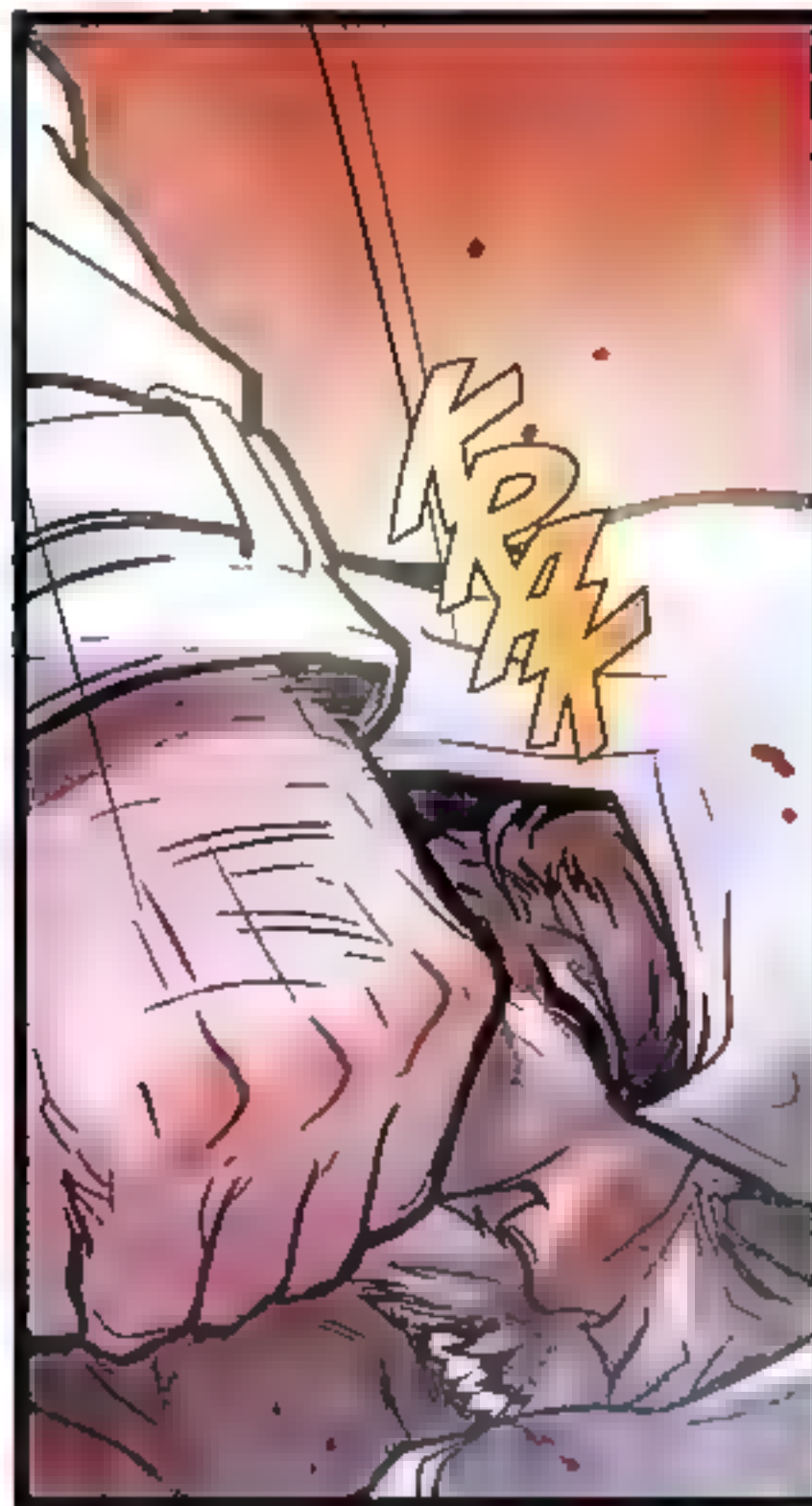
Same goes for the child.



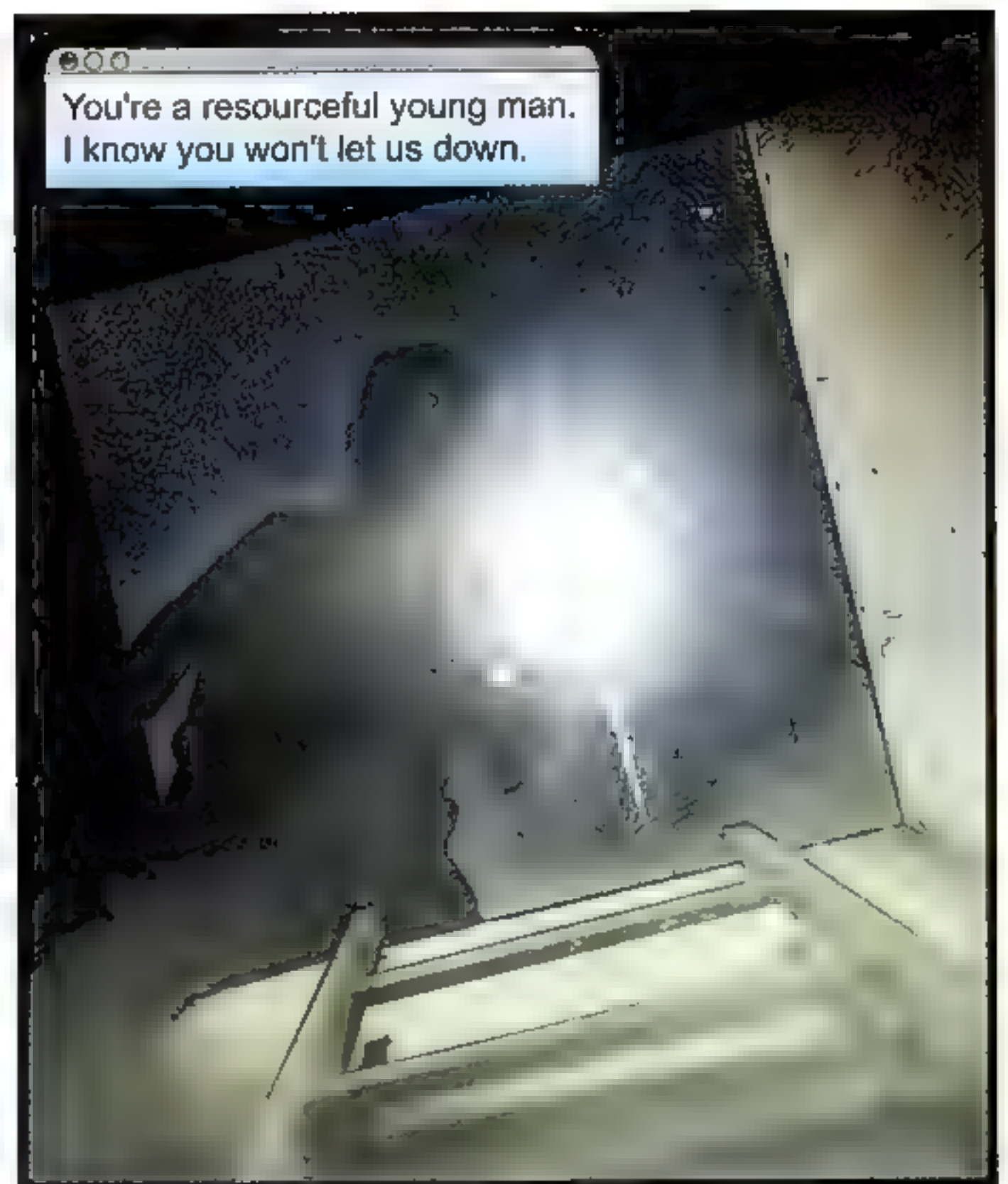
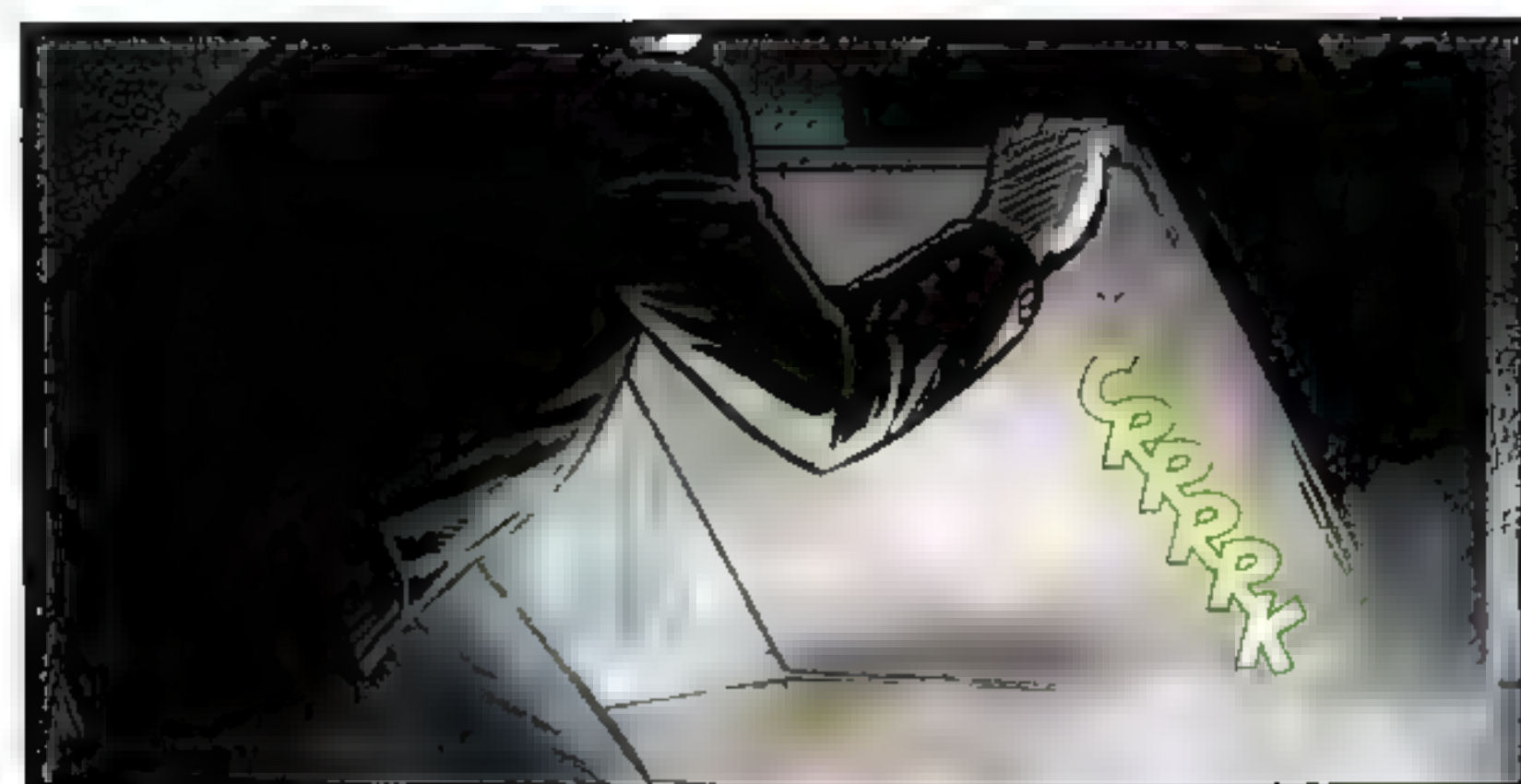
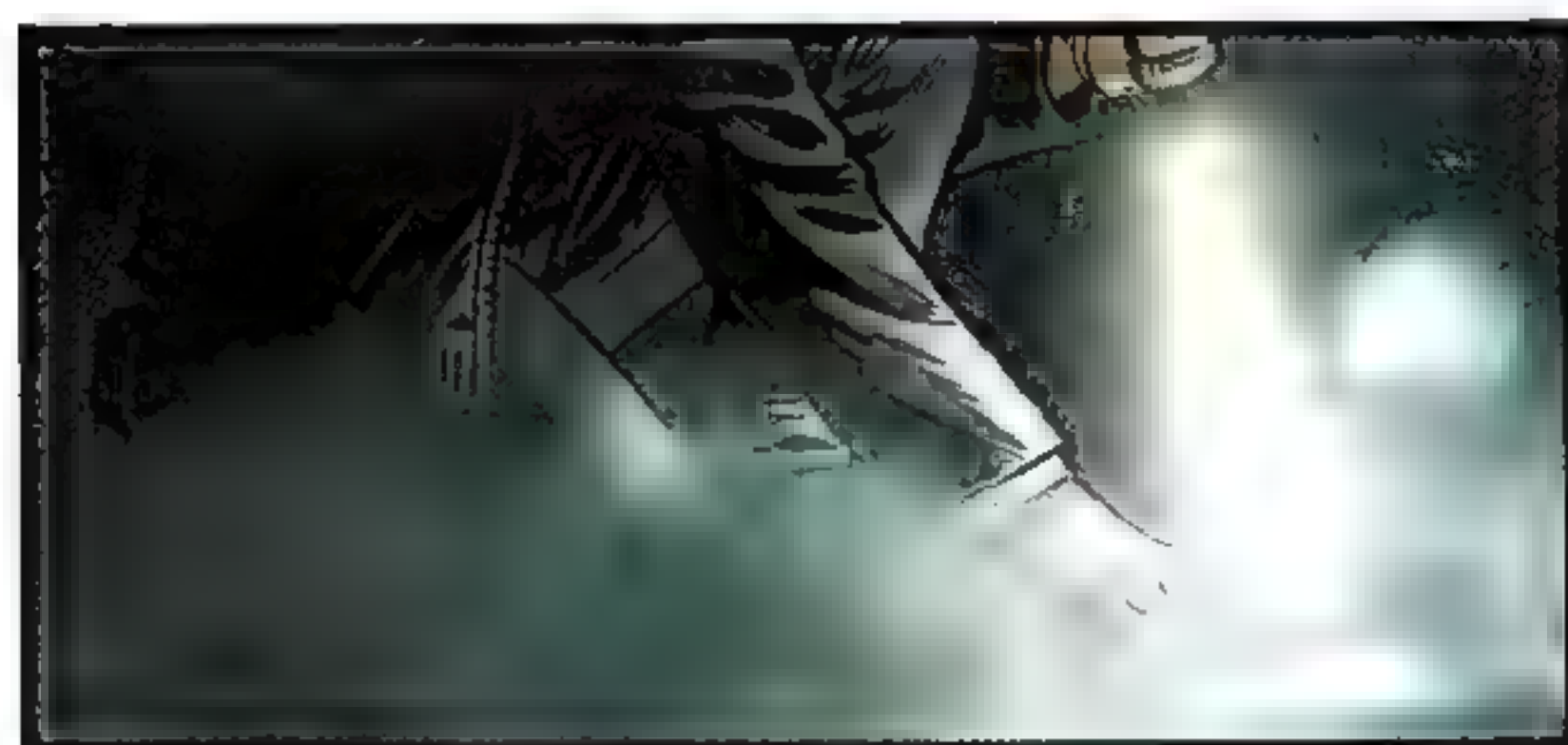
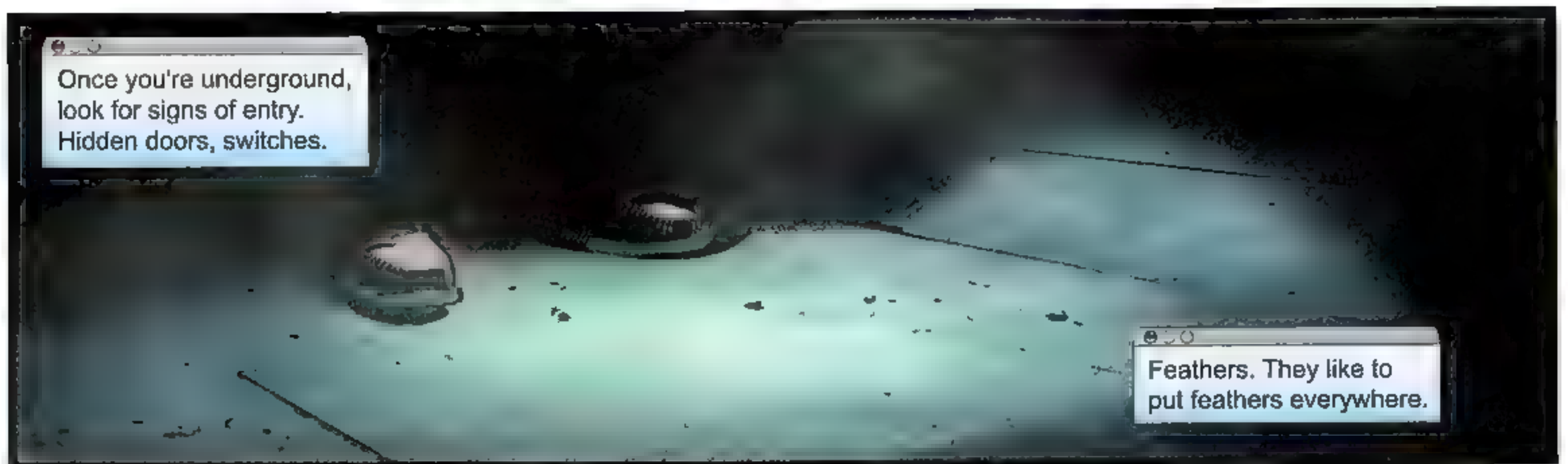
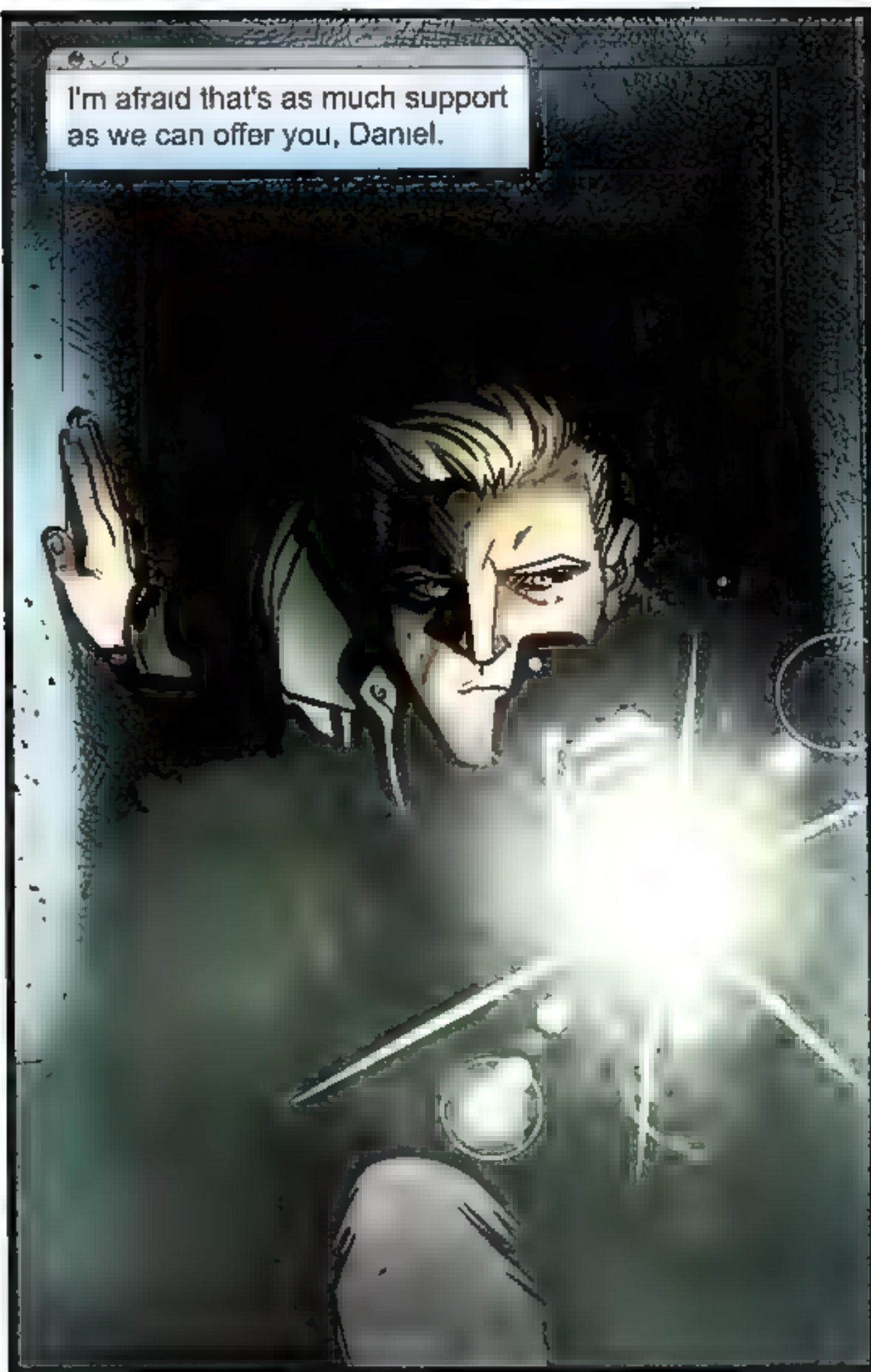




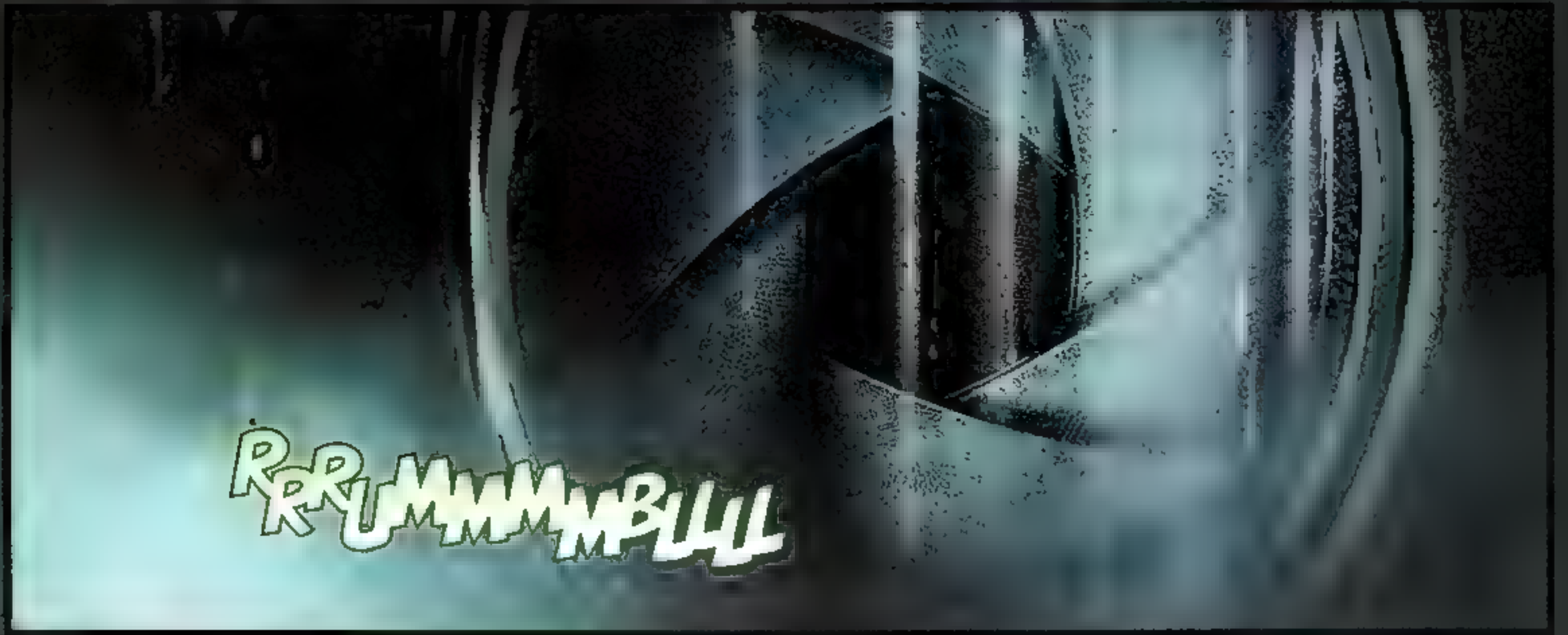






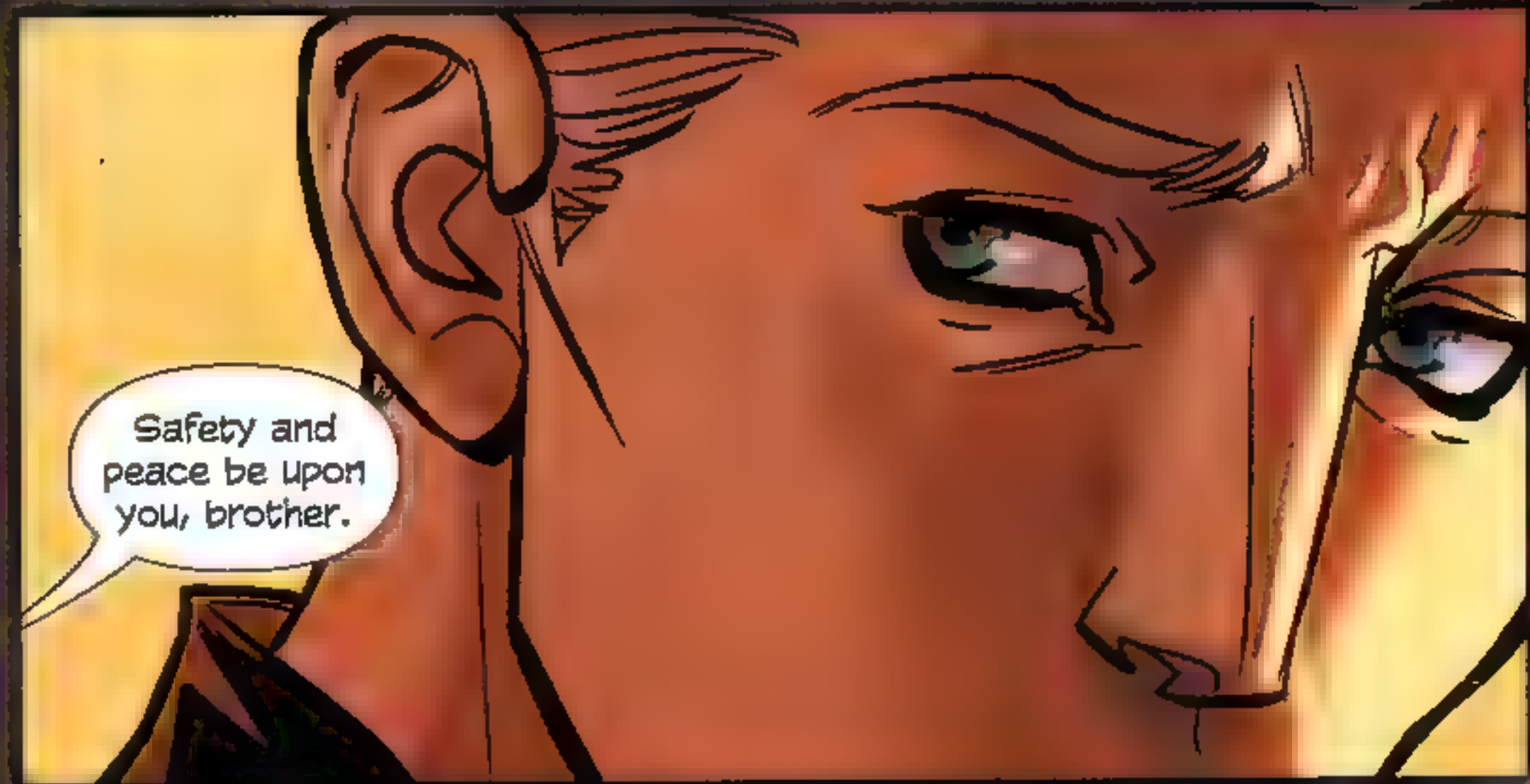




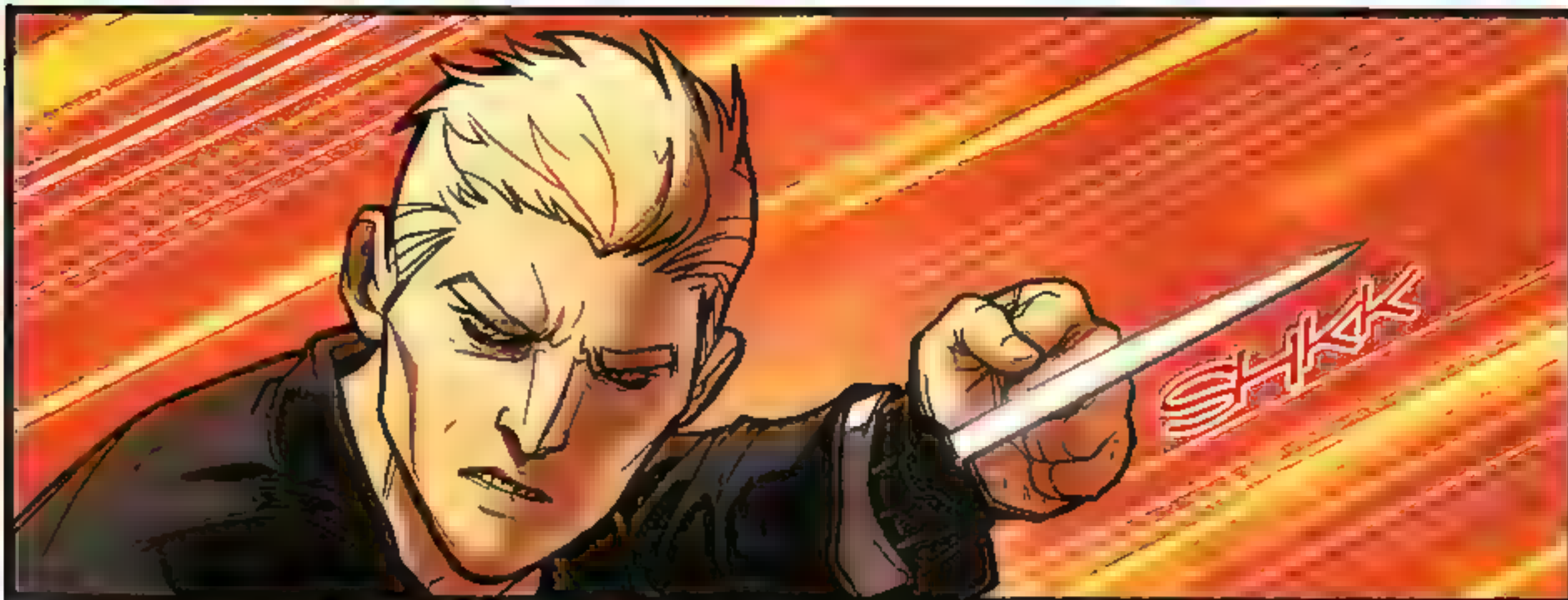




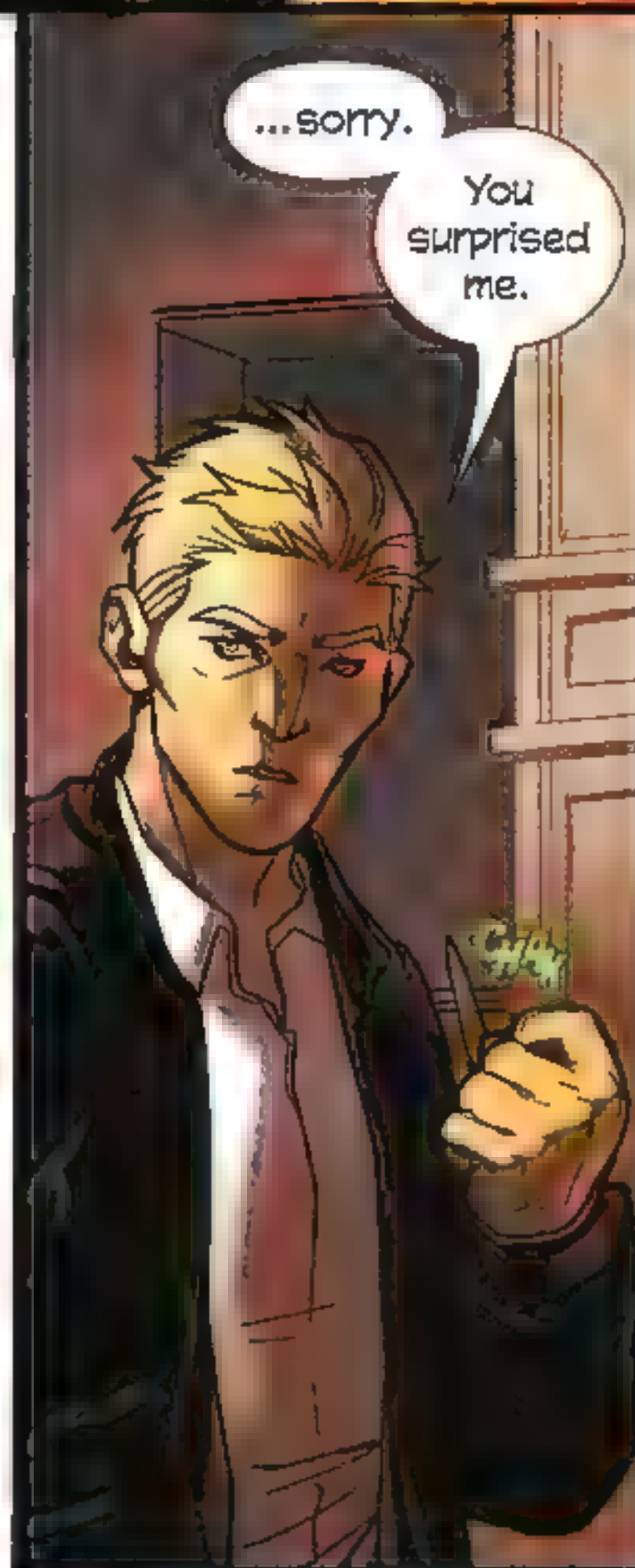
Wow.



Safety and peace be upon you, brother.



Whoa, whoa!
Safety and peace!
Safety and peace!
Take it easy!



...sorry.

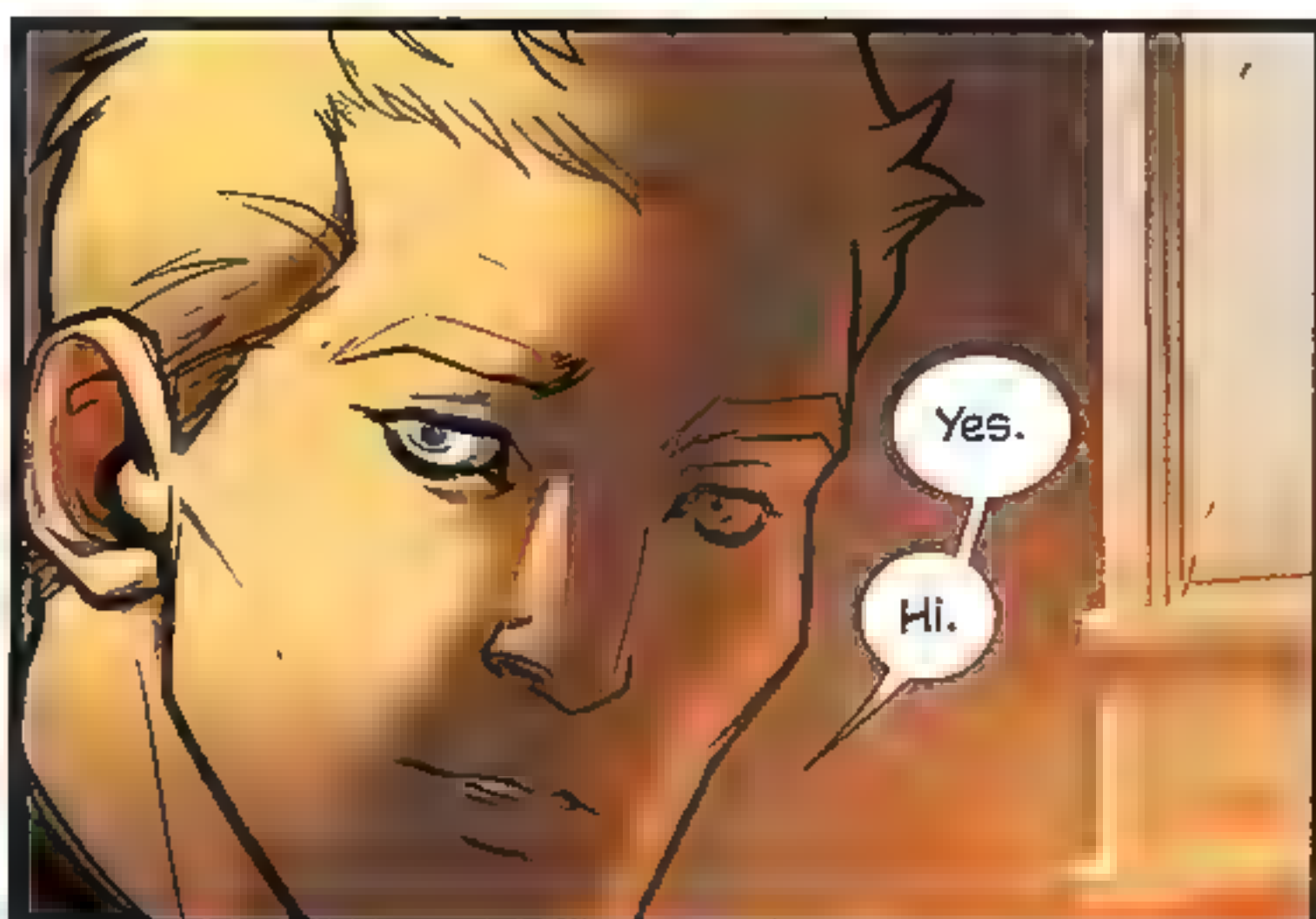
You
surprised
me.



It's cool.
I thought you'd
be Peter.

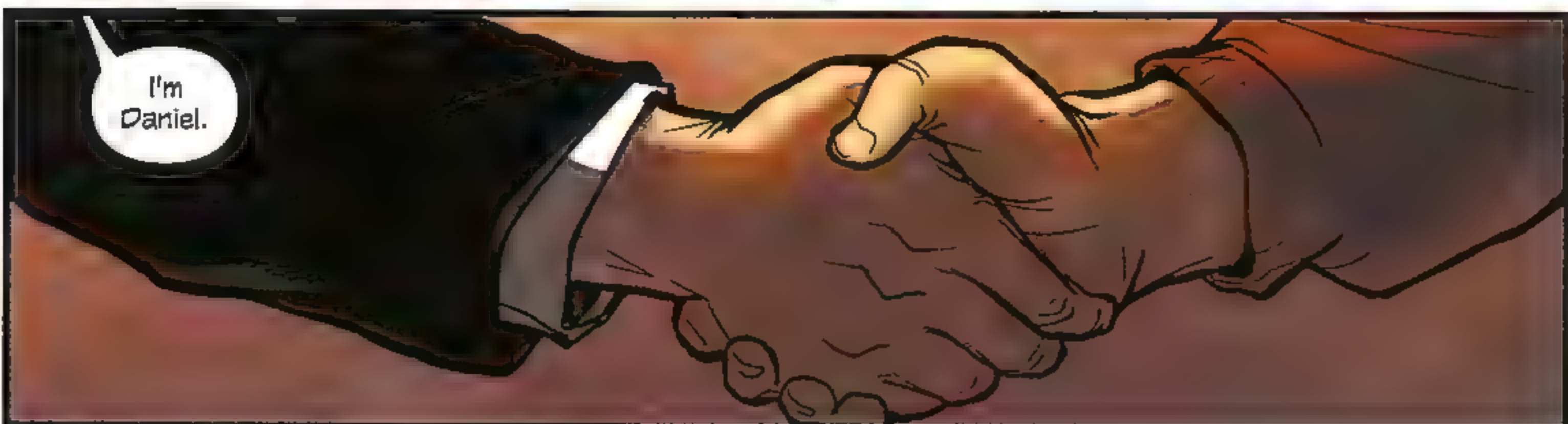
He was
supposed to come
and relieve me weeks
ago and I'm still
waiting. My wife is
probably losing
her mind.

You're his
replacement?



Yes.

Hi.



I'm
Daniel.



...nothing hardwired in or out of the library, but you already know that. Can't risk a security breach.

You'll be entirely cut off down here. No phone, radio, email, not until your tenure is up and your replacement arrives. It's lonely at first, but you get used to it. At least there's no shortage of stuff to read, *heh heh*.

There's food and other supplies which should last you the next few months. There's a chute in one of the back rooms where they drop replenishments. It's not as comfortable as home, but not too bad either.

Gotta admit though, I'm looking forward to getting back out there and catching up with the world.

It's an honour to be stationed here.



They told me that priority one is to protect the *Prophet's Codex*.



For sure. I don't even like to look at that stuff for too long.

Some guys have said that they start to hear *voices*.

Ha ha.

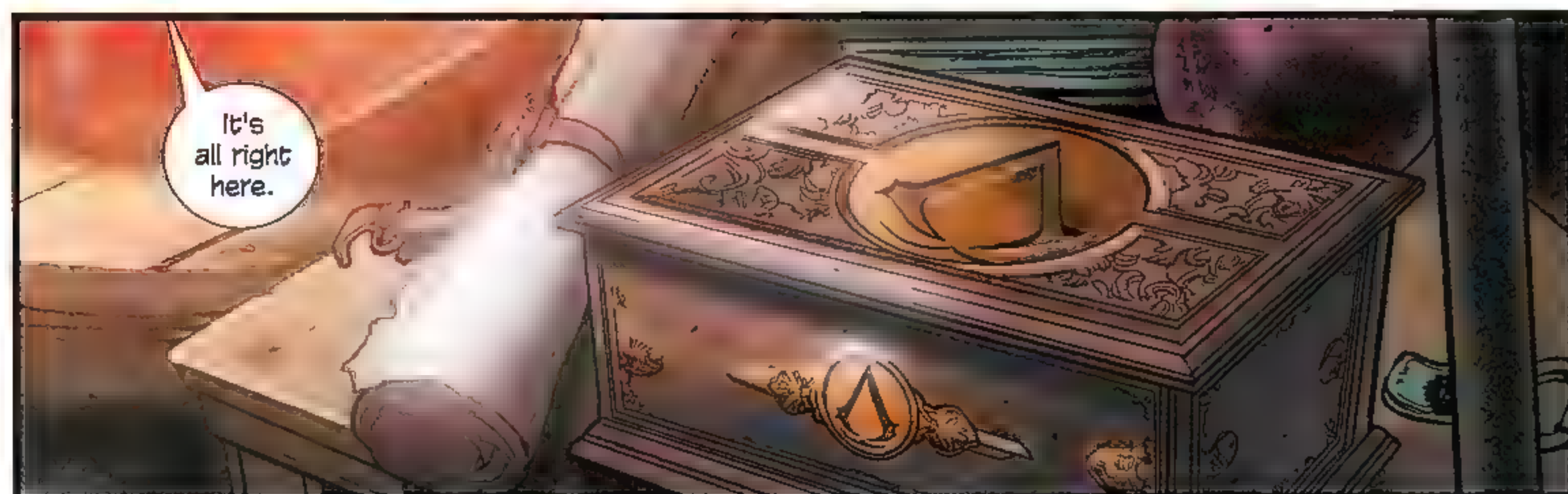


Here we go.

Check it out. Pretty cool, right?

Everything Ezio brought back from his travels.

Everything he kept or thought about or bothered to write down.



It's all right here.



ТВОЮ
МАТЬ!



What
do we
do?

Go
downstream
and cross in the
shallows?

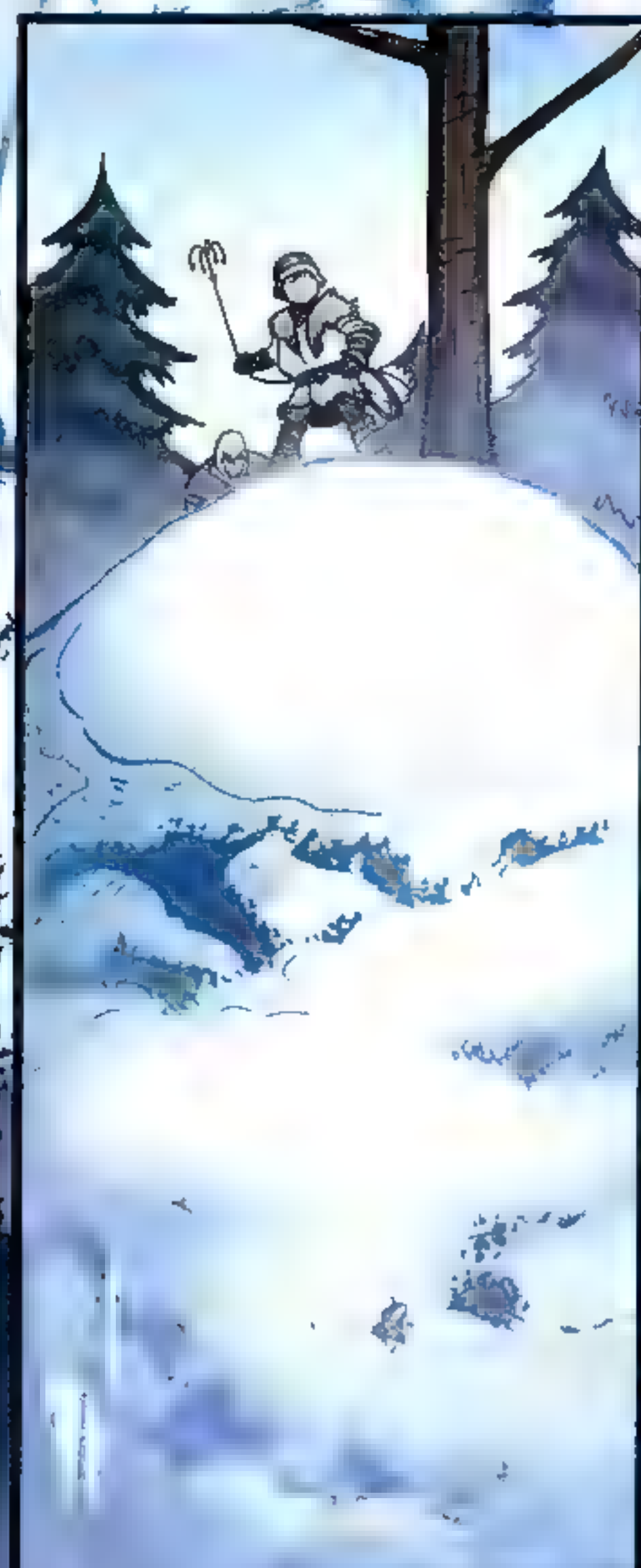
No.
The water
is moving too
fast and I am
too slow.

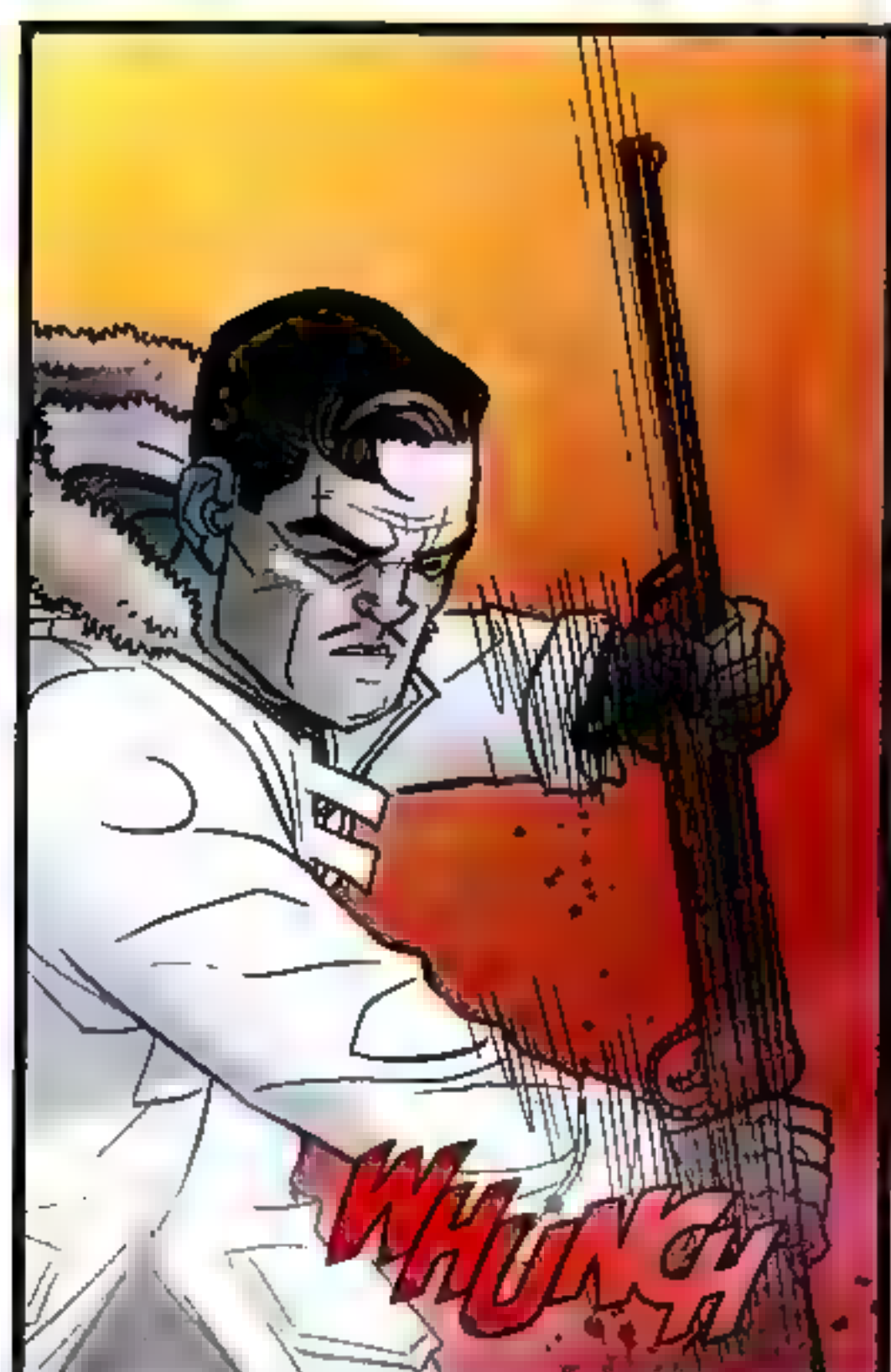
We
cross
here.



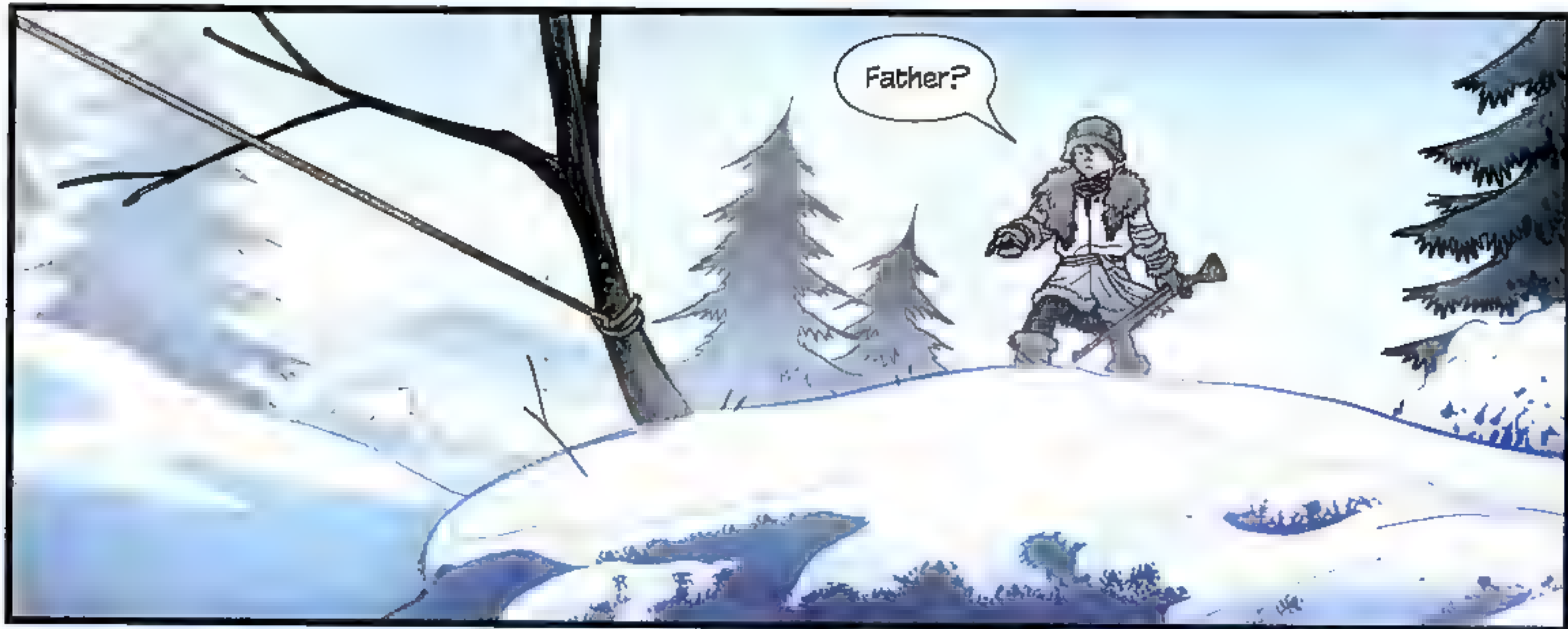
Throw
the line
across to
that tree.

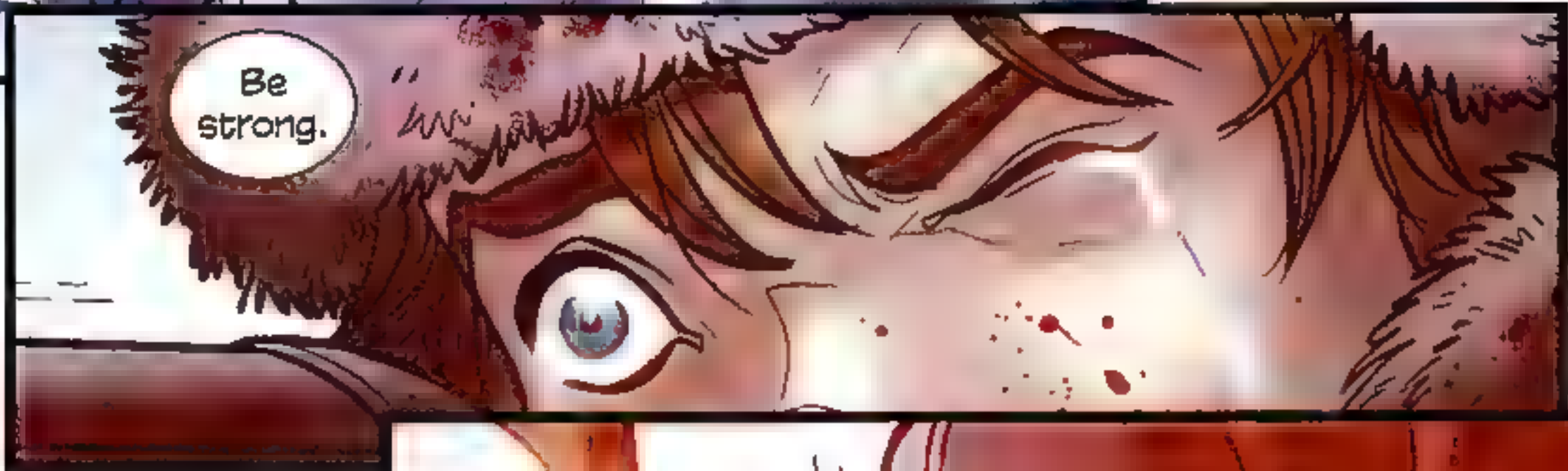
It
is young.
It will
hold.











BLAM





"...be quick,
for time grows
short.

And guard
against the Cross,
for there are many
who will stand in
your way.



It is done.
The message is
delivered. We are
gone from this
world.



We
can do no
more.

The rest
is up to you,
Desmond."



Did
you get
that?

Desmond.
No surname.

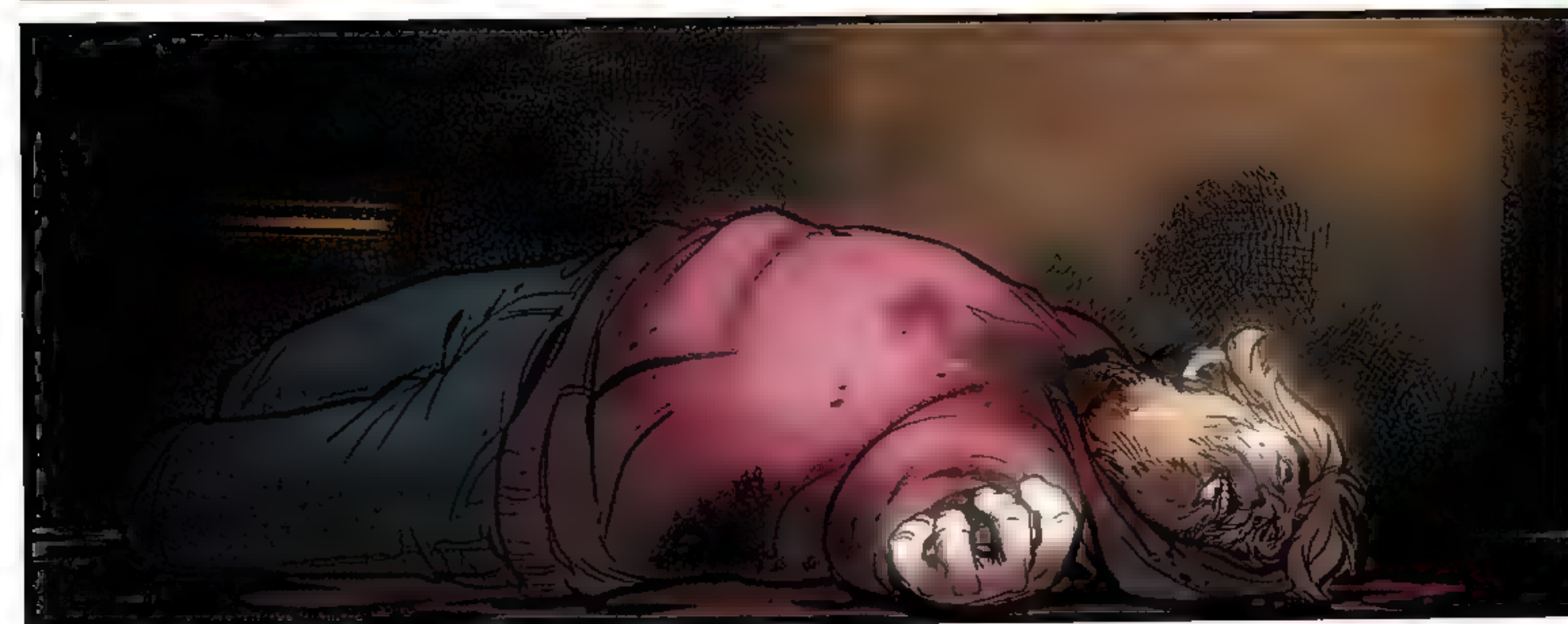
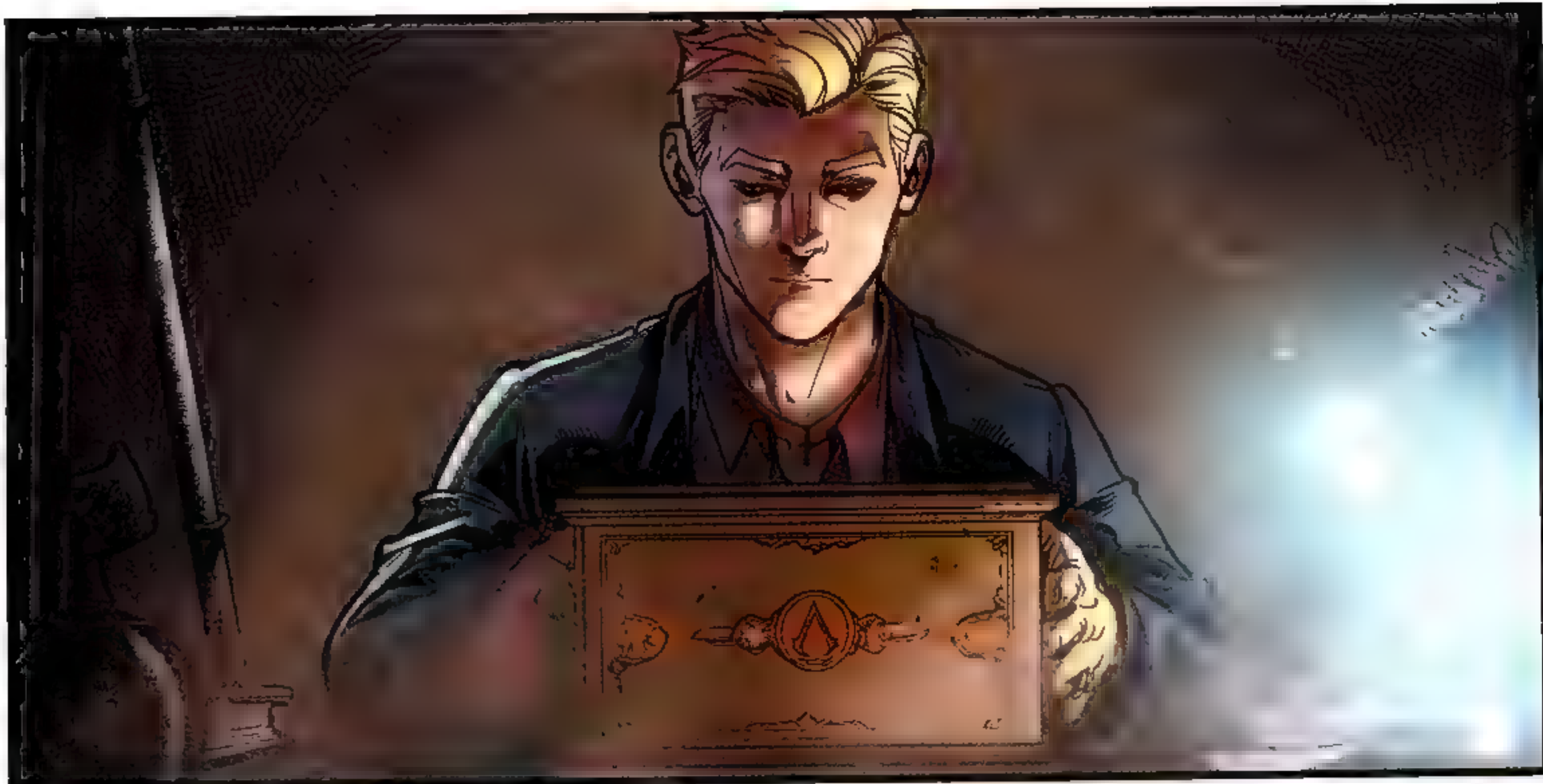
skrrk.

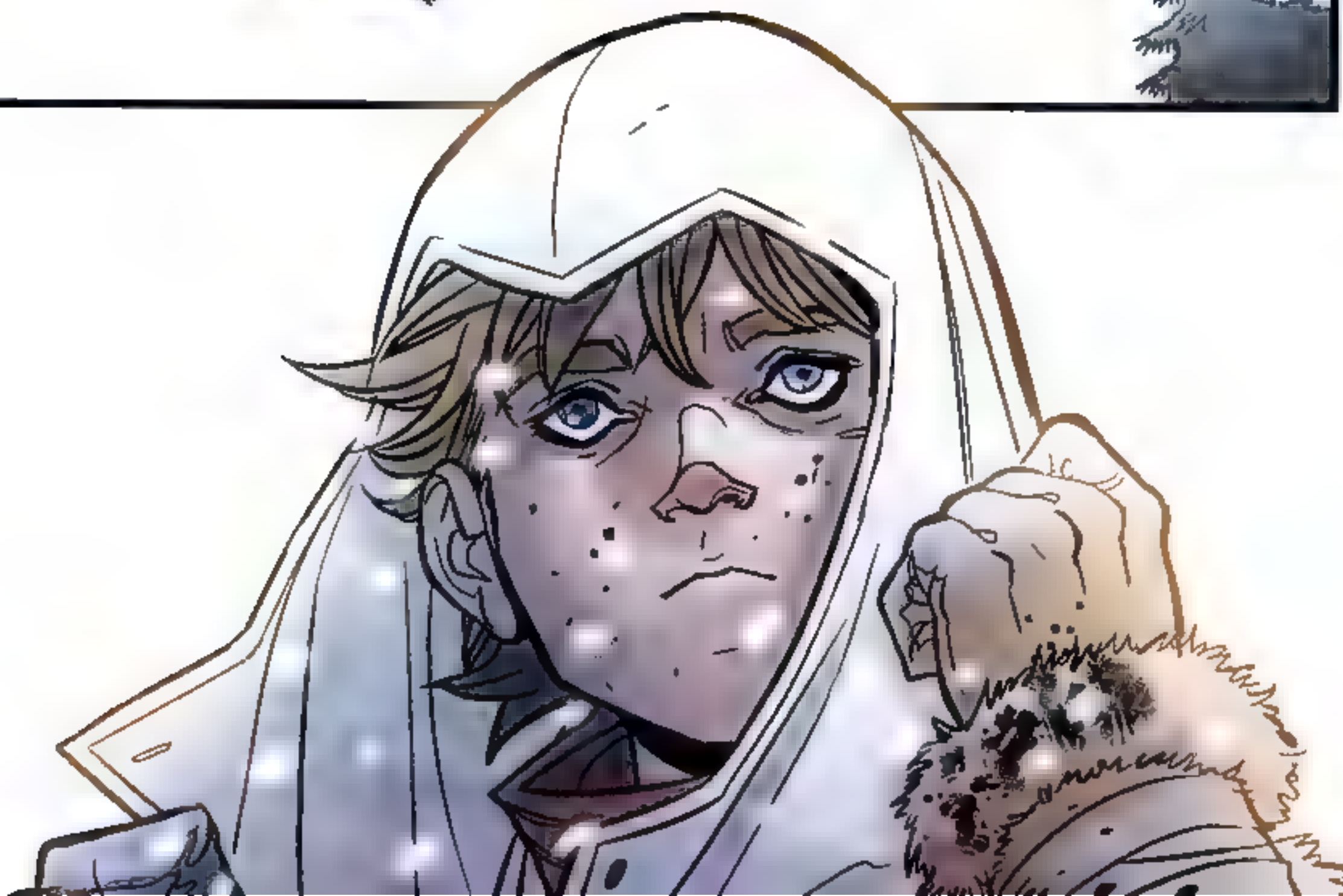
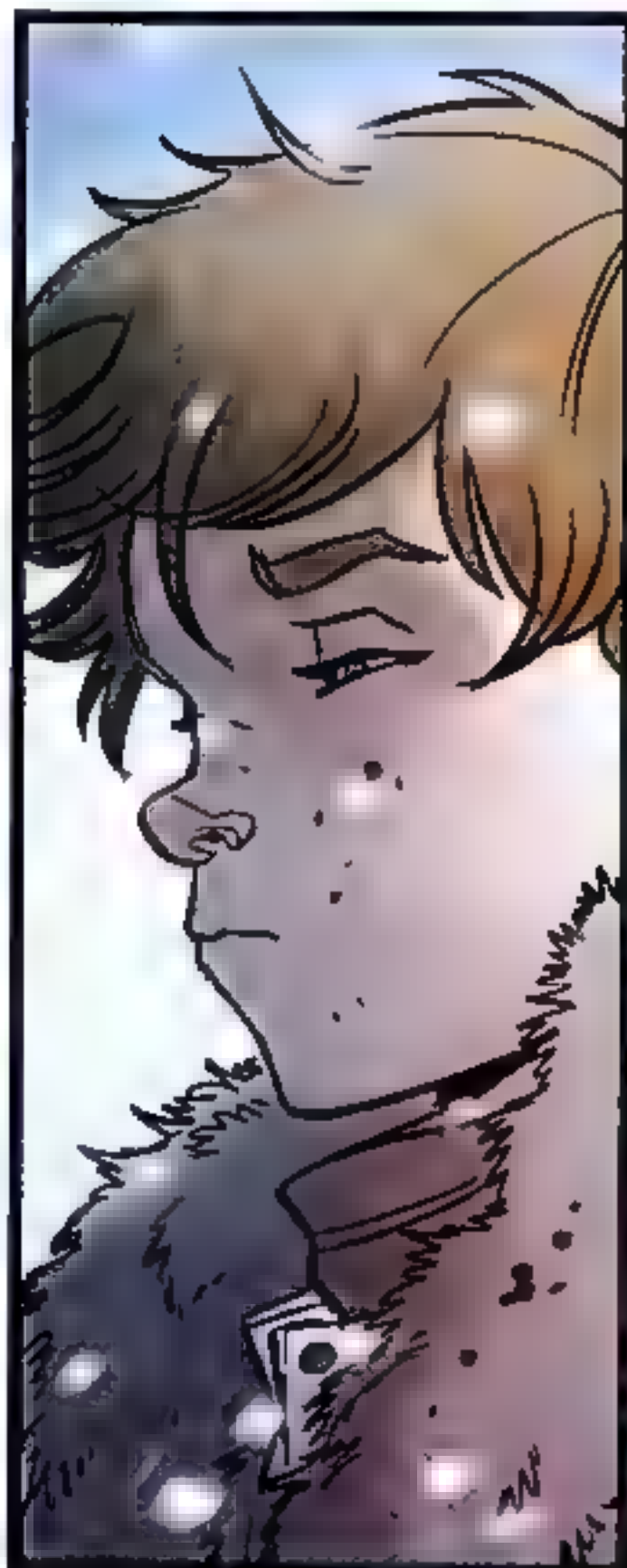
We heard you.
Excellent work, Daniel.
Excellent work.

We'll cross-
reference this with
our database of known
Assassin operatives
and see what
comes up.

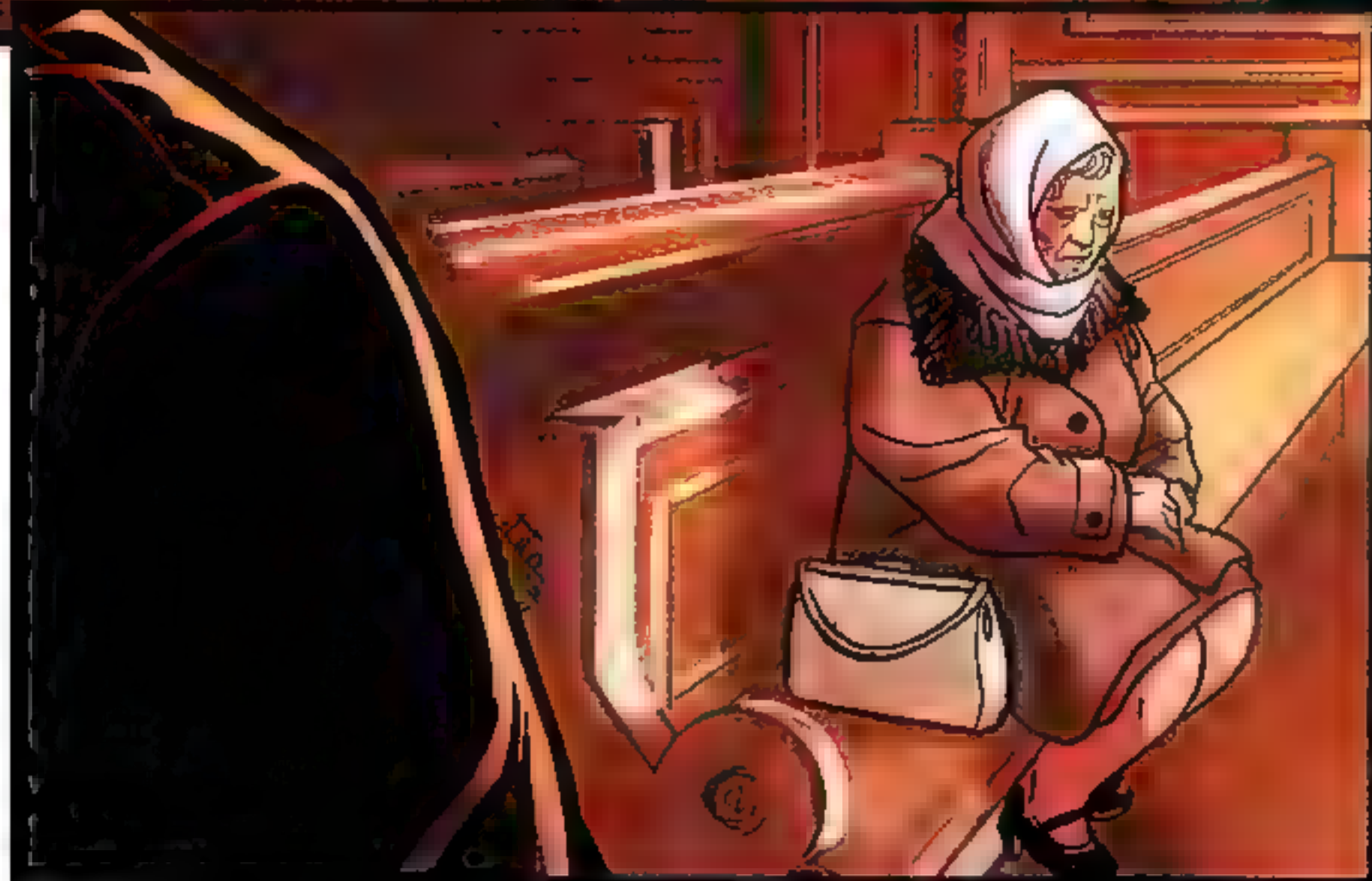
This could
be the missing
link we've been
waiting for.

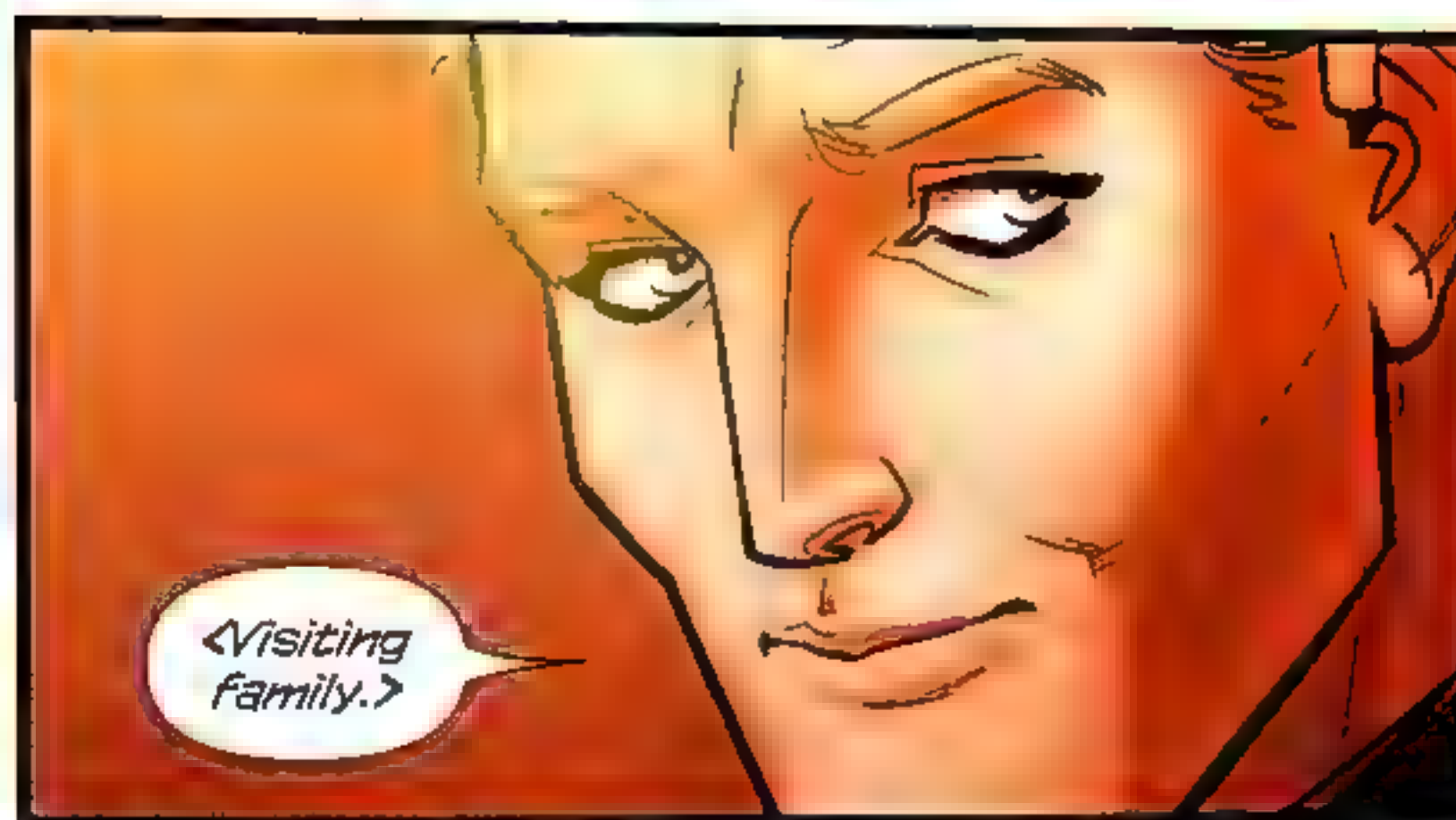
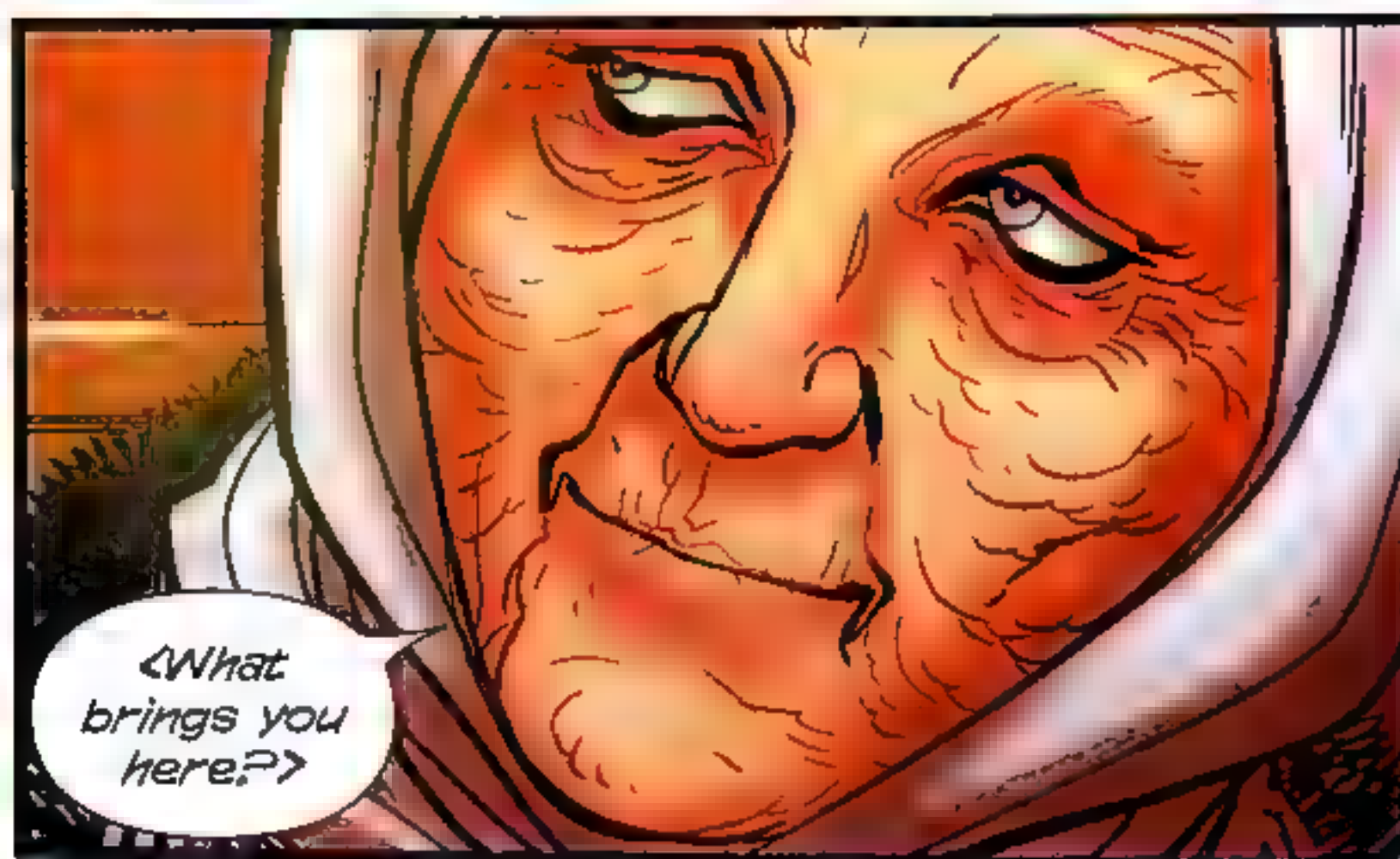
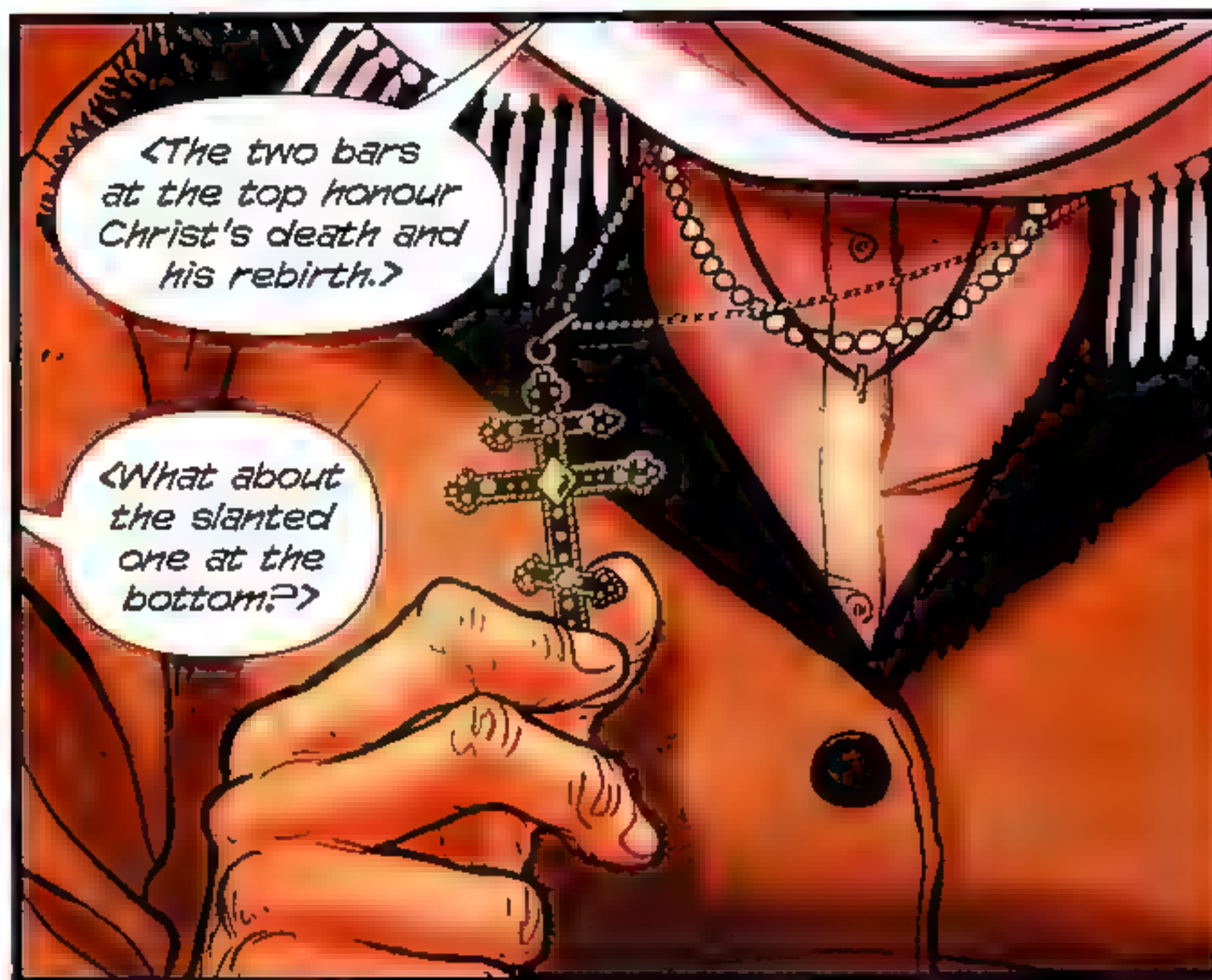
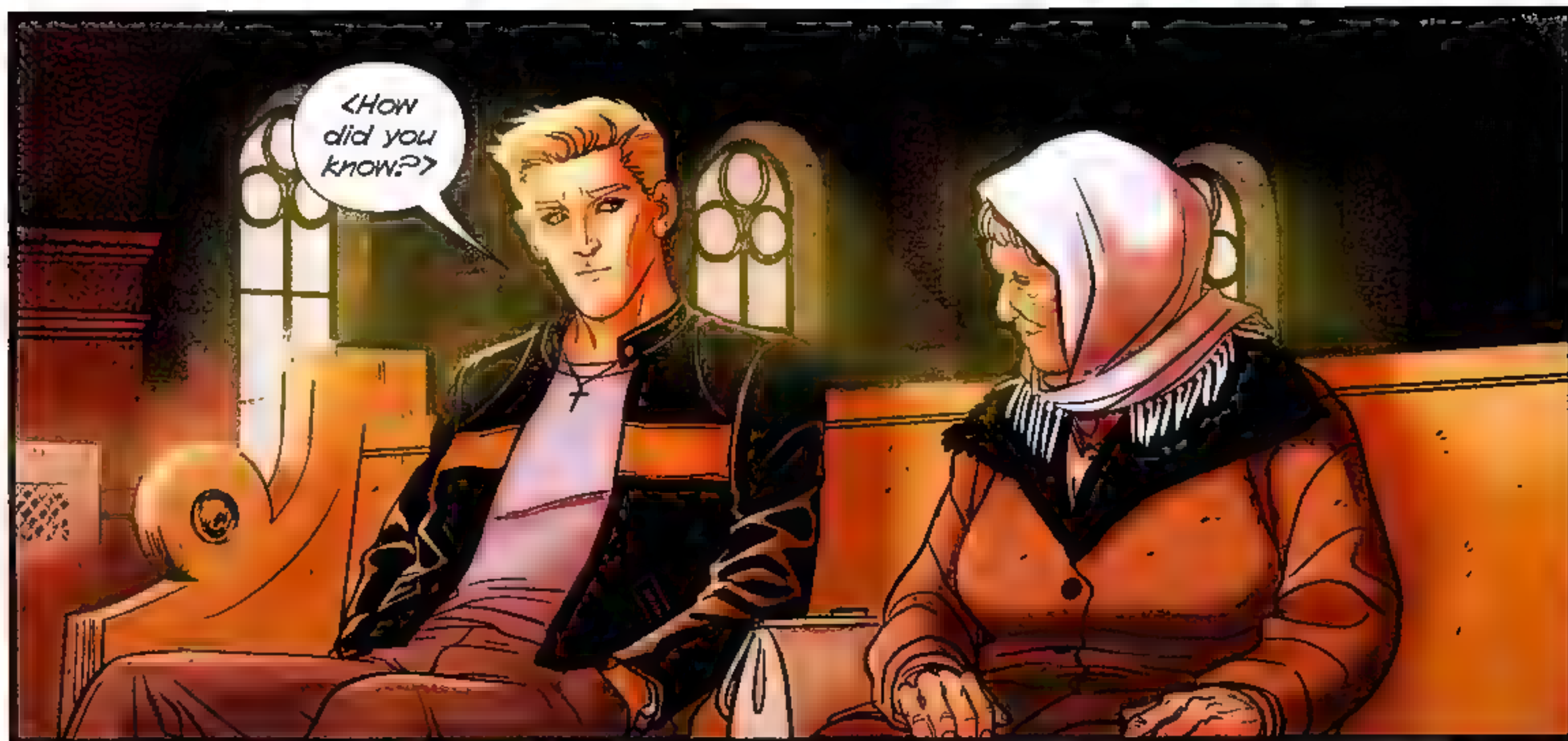
Well done,
son.

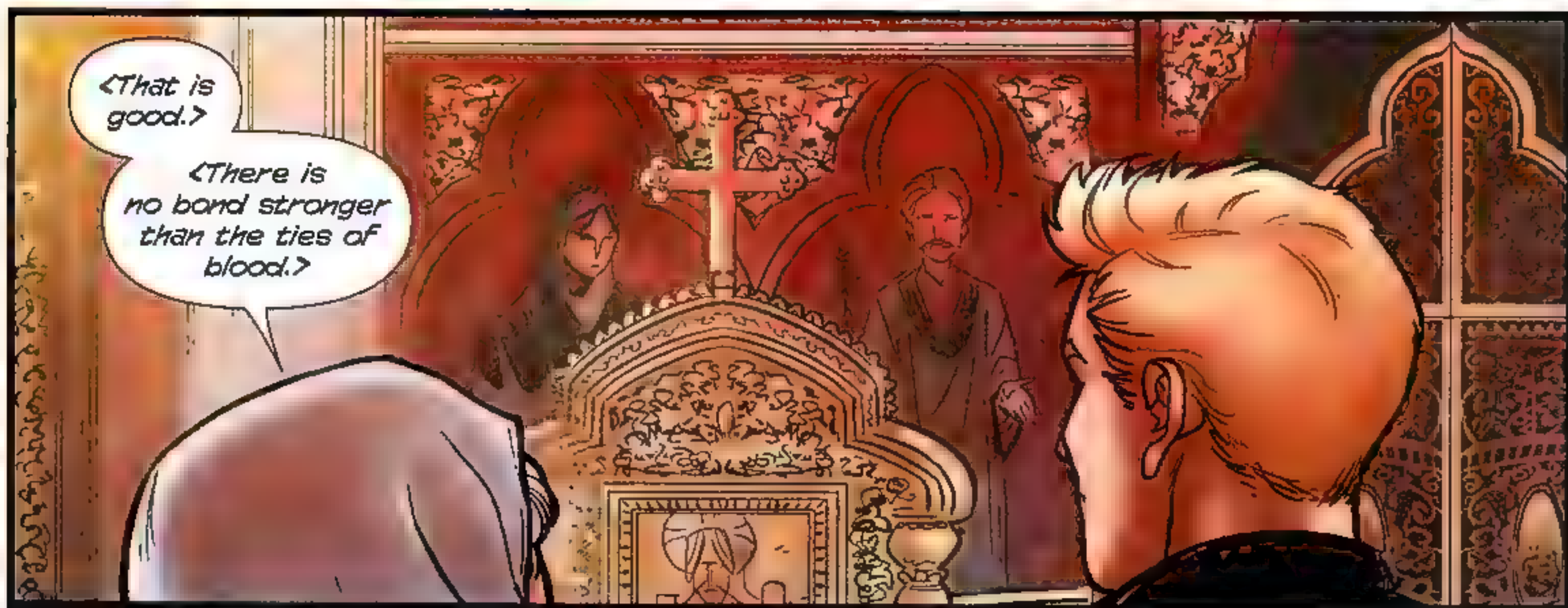






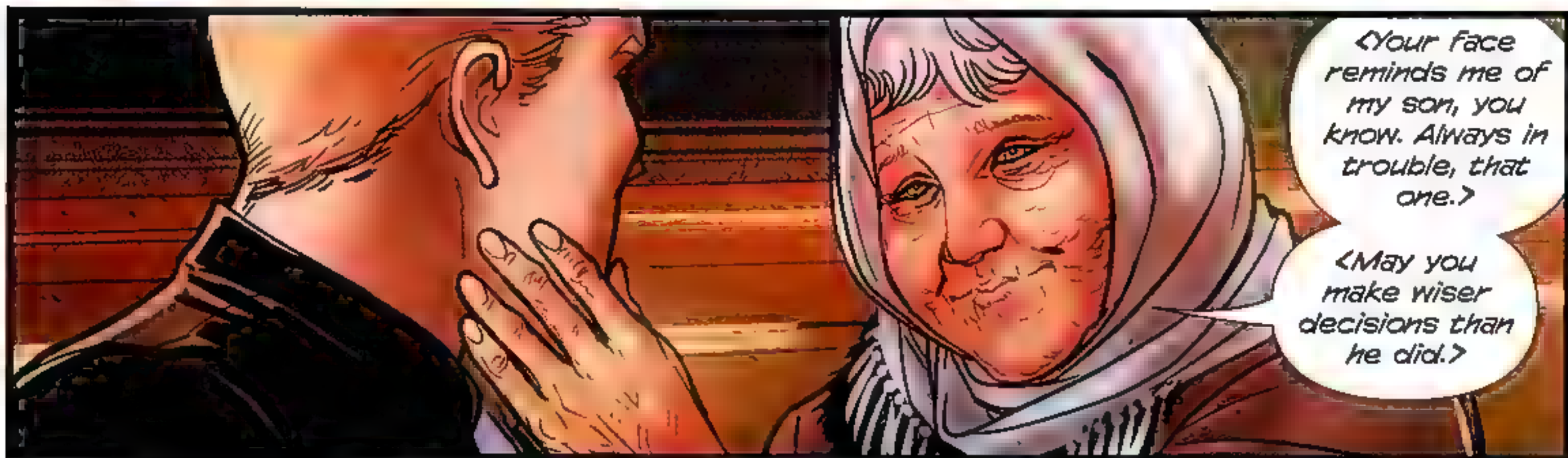






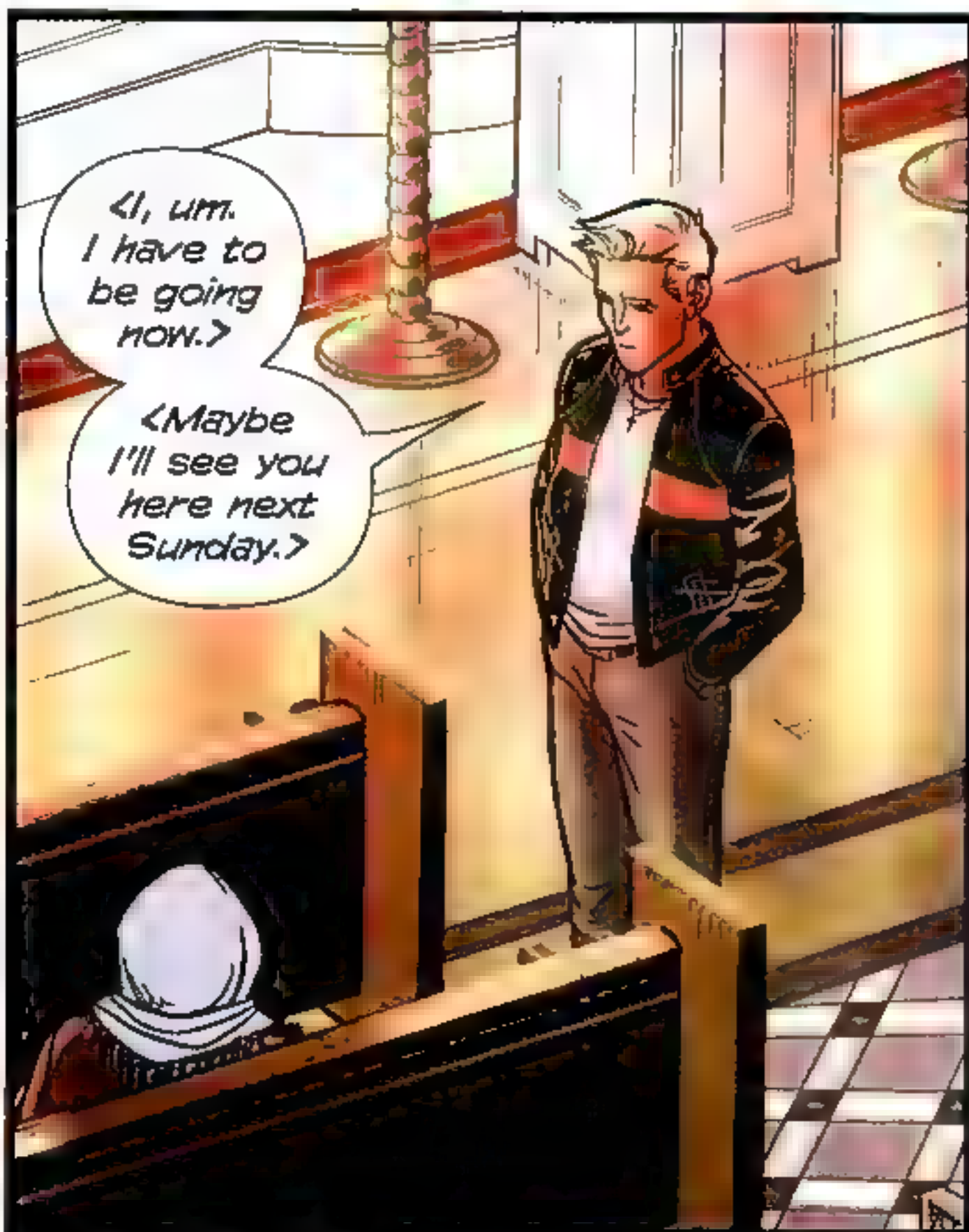
<That is good.>

<There is no bond stronger than the ties of blood.>



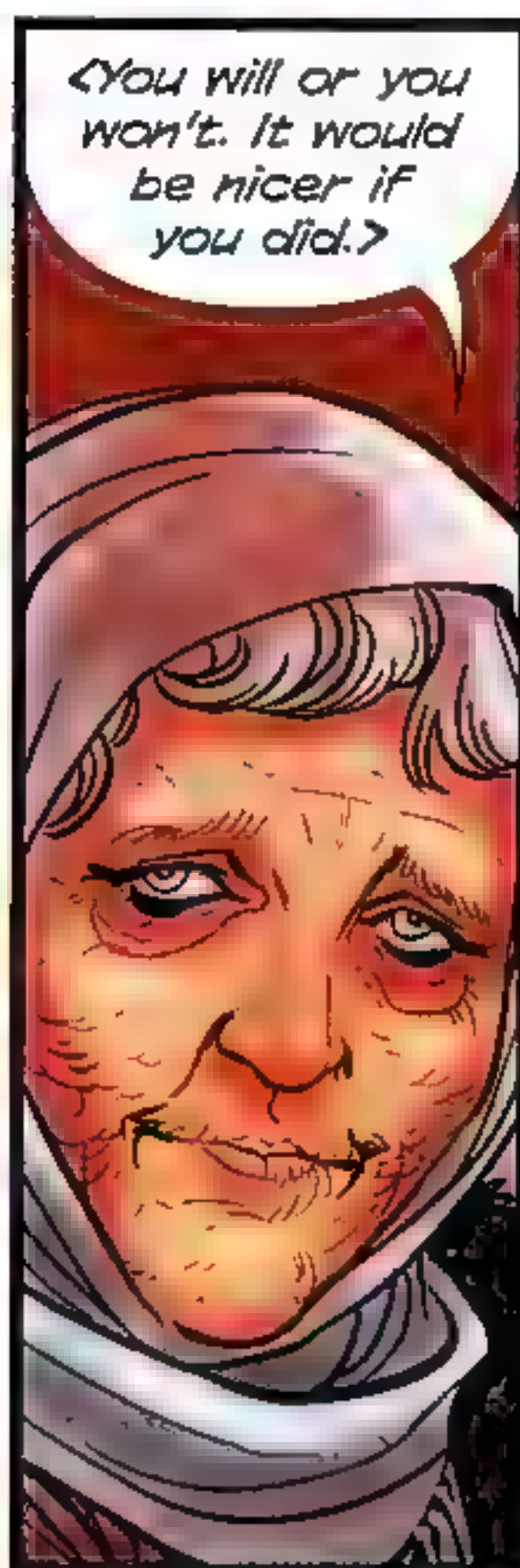
<Your face reminds me of my son, you know. Always in trouble, that one.>

<May you make wiser decisions than he did.>

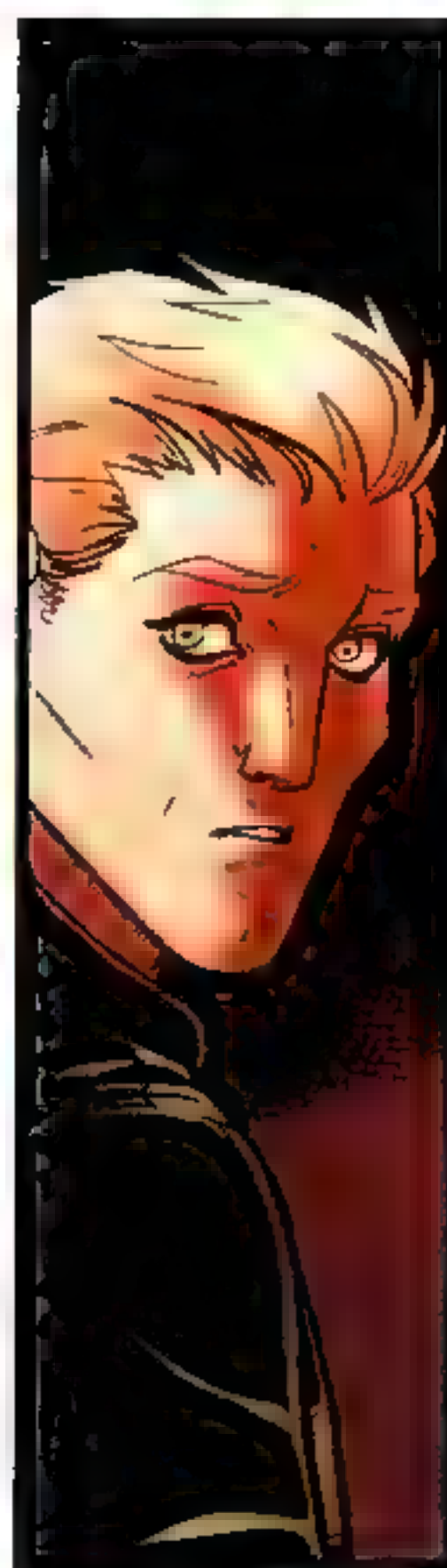


<I, um, I have to be going now.>

<Maybe I'll see you here next Sunday.>



<You will or you won't. It would be nicer if you did.>



Abstergo Industries



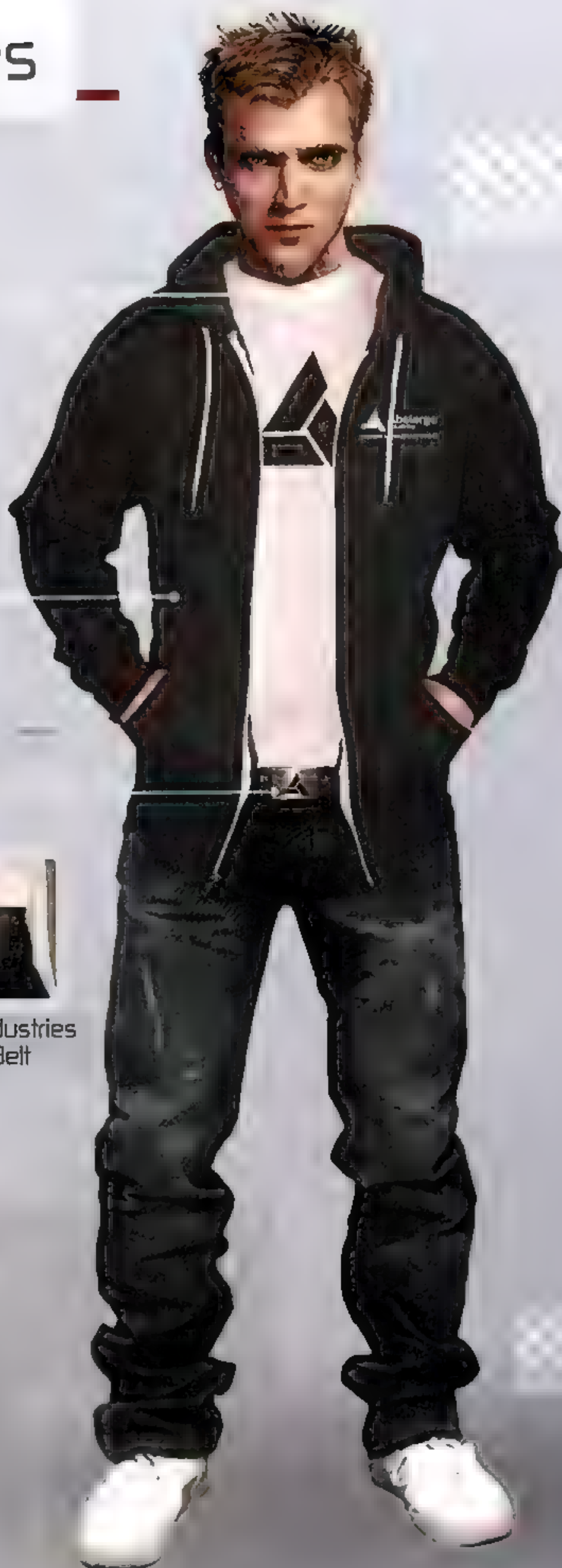
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Official T-Shirt



Abstergo Industries
Official Hoodie



Abstergo Industries
Official Web Belt



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BEHIND THE CHAIN

HISTORY BEHIND THE STORY

FOLLOWING THE EVENTS OF **The Fall**, ORELOV DEFECTED TO THE UNITED STATES ONLY TO HAVE HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER TORN FROM HIM DURING ONE OF THE PALMER RAIDS.

THE PALMER RAIDS WERE ATTEMPTS BY THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE TO ARREST AND DEPORT RADICAL LEFTISTS, ESPECIALLY ANARCHISTS, FROM THE UNITED STATES. THE RAIDS AND ARRESTS OCCURRED IN NOVEMBER 1919 AND JANUARY 1920 UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF ATTORNEY GENERAL A. MITCHELL PALMER. THOUGH MORE THAN 500 FOREIGN CITIZENS WERE DEPORTED, INCLUDING A NUMBER OF PROMINENT LEFTIST LEADERS, PALMER'S EFFORTS WERE LARGELY FRUSTRATED BY OFFICIALS AT THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR WHO HAD RESPONSIBILITY FOR DEPORTATIONS AND WHO OBJECTED TO PALMER'S METHODS. THE PALMER RAIDS OCCURRED IN THE LARGER CONTEXT OF THE RED SCARE, THE TERM GIVEN TO FEAR OF AND REACTION AGAINST POLITICAL RADICALS IN THE U.S. IN THE YEARS IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING WORLD WAR I.



Alexander Mitchell Palmer
1872 - 1936

ON AUGUST 1, 1919, PALMER PUT 24 YEAR OLD J. EDGAR HOOVER IN CHARGE OF A NEW DIVISION OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION; THE GENERAL INTELLIGENCE DIVISION. IT WOULD INVESTIGATE THE PROGRAMS OF RADICAL GROUPS AND IDENTIFY THEIR MEMBERS.

THE BOSTON POLICE STRIKE IN EARLY SEPTEMBER PROVED THE NATION HAD NOT EMERGED UNITED FROM THE WAR. ON OCTOBER 17, THE SENATE PASSED A UNANIMOUS RESOLUTION DEMANDING PALMER EXPLAIN WHAT ACTIONS HE HAD OR HAD NOT TAKEN AGAINST RADICAL ALIENS AND WHY.

BEHIND THE CHAIN

HISTORY BEHIND THE STORY

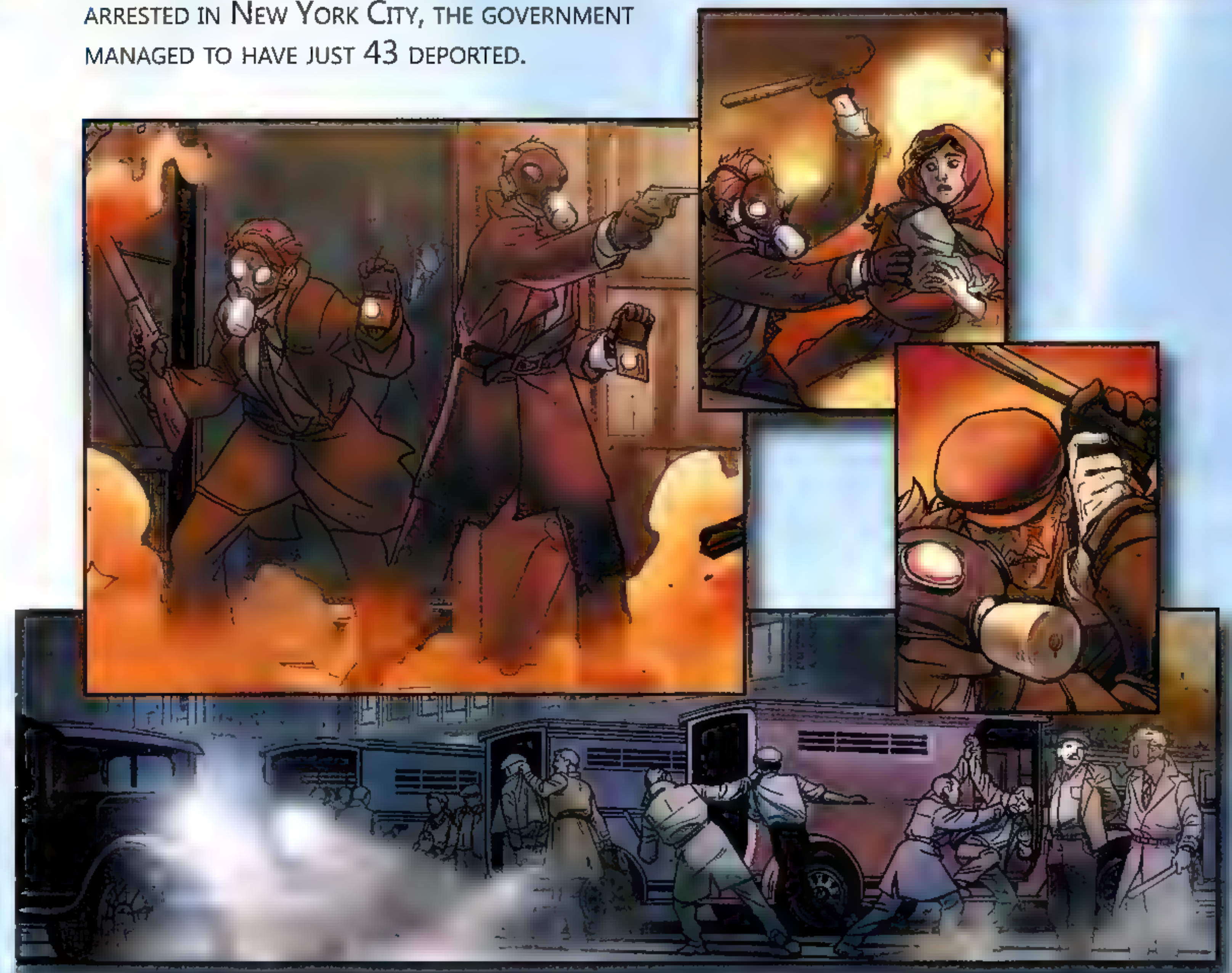
AT 9 PM ON NOVEMBER 7, 1919, A DATE CHOSEN BECAUSE IT WAS THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION, AGENTS OF THE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, TOGETHER WITH LOCAL POLICE, EXECUTED A SERIES OF WELL-PUBLICIZED AND VIOLENT RAIDS AGAINST THE RUSSIAN WORKERS IN 12 CITIES. NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS REPORTED SOME WERE "BADLY BEATEN" DURING THE ARRESTS. MANY LATER SWORE THEY WERE THREATENED AND BEATEN DURING QUESTIONING. GOVERNMENT AGENTS CAST A WIDE NET, BRINGING IN SOME AMERICAN CITIZENS, PASSERS-BY WHO ADMITTED BEING RUSSIAN, SOME NOT MEMBERS OF THE RUSSIAN WORKERS. OTHERS WERE TEACHERS CONDUCTING NIGHT SCHOOL CLASSES IN SPACE SHARED WITH THE TARGETED RADICAL GROUP. ARRESTS FAR EXCEEDED THE NUMBER OF WARRANTS. OF 650 ARRESTED IN NEW YORK CITY, THE GOVERNMENT MANAGED TO HAVE JUST 43 DEPORTED.



John Edgar Hoover
1895 - 1972



Men arrested in raids awaiting deportation hearings on Ellis Island, January 13, 1920



BEHIND THE CHAIN

CHARACTER DESIGN

"We wanted to change the palette of the book drastically from the first half to the last, beginning with red/orange autumn colours to signify the ending of innocence and transitioning to a bleak winter palette once Kenya has been condemned to the life of an assassin."

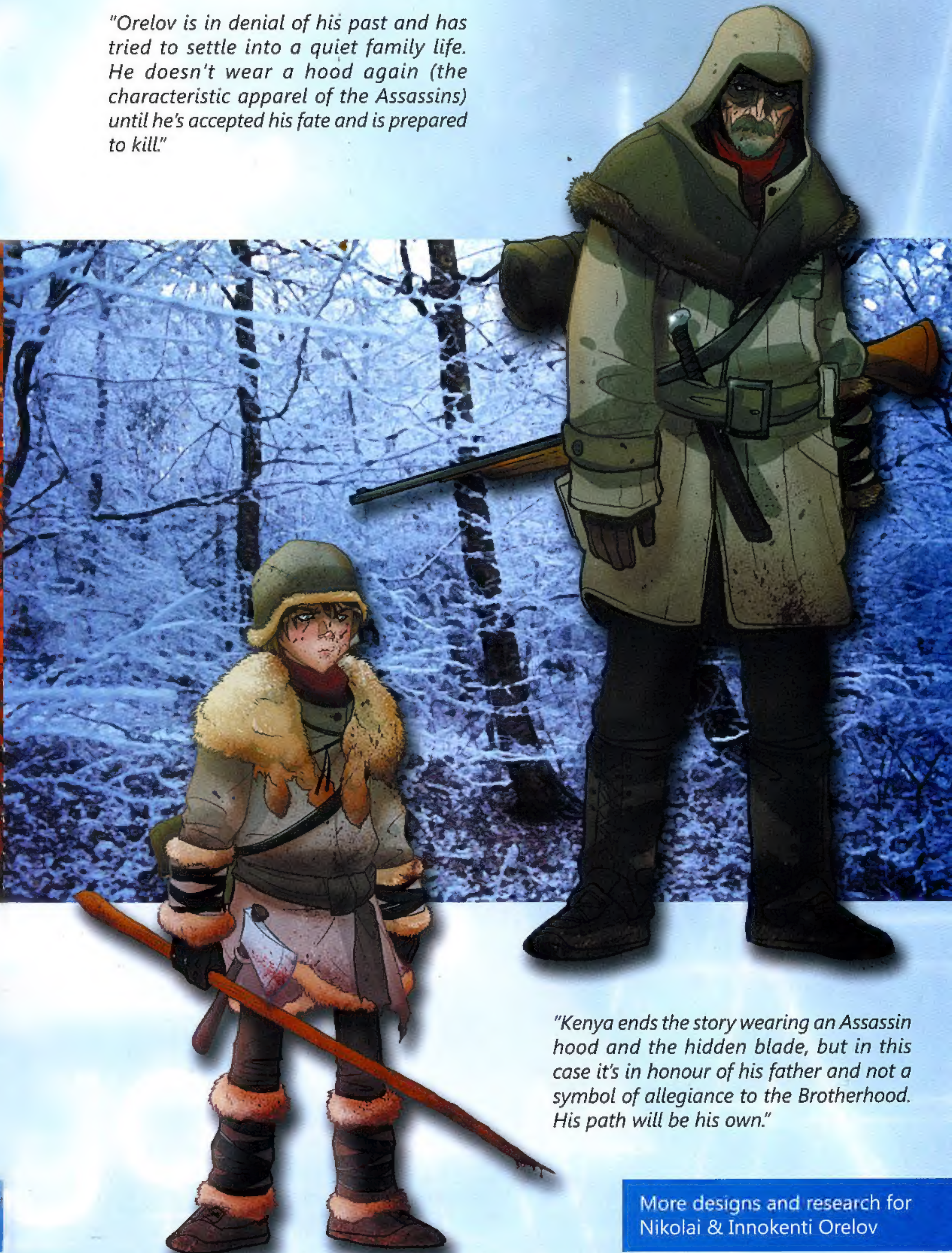


Preliminary design and research for Nikolai & Innokenti Orelov in the first part of The Chain

BEHIND THE CHAIN

CHARACTER DESIGN

"Orelov is in denial of his past and has tried to settle into a quiet family life. He doesn't wear a hood again (the characteristic apparel of the Assassins) until he's accepted his fate and is prepared to kill."



"Kenya ends the story wearing an Assassin hood and the hidden blade, but in this case it's in honour of his father and not a symbol of allegiance to the Brotherhood. His path will be his own."

More designs and research for Nikolai & Innokenti Orelov

BEHIND THE CHAIN

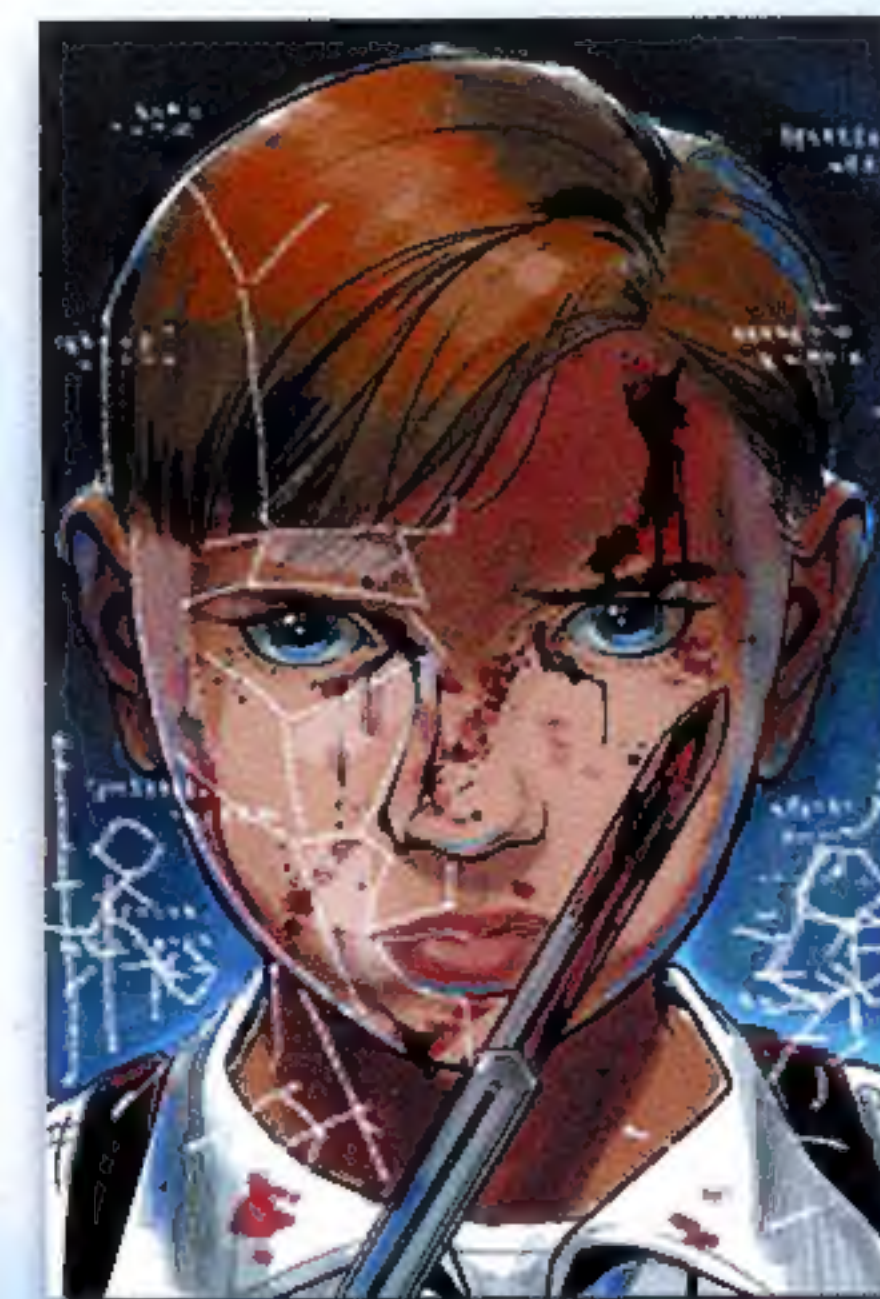
CHARACTER DESIGN



Designs and research for Daniel Cross;
Abstergo training gear and mission outfit.

BEHIND THE CHAIN

EARLY RESEARCH



Early designs and research
for Innokenti Orelov

WEAR THE GAME

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BASED ON THE HIT VIDEO GAME SERIES!



Years have passed since former Assassin **Nikolai Orelov** fled Russia to start a new life, abandoning the Brotherhood. But his past is not so easy to leave behind, and old acquaintances resurface to ensure that he remains loyal...or else. Allies become enemies as Orelov is forced to fight for his freedom, and pass his deadly legacy on to his own son.

Meanwhile, nearly a century later, Orelov's descendant **Daniel Cross** is revived in an Abstergo laboratory and must come to terms with his role in the catastrophic disintegration of the Order of Assassins. New allegiances are considered, and he is sent to recover a vital piece of intelligence from a secret chamber beneath Moscow - information that will lead the Templars to a significant target.

Written and drawn by the Eisner Award-winning team of Cameron Stewart (Batman & Robin, Catwoman) and Karl Kerschl (The Flash, Superman), **Assassin's Creed: The Chain** is the thrilling sequel to the critically-acclaimed graphic novel **Assassin's Creed: The Fall**, and a companion to the upcoming game **Assassin's Creed III**.

Suggested for Mature Readers



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